SCOTCH MISSION HYMN BOOK

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THE SCOTTISH MISSION HYMNBOOK

PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

HENRY FROWDE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
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PREFACE

THE formation of this hymnal has been guided by experience derived from actual work (1) in Mission preaching, (2) in permanent Parish Missions; and by careful study of existing Mission Hymnals.

Certain fine manuals, for the most part published twenty-five and thirty years ago, such as the London, Lichfield, and Durham Mission Hymnals, consist of hymns not dissimilar to those here presented; but they are of local use, and their contents of limited range. Other compilations are of wider distribution and of large popularity, but are less satisfactory as consisting of hymns almost entirely of one type, and that a type which is not native to our country and, further, which is too markedly divergent from the class of hymn sung in our churches. It has been found that the use of such compilations created a barrier between the Mission Services and those of the Church; and that people taught to care for that sole class of hymn and tune, lose their natural affection for the Church's praise, even for its psalms, and can with difficulty be led on through the Mission to the Church.

It has been felt, too, that collections of hymns which are exclusively of the subjective class and are occupied with self and the experiences of self, fail to equip the Missioner fully; and that objective hymns, of which the theme is the love, the gracious work, and the glory of God, are more powerful with many souls—perhaps with all at a certain stage of their advance into light—to commend the Gospel of God and to uplift the soul in His praise.

Considerations such as these have influenced the compilers in putting into this hymnbook a considerable number of hymns not, perhaps, ordinarily classed as evangelistic, which yet truly are so. Then the fact that their aim is to provide the Missioner with a complete manual for all the parts of Mission work, including daily prayers with the Mission workers, is responsible for the hymns of certain sections. And because it is convenient in such work, whether occasional or permanent, to have a single manual in the hands of those attending the services, therefore some metrical psalms, some paraphrases, and a considerable number of

hymns which are already in our books of praise, are given a place in this Mission hymnal.[1]

Both in the selection and in the arrangement of these hymns the compilers have kept in view the two-fold use for which the book is designed: (1) that of the Mission-week or Mission-fortnight; (2) that of permanent Missions carried on in the parish. It will be found that all branches of such work are here represented, from the beginning, be it in the open air or in the Mission Room, onward to those later stages in which the work of the Mission passes insensibly into the work and life of the Church.

The Mission week when fully organized may include, besides the evening services to which all are invited, many services of special appeal, e. g. for Sunday-school teachers, for Guilds, for Missionary Society; in workshops, yards, mills; as also services of special intercession; and morning prayer and evening prayer for the Missioners and workers of the Mission. Again, such a Mission may be evangelistic, its sphere the parish, with ramifications throughout the parish; or it may be a Mission held for the congregation, its aim being the quickening of devotion, the increase of spiritual life. Also the scene of the Mission may be a university city, or a village, a west-end or an east-end parish (a consideration which affects the question of the type of hymn that appeals, the objective type or the subjective).

The permanent Mission, again, has needs of its own, although these are less varied. Besides the Mission service each Sunday, it has usually its mothers' meeting, girls' club and class, Mission school, &c., and in cases a service for men only; and, as it is carried on throughout the year, the natural and sacred seasons are remembered in its services as in those of the Church.

Such Missions, too, have their own sick, infirm, and aged; and in this connexion a third use of the book has been considered. Our people, and especially our poor, have very few books of devotion: as a rule, only their Bible and hymnbook; and while, of mission-folk, some turn in sickness to their hymnbook first, as knowing it better, both books are constantly to be found together beside the sick-bed or on the pillow, in time of trouble. A few hymns for which, except for this consideration,

[1] Hymns for the first days of a Mission are so classified that by taking a hymn from each section the Missioner may at once have four or five such as he would wish, and in their proper order.

room might not have been found, appear in the last section among General Hymns ; and so far as seemed possible within the scope of the book, some provision has been made for all the needs detailed above, numerous and most various though they are.

The compilers return sincere thanks for the courtesy of authors and owners of copyright who have given permission for the use of their hymns. They trust they will be pardoned any unintentional infringement of copyright or want of acknowledgment in cases where the proprietorship of hymns could not be traced.

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PREFACE TO THE MUSIC OF THE HYMNBOOK

In providing music for the Hymnbook the aim of the compilers has necessarily been to find tunes appropriate to the various hymns contained in it. Care has been taken to preserve, where possible, the traditional association of hymn with tune. Thus hymns derived from existing hymnals are, as a rule, given here with the tunes there assigned to them. In many cases, however, the book has been enriched by the inclusion of tunes not hitherto comprised in our hymnals. These are derived from various sources, and have for the most part stood the test

of time. For many of these room was made by the discovery, frequently repeated, of the prohibitive expense that would be incurred in obtaining permission to use modern copyright music. In other cases the compilers have preferred the older tunes, apart from any consideration of expense, believing them to be a better gift to the Church than the ephemeral product of a later day. Where supported by usage, however, the modern tune also has almost always been included.

From a musical point of view it is believed that the tunes from ancient sources will be found to form one of the most valuable features of this collection. If there exists at present a general disposition to pay increasing attention to older forms of music, the reason is that the noble works of earlier times possess a vital force and a sincerity which unfortunately are often lacking in modern music.

The ancient melodies contained in this volume are for the most part either of national or of ecclesiastical origin. Chief among the latter are (1) German chorales, (2) Plain-song hymn-melodies.

1. **German chorales.** A certain number of these chorales are already included in our Church books. It is to be feared, however, that their beauty and power are far from being adequately recognized. This, in part at least, is owing to the fact that they are usually sung too fast, being treated as if they were of the same character as modern hymn tunes. In reality they are more nearly akin to those old tunes which are the inestimable possession of Scottish psalmody and, like them, should be sung slowly and in a manner suited to the extreme dignity by which they are characterized. In German churches these chorales are sung by the whole congregation in unison, the harmonies, which are often very elaborate, being supplied by the organ. Bearing this usage in view, the compilers have ventured to give certain chorales in settings of great richness and beauty, marking them as to be sung (at desire) in unison. These chorales are eminently suitable for congregational use, the melody being broadly marked and presenting no features of difficulty, while the harmony is reserved for the instrument.

A special feature of the book is the inclusion of several chorales and other tunes in the settings given to them by the great church composer Johann Sebastian Bach. Bach's chorale settings are to some extent already in use in the Church, being found even in Mission hymn-books; but the present volume contains a considerably larger number

drawn chiefly from Bach's Church Cantatas and the collection of hymns known as the *Schemelli Gesangbuch*. The compilers have endeavoured to give Bach's work in a faithful text, without unnecessary alterations. They trust that as a result of their efforts the power and grandeur, no less than the touching simplicity of thought and feeling, which mark these chorales, may be realized by many to whom the existence of so pure a fountain of devotional music has hitherto remained unknown.

2. **Plain-song hymn melodies.** The ancient plain-song, or plain-chant tunes, such as the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, have been in use in the Church, both in this country and on the Continent, for many centuries.

They present a certain element of difficulty to those who are unaccustomed to their use, owing to the fact that they date from times when musical rhythm was much more free and less regular in form than it is in our day. We are accustomed to see placed before us either a hymn tune proper, with a definite time-signature throughout, or a chant which combines strict time with free recitation according to a definite plan. The plain-song or plain-chant in its proper form is in free rhythm throughout. No portion of it is in strict time. What difficulty there is in singing plain-song music will be found mainly at the outset, before its character is grasped as thus irregular and free. The old tunes have in them a power which makes itself felt after a little study and practice, and all who bestow upon them attentive care will find that they are their own interpreters and that, once understood, they have a solemnity, dignity, and pathos which are all their own.

A considerable revival of the use of plain-song has recently taken place in other countries. If among ourselves the revival has manifested itself in a slighter measure, this is in some degree to the advantage of the Mission Hymnbook since it has left the compilers more free to go to the best and most authentic sources for the plain-song tunes here given, unhampered as others have been by the existence in current use of poorer forms.

Plain-song music has been found helpful in Mission services as well as in the services of the Church, an experience not surprising seeing that plain-song forms the historical basis of congregational singing. Plain-song is sung by the choir and congregation in unison; the melody is simple and easily grasped; and the effect of the many voices joining in one of these old songs of the Church is, to a singular degree, uplifting and inspiring.

Missioners will find that the present book places in their hands much useful material, greatly varied in its nature and suitable to needs the most diverse in kind. The book will also be found useful in many other ways, for home reading, for family worship, and for church services as a supplement to the general hymnals of the Church. So great is the variety and richness of material, both of words and of music, that the compilers venture to entertain the hope that the collection may find acceptance with all who have at heart the due ordering of the praises of the Church.

It may be specially pointed out that many of the more elaborately harmonized tunes, and especially the 'Songs' of Orlando Gibbons and the chorale settings by J. S. Bach and others, in addition to their use for congregational purposes, will be found to form a most admirable study for trained choirs, sung in four-part harmony, preferably without any accompaniment unless where indicated. Sung in this manner they can with advantage take, on occasion, the place of the anthem in the church service. It is stated in the preface to a recent Hymnal that 'Choirs would be much better occupied in learning these beautiful settings of Bach (which are not hard if practised a little) than in rehearsing vulgar anthems by indifferent composers'. This statement the compilers heartily endorse.

The Manner of Rendering.

(*a*) *Tempo.* The Metronome indications prefixed to each tune are to be taken as approximate only. Much is left to the discretion of the organist. It may, however, be observed that where the congregation is very numerous or the building very large, a slower tempo is in certain cases to be recommended; while in the case of very long hymns, to some extent in the case of very long tunes, and particularly in the case of hymns for children, hymns for boys, and marching hymns for open-air singing, a quicker tempo is sometimes suitable. Many tunes, however, remain whose natural expression in terms of *tempo* is independent of external conditions.

(*b*) *Expression Marks—Congregational Singing.* The marks of expression are intended merely as a guide to the intelligent rendering of the tunes, and are to be followed with due caution. To produce sudden and sensational transitions from loud to soft and vice versa is far from being

desired by the compilers. Their main object in the use of these marks is to avoid that dull and mechanical monotony which is so frequently the cause of a spiritless and soulless singing of hymns. Where no indication is given it is to be understood that the singing is intended to be moderate in tone. But the expression marks given are not to be slavishly followed, but intelligently studied with a view to arriving at the true dynamic scheme for each hymn. The caution may be given that, unless in certain exceptional cases, the singing should never be much louder, nor much softer, than the broad, full medium tone that is specially characteristic of the best congregational singing. It is possible, and desirable, to give effect to all the shades of expression appearing in the book without deflecting greatly from this broad medium tone. The truth is that intelligent variety in expression can appeal strongly to the mind while kept within such narrow bounds that it is scarcely more than perceptible to the ear. Where a hymn is sung as a solo or by a trained choir in the manner of an anthem, the congregation being silent, a greater range of tone is natural and proper, and the above remarks do not apply.

(*c*) *Solo singing.* In Mission services the solo occupies a place similar to that held by the anthem in the services of the Church. Often it is replaced by a congregational hymn of praise; but the occasional use of a single voice, or of two, three, or four single voices, in rendering certain hymns, or certain of their verses, has been found serviceable. A section of the book has been devoted to hymns specially suitable for such use, as being of a didactic nature, addressed to the people; and other hymns also suitable for use as solos will be found in other parts of the book.

Under the guidance of a capable organist or choir-master other variations in rendering may be effected. Single verses sung by solo voices may alternate with verses sung by the whole congregation, or by choir and congregation. Metrical litanies, again, are admirably adapted for being sung by a single voice, the last line of each verse being taken up by the whole choir and congregation, a mode which lightens the task of the singers and adds to the expressiveness. Or the litanies may be sung in alternate verses by the sopranos and altos on the one hand and the tenors and basses on the other. It is recommended that solo parts, except where the contrary is indicated, be sung as a general rule

moderately piano. This admits of a more striking contrast with the full body of voices.

The use of solo voices is, however, a matter in regard to which great discrimination must always be exercised; and a warning may be given against *tempo rubato* (the arbitrary disregard of the tempo), against uncalled-for use of *sforzando* (the sudden forcing of the tone), and especially against the *vibrato* (the thrill in the voice), all of which greatly impair the devotional character of hymns sung by solo voices.

(*d*) *Singing of Plain-song.* The Ancient Plain-songs are so distinct in character from other tunes that the manner of singing them calls for a few words of explanation. In certain cases modern settings of plain-songs, which have already been established in use, have been included. These are barred like hymn-tunes. The plain-songs which are here included in their ancient forms are in free (i. e. unmeasured) rhythm throughout. These may be identified by the absence of the time-signature in their case. Where the rhythm is thus unmeasured, bars have nevertheless been used in most cases. These bars, which are almost always in the form of dotted lines, are not time-measures at all. They are simply inserted for the sake of convenience, to help the singers in fitting the music to the words, and placed so as to indicate the end of every fourth, or more commonly every second, syllable of the hymn.

While organ accompaniment has been given in all cases, this should always be kept very light and soft, so as to allow the melody to stand out prominently, and preserve its freedom and flow. The accompaniment should be entirely subsidiary to the melody. It may indeed be dispensed with altogether, with good results. In plain-song the melody is everything, and it should be sung repeatedly till it becomes thoroughly familiar to the singers. Only thus can be attained the combination of a full volume of sound with entire flexibility of movement which marks plain-song well sung.

It will be observed that groups of notes joined by a slur are sung both to the accented and to the unaccented syllables of the hymn. Groups occurring at unaccented syllables should be sung more lightly than those occurring at accented syllables. In the simpler tunes, where only groups of two notes (or three at the most) occur, if care is taken slightly to accent the first note of the group and let the second (or second and third) to some extent diminish in tone, the right effect will

be obtained. Groups should never be hurried, but should be sung lightly and evenly.

It may be taken as a maxim of general application that the singing of plain-song melodies is on right lines only if, and so far as, a light, free, rapid, and graceful running melody is the result. If, on the contrary, a heavy lumbering effect is produced, it will probably be found that the accompaniment is over-accentuated, that the *tempo* is taken too slow, or that the singers are too unfamiliar with the music to grasp the finer details of the melody.

The compilers tender their grateful acknowledgments to all those who have granted permission for the use of copyright tunes. They have endeavoured in every case to trace and to communicate with the owner of copyright. If in any instance a copyright has been unintentionally infringed, it is hoped that the infringement will be pardoned. Special acknowledgment is due to the Proprietors of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* for their courtesy in granting permission to use so many of the tunes which are their copyright. A special debt of gratitude is likewise due to the Rev. G. H. Palmer, B.A., who generously allowed the use of the plain-song harmonies made by him and published in *The Office Hymn Book.*

The compilers further desire to express their thanks to Mr. J. O. Anderson, Edinburgh, for the painstaking care and skill shown by him in the preparation of the Tonic Sol-Fa editions and of the Musical Indexes, and also for valuable help given by him when the book was passing through the press. And they offer a very special meed of gratitude to their secretary and coadjutor, Mr. A. C. Montgomerie Bell.

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Bell, A. C. Montgomerie	Composer	Hartree, 315.

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† NOTE.—The tune 'Holy Offerings' is published separately by Metzler & Co., Ltd., price 2*d.* net.

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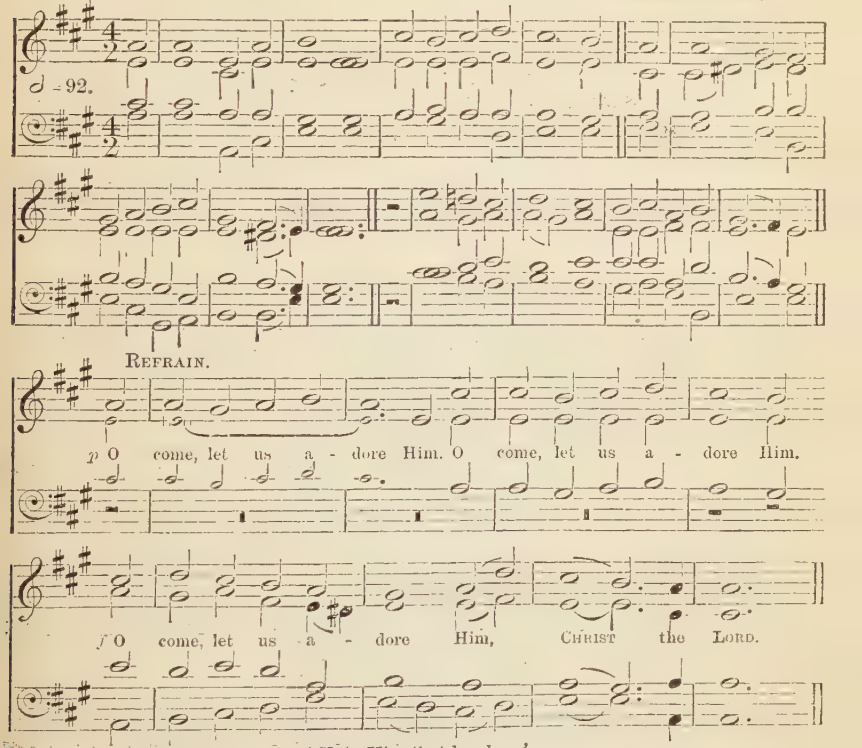
Their work being now concluded, the compilers commend the book to God, and pray for His blessing upon it.

February, 1912.

THE SCOTTISH MISSION HYMNBOOK

I. Hymns for Open-Air Singing

ADESTE FIDELES. (Irregular.) **1** J. F. Wade's *Cantus Diversi*, 1751.



'Unto Him that loved us.'

f O COME, ye redeemèd, praise the Love Eternal,
Which never has left us hopeless in our sin. [sion:
Glory to Jesus for His great compas-

p *O come, let us adore Him.*
O come, let us adore Him.
f *O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.*

p 2 He comes down to save us, emptied of His glory;
In Bethlehem's cave, that Babe is God and man.
cr Glory to Jesus for His Incarnation:

3 O blood-stainèd Calvary! field of greatest victory,
The sinless Redeemer dies for sinners there; [Passion:
cr Glory to Jesus for His Cross and

f 4 He rises again that blessèd Easter morning, [the grave.
And opens the way of life beyond
Glory to Jesus for His Resurrection:

5 By faith now behold Him, mighty Priest and Saviour,
Ascended to heaven and pleading at the Throne.
Glory to Jesus for His Intercession:

6 Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest: [Lord.
He cometh again in the name of the
Glory to Jesus for His great salvation:

2

WHOSOEVER WILL. (10.11.11.7. and refrain.) P. P. Bliss.

♩=92.
Refrain.
f Who-so-ev-er will, who-so-ev-er will—Send the pro-cla-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill:
'Tis the lov-ing Fa-ther calls the wanderer home; Who-so-ev-er will may come.

'Let him that heareth say, Come.'

f WHOSOEVER heareth, shout, shout the sound.
Send the blessèd tidings all the world around. [man is found;
Spread the joyful news wherever 'Whosoever will may come.'

Whosoever will, whosoever will—
Send the proclamation over vale and hill:
'Tis the loving Father calls the wanderer home:
Whosoever will may come.

2 Whosoever cometh need not delay;
Now the door is open, enter while you may: [Way:
JESUS is the true and only living
Whosoever will may come.

3 'Whosoever will,' the promise is secure;
'Whosoever will,' for ever shall endure; [more:
Whosoever will—'tis life for ever-
Whosoever will may come.

3

VIR DOLORUM. (7.7.7.8.) P. P. BLISS.

Slow.

'A man of sorrows.'

p 'MAN of Sorrows!' wondrous name
For the SON of GOD, who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim;
f *Alleluia! to the Saviour!*

p 2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood;
cr Sealed my pardon with His blood:

p 3 Guilty, vile, and helpless, we;
Spotless LAMB of GOD was He:
cr 'Full atonement!'—can it be?

p 4 Lifted up was He to die,
'It is finished' was His cry:
cr Now in heaven exalted high:

f 5 When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Alleluia! to the Saviour!

4

MY REDEEMER. (8.7.8.7. and refrain.) JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

♩.=96.
REFRAIN.
f Sing, O sing . . . . . of my Re-deem - er, With His
Sing, O sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, O sing of my Re-deemer, With His
blood . . . He purchased me.
blood He purchased me, He purchased me, ... On the cross . . . He sealed my
blood . . . . He purchased me, He purchased me,
blood He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me, On the cross He sealed my pardon, On the
par - don, And His love . . . . has set me free.
has set me free.
has set me free.
cross He sealed my par-don, And His love has set me free.

'I will sing of mercy.'

f I WILL sing of my Redeemer
And His wondrous love to me;
p On the cruel cross He suffered,
From the curse to set me free.
f *Sing, O sing of my Redeemer,*
With His blood He purchased me,
On the cross He sealed my pardon,
And His love has set me free.

2 I will tell the wondrous story,
How, my lost estate to save,
cr In His boundless love and mercy
He the ransom freely gave.

f 3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power I'll tell,
How the victory He giveth
Over sin and death and hell.

4 I will sing of my Redeemer
And His heavenly love to me;
He from death to life hath brought
Son of God, with Him to be. [me,

5

YET THERE IS ROOM. (10.10. and refrain.) IRA D. SANKEY.

Slow, with expression.

'Yet there is room.'

f 'YET there is room!' The Lamb's bright hall of song, [along:
With its fair glory, beckons thee
Room, room, still room!
O enter, enter now.

p 2 Day is declining and the sun is low:
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go:

cr 3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast;
Pass in, pass in and be the Bridegroom's guest:

4 Yet there is room! still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:

5 Pass in, pass in. The banquet is for thee!
The cup of everlasting love is free:

f 6 All heaven is there! all joy! Go in, go in.
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:

p 7 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom:
Then the last, low, long cry, 'No room! no room!'
No room! no room!
O woful cry!—'No room!'

6

WE HAVE AN ANCHOR. (10.9.10.9. and refrain.) WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

♩ = 120.
REFRAIN.
f We have an an-chor that keeps the soul Stead-fast and sure while the bil - lows roll,
Fast-ened to the Rock which can- not move, Ground-ed firm and deep in the SA-VIOUR'S love.

[*Copyright*, 1882 *and* 1910, *by* WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.]

'*An anchor of the soul.*'

f WILL your anchor hold in the storms of life,
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain,
Will your anchor drift or firm remain?
We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll,
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love.

2 It is safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand,
For 'tis well secured by the SAVIOUR'S hand;
And the cables passed from His heart to mine
Can defy the blast, through strength divine.

3 It will firmly hold in the straits of fear
When the breakers have told the reef is near;
Though the tempest rave and the wild winds blow,
Not an angry wave shall our bark o'erflow.

4 When our eyes behold, through the gathering night,
The city of gold, our harbour bright,
We shall anchor fast by the heavenly shore,
With the storms all past for evermore.

7

WONDROUS LOVE. (C.M. and refrain.) W. G. FISCHER.

In moderate time.
♩ = 92.
REFRAIN. Slow.
f O 'twas love, 'twas won - drous love, The love of GOD to me;
♩ = 50.
dim. e rit.
It brought my SA - VIOUR from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.

'God so loved the world.'

f GOD loved the world of sinners
And ruined by the fall, [lost
Salvation full at highest cost
He offers free to all.
O 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above,
dim *To die on Calvary.*

f 2 Eternal praises, LORD, to Thee,
Thou blessèd SON of GOD;
For Thy deep love in cleansing me
In Thy most precious blood.

3 Even now by faith, I know I'm Thine,
'Tis in Thy faithful word;
O height, O depth of love divine,
In Thee, the risen LORD.

4 O help me, LORD, to spread Thy fame
And tell of all Thy grace,
To all the world Thy love proclaim;
Until I see Thy face.

8

TO GOD BE THE GLORY. (11.11.11.11. and refrain.) W. H. DOANE, Mus.D.

8-88.
O come to the FA-THER, thro'
Fine.
JE-SUS the SON; And give Him the glo-ry—great things He hath done.
REFRAIN.
f Praise the LORD! praise the LORD! Let the earth hear His voice!
Praise the LORD! praise the LORD! Let the peo-ple re-joice.

'No man cometh unto the Father but by Me.'

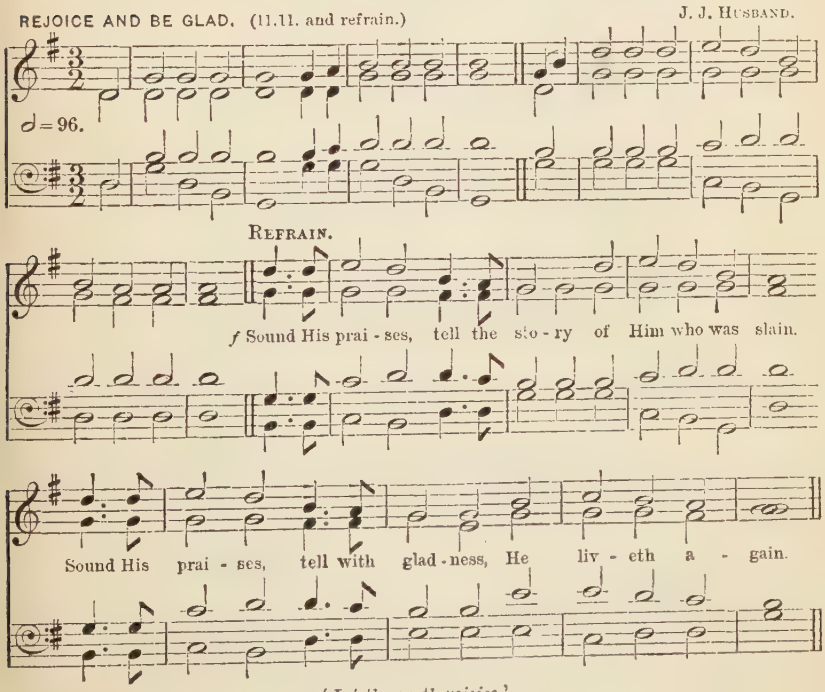
f TO GOD be the glory! great things
He hath done:
So loved He the world that He gave
us His SON; [for sin,
p Who yielded His life an atonement
cr And opened the Life-gate that all may
go in.

f Praise the Lord! praise the Lord!
Let the earth hear His voice!
Praise the Lord! praise the Lord!
Let the people rejoice.
O come to the Father, through Jesus the Son:
And give Him the glory—great things He
hath done.

f 2 O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood, [God;
To every believer the promise of
The vilest offender who truly believes,
That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.

3 Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done,
And great our rejoicing through Jesus the Son; [will be
But purer, and higher, and greater
Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus we see.

9


REJOICE AND BE GLAD. (11.11. and refrain.)
J. J. HUSBAND.
♩=96.
REFRAIN.
f Sound His prai - ses, tell the sto - ry of Him who was slain.
Sound His prai - ses, tell with glad - ness, He liv - eth a - gain.

'*Let the earth rejoice.*'

f REJOICE and be glad: the Redeemer has come.
Go look on His cradle, His cross, and His tomb.
Sound His praises, tell the story of Him who was slain.
Sound His praises, tell with gladness, He liveth again.

2 Rejoice and be glad, for the Lamb that was slain [again.
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth

3 Rejoice and be glad, for our King is on high; [the sky.
He pleadeth for us on His throne in

4 Rejoice and be glad, for He cometh again;
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.
Sound His praises, tell the story of Him who was slain.
Sound His praises, tell with gladness, He cometh again.

10

WONDERFUL WORDS. (8.6.8.6.6.6. and refrain.) P. P. BLISS.

'Words of eternal life.'

f SING them over again to me,
Wonderful words of life!
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of life!
Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty.
Beautiful words! wonderful words!
Wonderful words of life!

2 CHRIST, the blessed One, gives to all
Wonderful words of life.
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of life!
All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven.

p 3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,
Wonderful words of life!
Offer pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of life!
JESUS, only SAVIOUR,
Sanctify for ever.

11

THE EDEN ABOVE. (12.11.12.11. and refrain.) ANON.

'Come with us and we will do thee good.'

f WE'RE bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love;
Ye wanderers from GOD on the broad road of folly, [above?
O say, will you go to the Eden
Will you go?

p 2 In that blessèd land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove;
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish, [above?
O say, will you go to the Eden
Will you go?

f 3 March on, happy pilgrims! the land is before you, [we shall prove:
And soon its ten thousand delights
Yes, soon we shall march o'er the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.
Will you go?

12

MARCHING TO ZION. (S.M. and refrain) Rev. R. LOWRY.

♩. = 100.
Join
in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And
thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
REFRAIN.
f We're march - ing to Zi - on,
We're march-ing on to Zi - on,
Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Zi - on, We're
march-ing up-ward to Zi - on,
Zi - on, Zi-on, The beau-ti-ful ci-ty of God.

'Let the redeemed of the Lord say so.'

f COME, ye that love the LORD,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

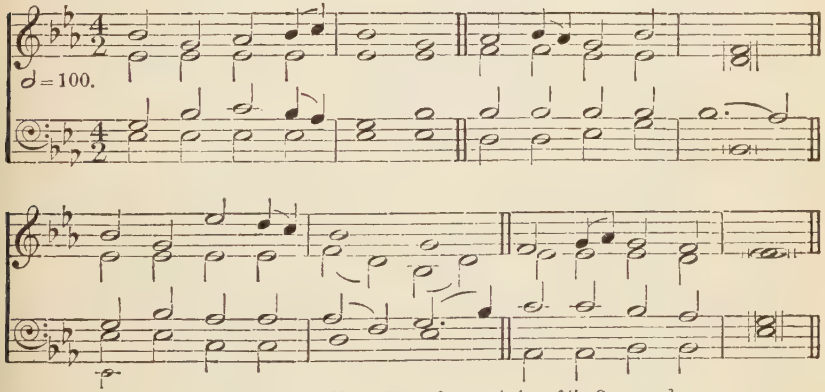
We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion:
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our GOD;
But children of the heavenly King
Must speak their joys abroad.

3 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry; [ground
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

13

THE BOURNE. (6.5.6.5.) M. A. SIDEBOTHAM.



[*From the* CHILDREN'S HYMN BOOK, *by permission of the Composer.*]

'A good soldier of Jesus Christ.'

f FAITHFUL warriors, bearing
JESUS' cross and shame:
Faithful warriors, daring
All in JESUS' name.

p 2 Hard the path and dreary
In a world of sin:
Hard the fight and weary
With the lusts within.

cr 3 Hark! the voice that calls you,
f 'Warriors, follow Me;
All that now befalls you
Shall your glory be.'

p 4 On through strife and sorrow
Force your steadfast way;
cr Bright shall be to-morrow
After dark to-day.

f 5 There are holier treasures
Than the world can give;
There are lasting pleasures
Where the angels live;

6 There are those who love you
In that happy land;
Round you and above you
Flocks the heavenly band.

p 7 Angels lift glad voices
As you draw more near;
GOD Himself rejoices
When you persevere.

8 On His word relying,
True and steadfast be;
Every foe defying,
f March to victory.

14

ST. SERF. (S.M. and refrain.) FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN and PETER VON WINTER.

'Out of Egypt.'

f FROM Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Alleluia!
We are on our way to God.

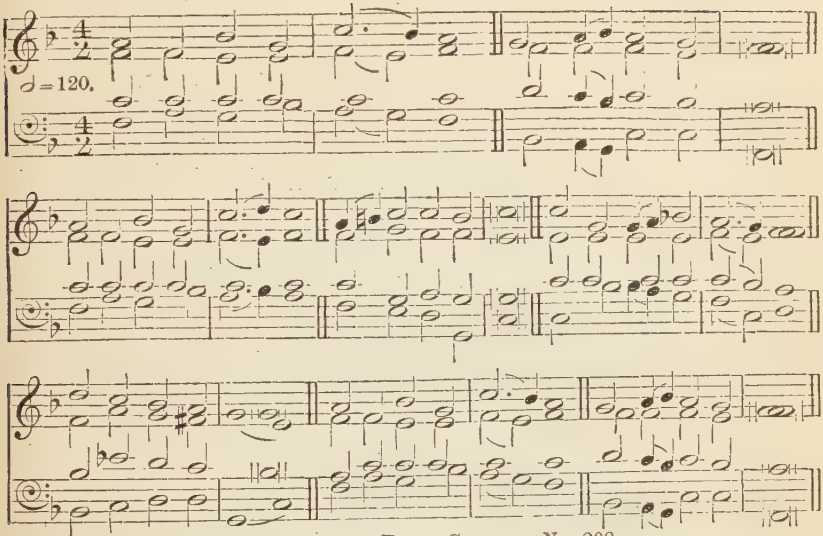
2 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy,
Where peace and liberty are found
And sweets that never cloy.

p 3 There sin and sorrow cease
And all the strife is o'er;
There we shall dwell in endless peace
And never hunger more.

4 There in celestial strains
Enraptured myriads sing;
cr There love in every bosom reigns,
For GOD Himself is King.

p 5 How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast.
We're journeying through the wilder-
But soon shall gain our rest. [ness,

PRINCETHORPE. (6.5.6.5.D.) **15** W. Pitts.



Alternative Tune, Colyton, No. 208.

'*Every day will I bless Thee, and I will praise Thy Name for ever and ever.*'

f SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King;
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

p 2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee
Deep in adoration,
Bending low the knee;
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die:
f Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there:
p Where no pain or sorrow,
Toil or care, is known,
Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.

4 Dark and ever darker
Was the wintry past:
cr Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast;
Every day that passeth,
Every hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeignèd,
Love that never dies.

f 5 Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

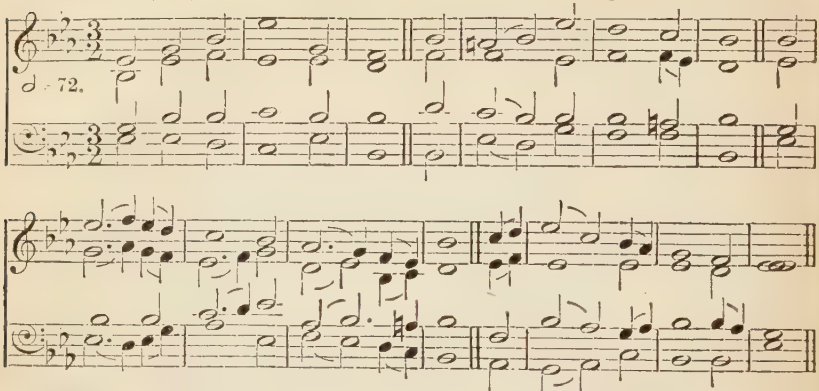
6 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God:
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

7 Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal;
Where, in joys unheard of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

16

WATCHMAN. (S.M.)

Arranged from JAMES LEACH.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, NARENZA, SCOTTISH HYMNAL, No. 211, AND CHURCH HYMNARY, No. 277.

'Stand up and bless the Lord your God.'

f STAND up and bless the LORD,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up and bless the LORD your GOD
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy Name,
And laud and magnify?

3 O for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.

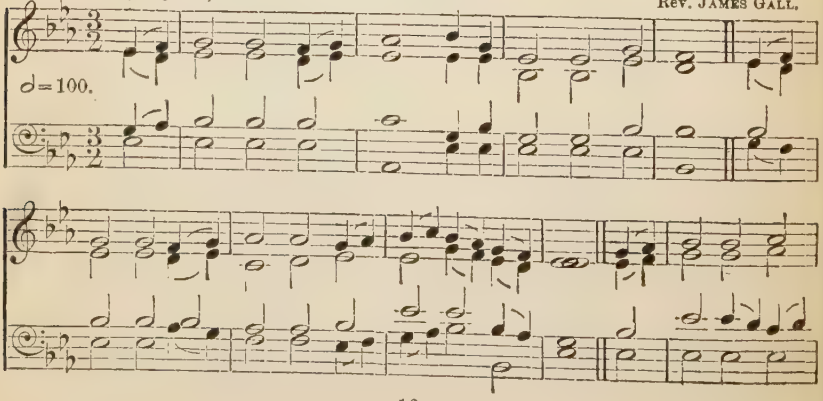
4 GOD is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours:
Then be His love in CHRIST proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

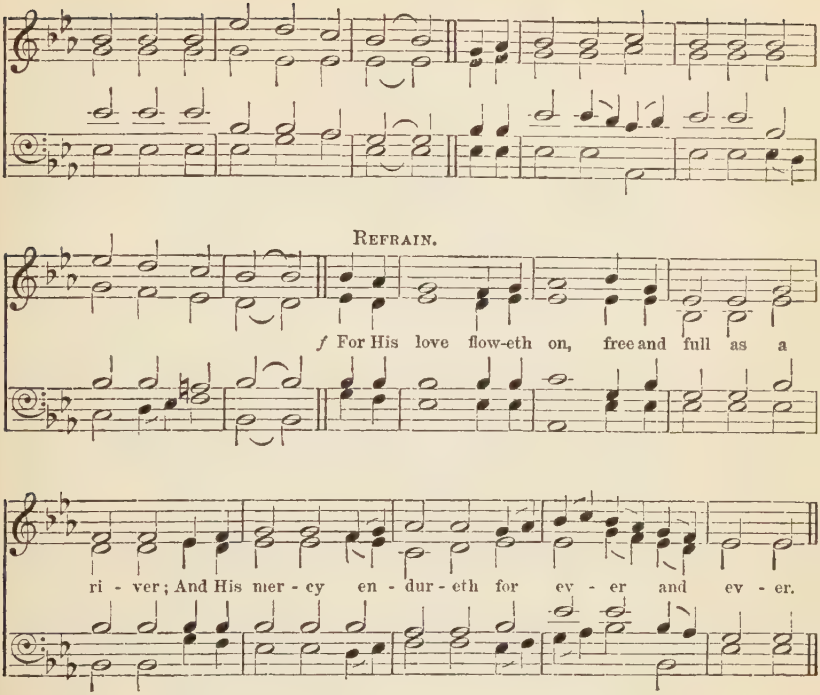
5 Stand up and bless the LORD:
The LORD your GOD adore;
Stand up and bless His glorious Name
Henceforth for evermore.

17

LAUDATE. (Irregular.)

Rev. JAMES GALL.





'Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.'

f PRAISE, praise ye the name of Jehovah, our God;
Declare, O declare ye His glories abroad;
Proclaim ye His mercy from nation to nation
Till the uttermost islands have heard His salvation.
For His love floweth on, free and full as a river;
And His mercy endureth for ever and ever.

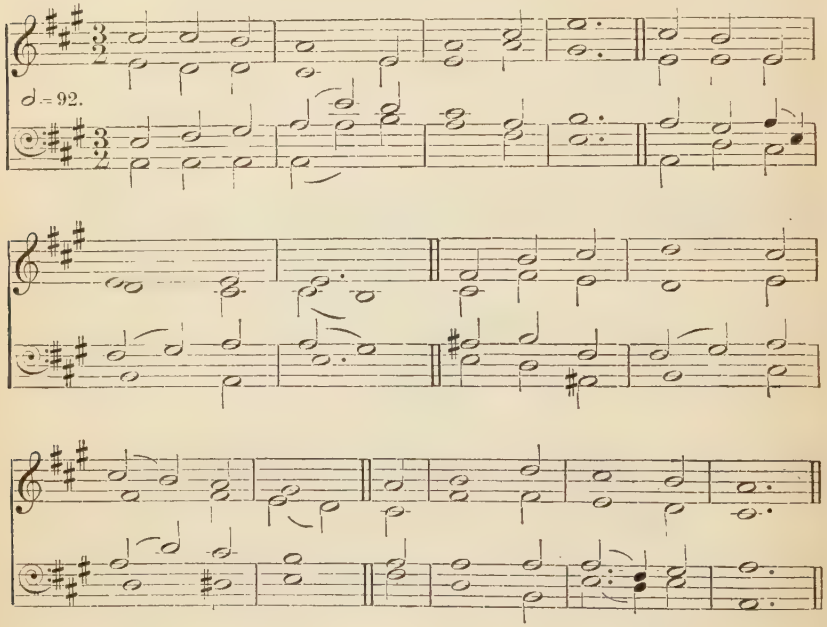
2 Praise, praise ye the Lamb, who for sinners was slain;
Who went down to the grave and ascended again;
And who soon shall return, when these dark days are o'er,
To set up His Kingdom in glory and power.

3 Then the heavens and the earth and the sea shall rejoice;
The field and the forest shall lift their glad voice;
For the King cometh down, with His people to reign,
And His presence shall bless us with Eden again.

18

GERONTIUS. (C.M.)

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.



'The second man is the Lord from heaven.'

f PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise—
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

2 O loving wisdom of our GOD!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

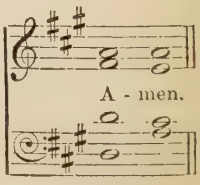
3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

p 4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine—
GOD's presence and His very self
And essence all-Divine.

5 O generous love! that He who smote
In Man, for man, the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo,

6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

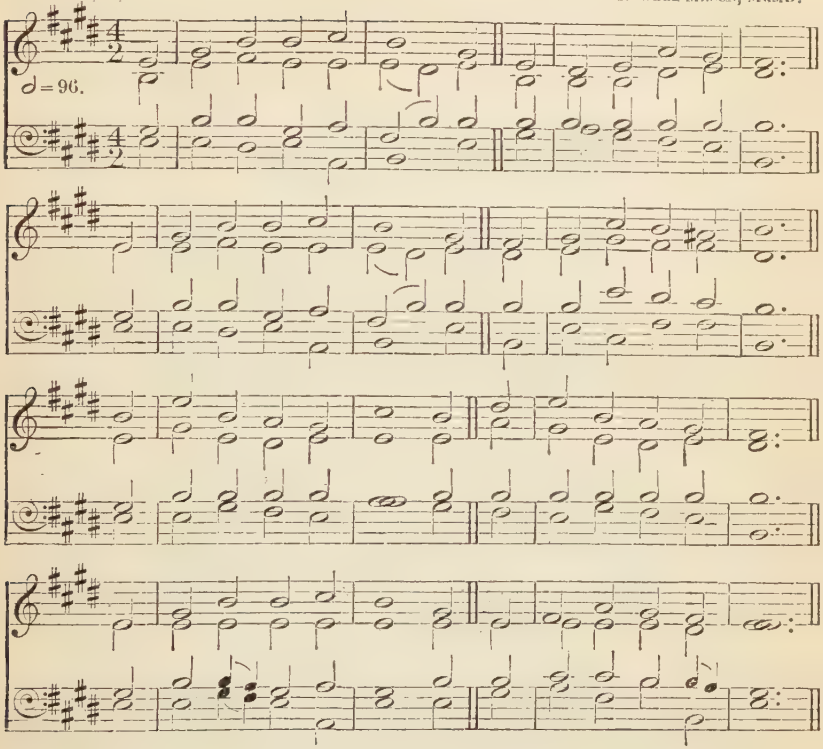
f 7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise—
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.



19

HEBER. (7.6.7.6.D.)

LOWELL MASON, Mus.D.

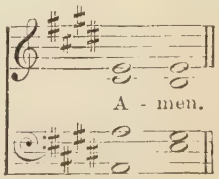


'To-day, if ye will hear His voice.'

p TO-DAY Thy mercy calls us
To wash away our sin,
However great our trespass,
Whatever we have been;
However long from mercy
Our hearts have turned away,
cr Thy precious blood can cleanse us
And make us white to-day.

p 2 To-day our FATHER calls us,
His HOLY SPIRIT waits;
His blessèd angels gather
Around the heavenly gates;
No question will be asked us
How often we have come;
Although we oft have wandered,
It is our FATHER'S home.

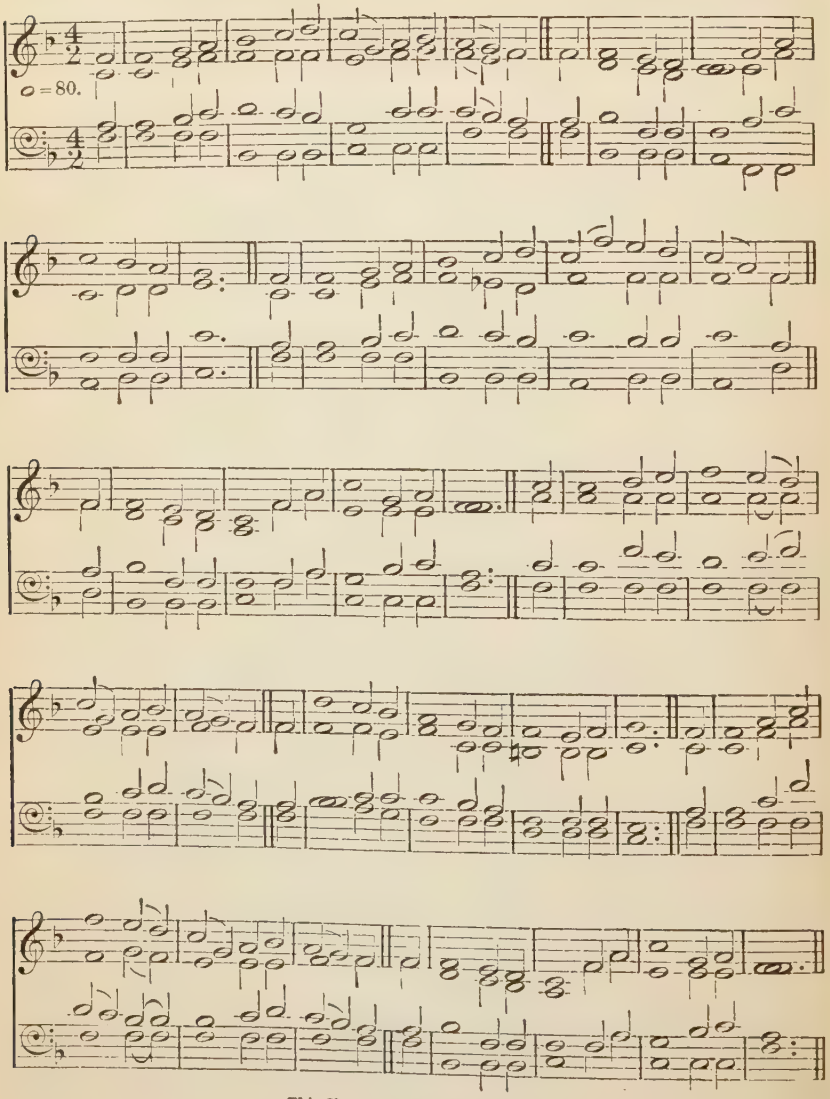
cr 3 O all-embracing mercy!
O ever-open door!
What should we do without Thee
When heart and eye run o'er?
p When all things seem against us,
To drive us to despair,
f We know one gate is open,
One Ear will hear our prayer!



20

TRUE-HEARTED. (12.11.12.11.D.)

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.



This Hymn may be sung as a solo.

'Be of good comfort; rise, He calleth thee.'

f O COME to the merciful Saviour who calls you,
O come to the Lord who forgives and forgets;
Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls you,
There's a bright home above, where the sun never sets.

cr O come then to Jesus, whose arms are extended
To fold His dear children in closest embrace:
O come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
And Jesus will show you His beautiful face.

2 Yes, come to the Saviour, whose mercy grows brighter
The longer you look at the depth of His love;
And fear not! 'tis Jesus! and life's cares grow lighter
As you think of the home and the glory above.

p Have you sinned as none else in the world have before you?
Are you blacker than all other creatures in guilt?
O fear not, and doubt not! the mother who bore you
Loves you less than the Saviour whose blood you have spilt.

3 O come then to Jesus, and say how you love Him,
And vow at His feet you will keep in His grace;
For one tear that is shed by a sinner can move Him,
And your sins will drop off in His tender embrace.

Then come to His feet, and lay open your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame;

cr For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,

f And the joy of our Lord to be true to His name.

21

ONLY JESUS. (7.7.7.6. and refrain.) H. P. MAIN.

'Touched with the feeling of our infirmities.'

p ONLY JESUS feels and knows
All the weight of human woes;
Full and free His mercy flows:
Blessèd, blessèd JESUS!

f *O that name we love to hear,*
Name above all others dear;
How it calms our every fear:
Blessèd, blessèd Jesus!

p 2 Only JESUS looks within,
Sees our hearts and all our sin;
cr Only He can make us clean:
Blessèd, blessèd JESUS!

p 3 Only JESUS answers prayer,
Lighter makes the cross we bear,
cr Bids us cast on Him our care:
Blessèd, blessèd JESUS!

p 4 Safe in Him our souls abide,
Safe His hand our steps will guide
cr Till we sing beyond the tide—
Blessèd, blessèd JESUS!

22

DULCE NOMEN. (S.7.8.7. and refrain.) W. B. BRADBURY.

♩ = 84.
REFRAIN.
f We love to sing of CHRIST our King, And hail Him bless - ed JE - SUS; For
ear has nev - er heard a name So dear as Thine, LORD JE - SUS. A - men.

'*Thou shalt call His name Jesus.*'

p THERE is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so dear in heaven;
The name, before His wondrous birth,
To CHRIST the SAVIOUR given.

f *We love to sing of Christ our King,*
And hail Him blessèd Jesus;
For ear has never heard a name
So dear as Thine, Lord Jesus.

p 2 'Twas Gabriel first that did proclaim
To Mary, His blest mother,
cr The name which now and evermore
We praise above all other.

pp 3 And when He hung upon the tree.
They wrote this name above Him;
That all might see the reason, we
For evermore must love Him.

f 4 So now, upon His FATHER'S throne—
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains—He ever reigns,
The Prince and SAVIOUR, JESUS.

5 O JESUS, by that matchless name
Thy grace shall fail us never;
To-day as yesterday the same,
Thou art the same for ever.

23

PRAISE HIM. (12.10.12.10.11.10.)

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

'In that day shall ye say, Praise the Lord, call upon His name.'

f PRAISE Him! praise Him! JESUS, our blessèd Redeemer.
Sing, O earth—His wonderful love proclaim.
Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glory;
Strength and honour give to His holy Name.
p Like a Shepherd, JESUS will guard His children,
In His arms He carries them all day long;
f *Praise Him! Praise Him! tell of His excellent greatness;*
Praise Him! Praise Him! ever in joyful song.

2 Praise Him! praise Him! JESUS, our blessèd Redeemer.
p For our sins He suffered, and bled, and died;
He—our Rock, our hope of eternal salvation,
f Hail Him! hail Him! JESUS, the crucified.
Sound His praises—JESUS, who bore our sorrows,
Love unbounded, wonderful, deep, and strong;

3 Praise Him! praise Him! JESUS, our blessèd Redeemer;
You, His flock, till all men Hosanna sing.
CHRIST is LORD. He reigneth for ever and ever:
Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King.
CHRIST is coming, over the world victorious,
Power and glory unto the LORD belong.

24

A FRIEND IN JESUS. (8.7.8.7.D.) C. C. CONVERSE.

'I have called you friends.'

p WHAT a friend we have in JESUS,
All our cares and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to GOD in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what endless pain we bear,
cr All because we do not carry
Everything to GOD in prayer!

p 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
cr We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the LORD in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
JESUS knows our every weakness;
Take it to the LORD in prayer.

p 3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
cr JESUS only is our Refuge;
Take it to the LORD in prayer.
p Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
cr Take it to the LORD in prayer:
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

25

ZOAN. (7.6.7.6. and refrain.) Rev. W. H. Havergal.

♩ = 100.
Refrain.
1,2 & 3. f We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing.
4. Then shall we praise and bless Thee Where per - fect prais - es ring,
We praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our ho - ly Lord and King. A - men.
And ev - er-more con - fess Thee Our Sa - viour and our King.

'Unto Thy Name give glory.'

f O SAVIOUR, gracious Saviour,
Whom, yet unseen, we love;
O Name of might and favour,
All other names above:
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee, O Christ, we sing.
We praise Thee and confess Thee,
Our holy Lord and King.

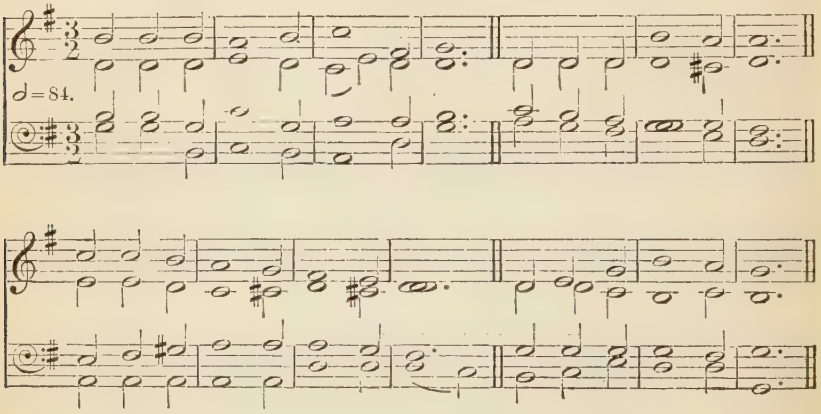
2 O bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought:

3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power Divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine:

4 O grant the consummation
Of this our song, above,
In endless adoration
And everlasting love.
Then shall we praise and bless Thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King.

26

ST. AGNES, DURHAM. (C.M.) Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.



'Thy name is as ointment poured forth.'

p JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O SAVIOUR of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
cr To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of JESUS, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

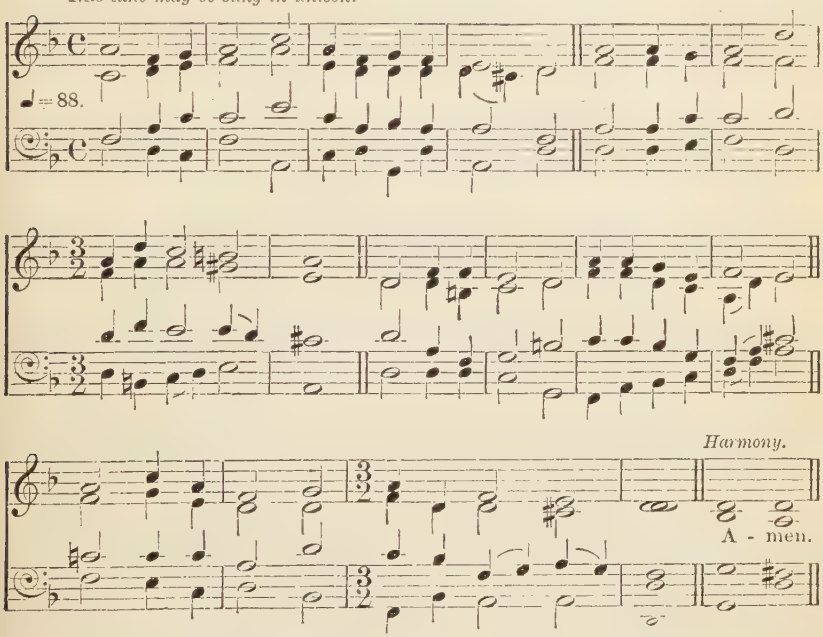
f 5 JESUS, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be:
JESUS, be Thou our glory now
And through eternity.

27

DONNE SECOURS. (11.10.11.10.)

Psalm 12 in the *Genevan Psalter*, 1551.

This tune may be sung in unison.



For Alternative Setting of this Tune see No. 122.
Alternative Tune, Strength and Stay, No. 267.

'He shall receive of Mine and shall show it unto you.'

p COME, Holy Spirit, like a dove descending,
Rest Thou upon us while we meet to pray;
cr Show us the Saviour, His great love revealing;
Lead us to Him, the Life, the Truth, the Way.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, every cloud dispelling;
f Fill us with gladness through the Master's name;
Bring to our memory words that He hath spoken,
Then shall our tongues His wondrous grace proclaim.

3 Come, Holy Spirit, sent from God the Father—
Thou Friend and Teacher, Comforter and Guide—
Our thoughts directing, keep us close to Jesus,
And in our hearts for evermore abide.

28

BOSSINEY. (10.7.9.7.9.7.9.7. and refrain.) G. VON HOLST.

♩ = 92.
p Ho - LY GHOST, come down up-on Thy chil-dren, Give us grace and make us Thine;
Fine.
Thy ten-der fires with - in us kin - dle Bless-ed Spi - rit! Dove Di - vine!
D.C.
Amen.

'The Spirit is good; lead me.'

p *HOLY GHOST, come down upon Thy children,*
Give us grace and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle
Blessèd Spirit! Dove Divine!

2 For all within us, good and holy,
Is from Thee, Thy precious gift;
In all our joys, in all our sorrows,
Wistful hearts to Thee we lift.

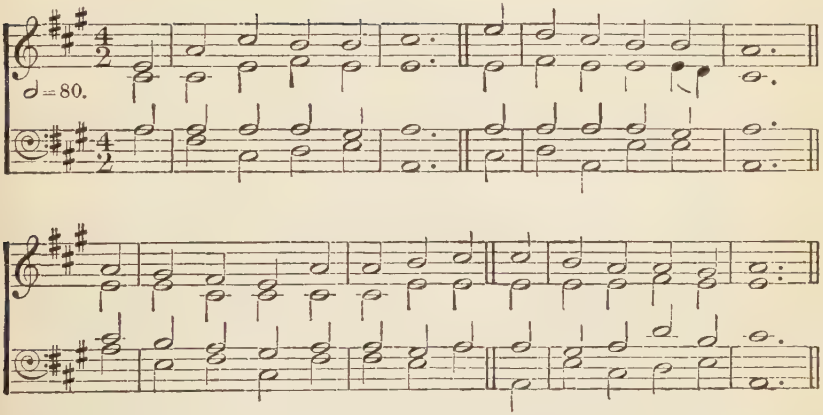
3 O we have grieved Thee, gracious SPIRIT!
Wayward, wanton, cold are we;
And still our sins, new every morning,
Never yet have wearied Thee.

4 Giver of life, how hast Thou waited
While our hearts were slowly turned;
How often hath Thy love been slighted,
While for us it grieved and burned!

5 Ah, sweet Consoler, though we cannot
Love Thee as Thou lovest us,
Yet, if Thou deign'st our hearts to kindle,
We shall not be always thus.

29

ST. MICHAEL. (S.M.) DAVE'S PSALTER, 1562.



'Wilt Thou not revive us again?'

f

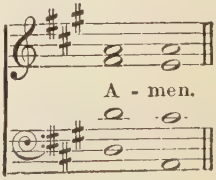
REVIVE Thy work, O LORD,
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead
And make Thy people hear.

2 Revive Thy work, O LORD,
Disturb this sleep of death;
The smouldering embers quicken now
By Thine Almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O LORD,
Make souls to thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the bread of life
O may our spirits be.

4 Revive Thy work, O LORD,
Exalt Thy precious name;
And by the HOLY GHOST our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

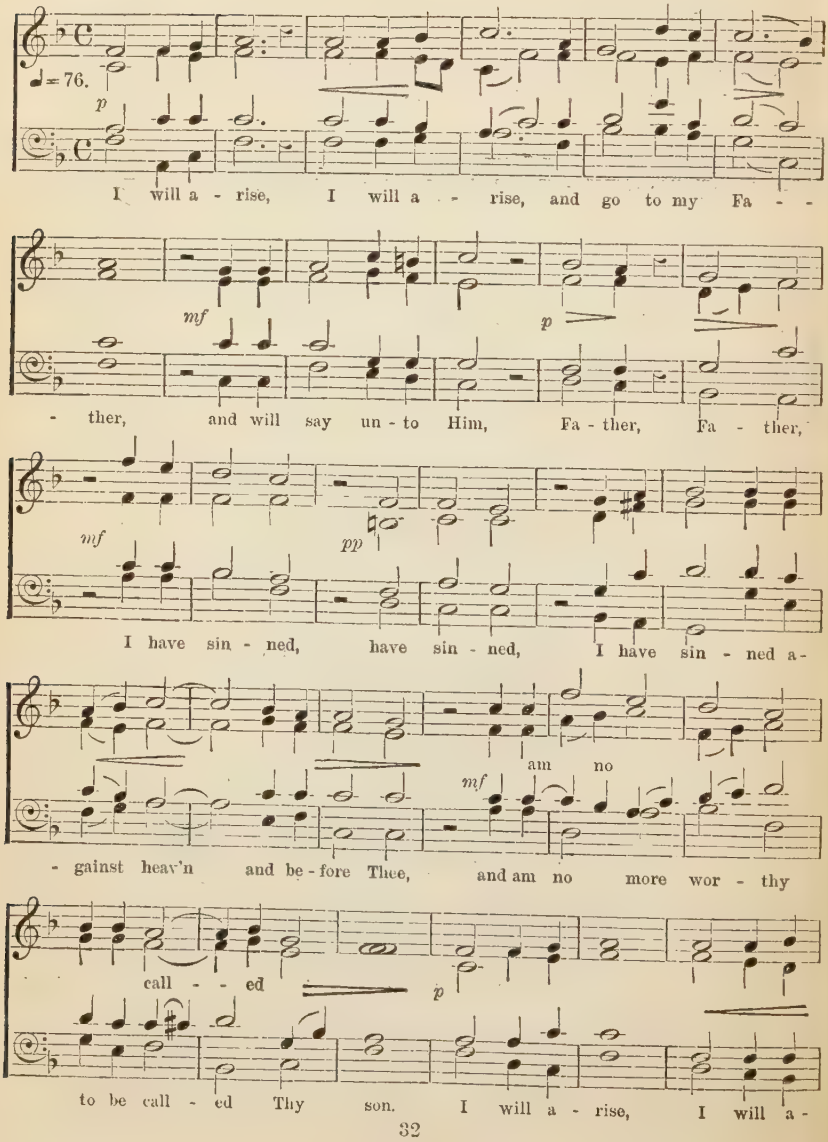
5 Revive Thy work, O LORD,
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, LORD, be ours.



30

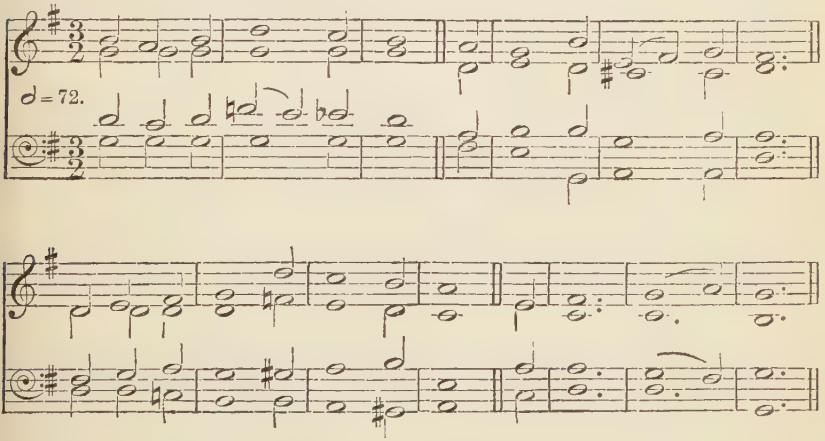
I WILL ARISE.

Rev. RICHARD CECIL. Harmonized and arranged by WILLIAM JACKSON.


♩= 76.
p
I will a - rise, I will a - rise, and go to my Fa - -
mf
p
- ther, and will say un - to Him, Fa - ther, Fa - ther,
mf
pp
I have sin - ned, have sin - ned, I have sin - ned a-
am no
mf
- gainst heav'n and be - fore Thee, and am no more wor - thy
call - - ed
p
to be call - ed Thy son. I will a - rise, I will a -

31

VERBUM PACIS. (6.6.8.4.) GEORGE LOMAS.

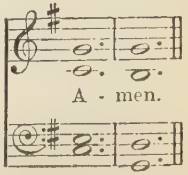


'He came to his Father.'

p FAR from Thy heavenly care,
LORD, I have gone astray,
And all the wealth Thou gavest me
Have cast away.

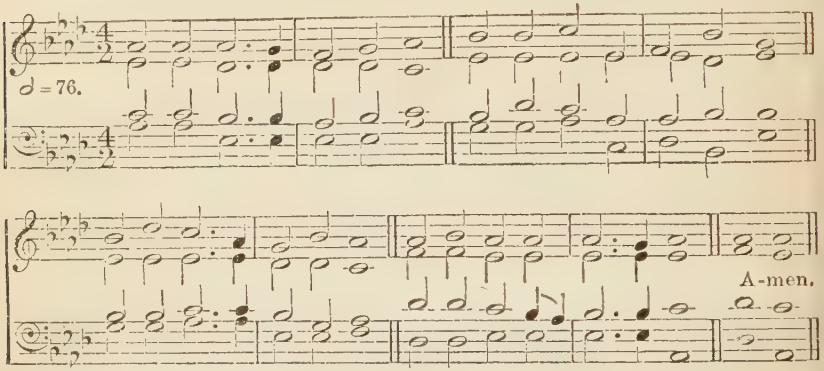
2 Now from a broken heart,
In penitence sincere,
I lift my prayer to Thee : O LORD,
In mercy hear.

3 And in the Father's House,
Give me a servant's place,
That I, a son, may learn to own
A FATHER'S grace.



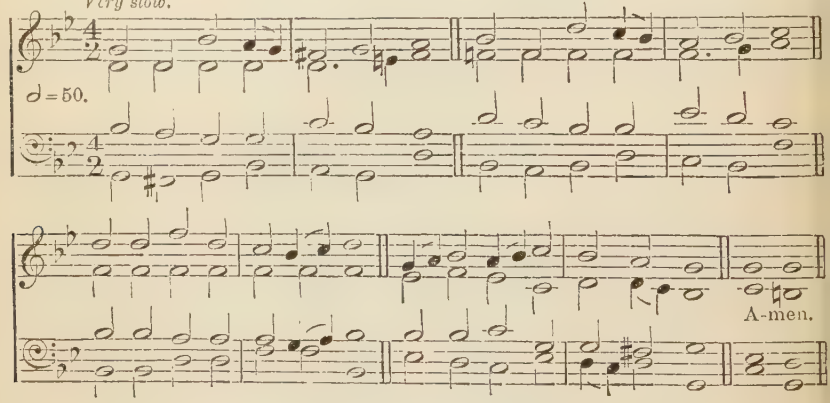
32

ST. BEES. (7.7.7.7.) FIRST TUNE Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.



AMMERGAU. (7.7.7.7.) SECOND TUNE J. MONTGOMERIE BELL.

Very slow.



'O the depth of the riches.'

p DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my GOD His wrath forbear—
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

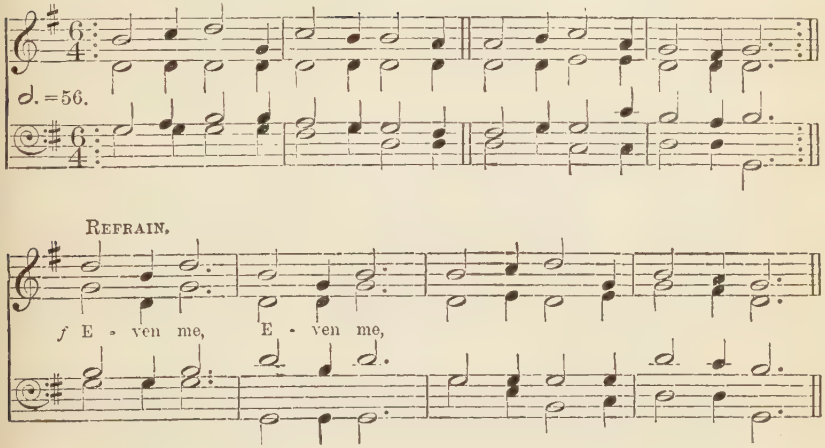
3 Whence to me this waste of love?
Ask my Advocate above!
See the cause in JESUS' face
Now before the throne of grace.

4 There for me the SAVIOUR stands,
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;
GOD is love, I know, I feel:
JESUS weeps, and loves me still.

5 If I rightly read Thy heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon and accept me now.

33

EVEN ME. (8.7.8.7. and refrain.) W. B. BRADBURY.



'Be merciful unto me.'

f LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free,
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops descend on me—
Even me.

p 2 Pass me not, O gracious FATHER,
Sinful though my heart may be:
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me—

3 Pass me not, O tender SAVIOUR:
Let me love and cling to Thee:
I am longing for Thy favour;
Hear and lay Thy hand on me—

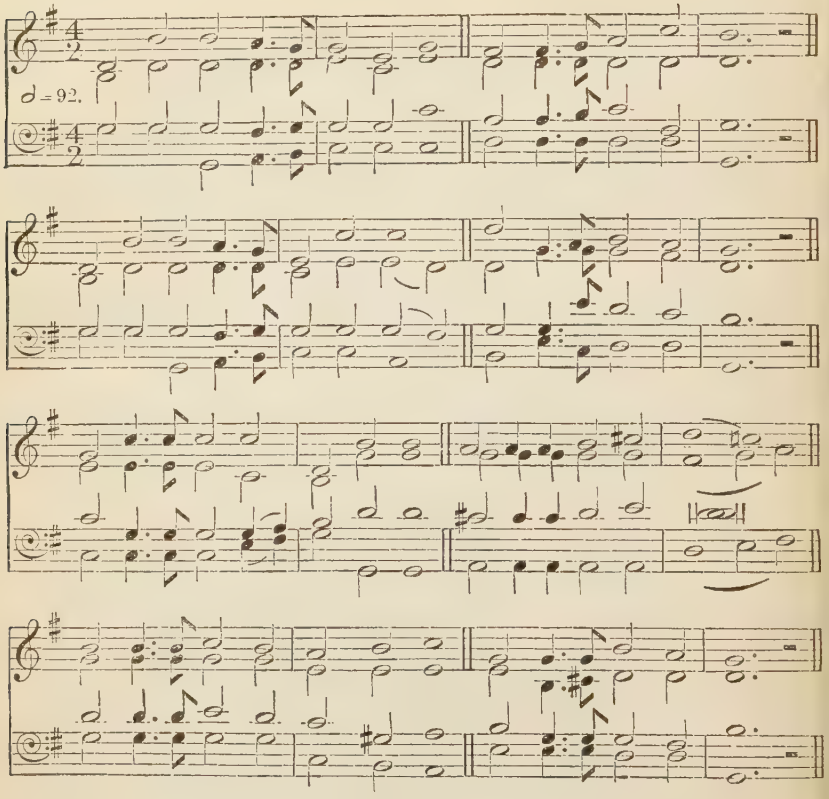
4 Pass me not, O mighty SPIRIT:
Thou canst make the blind to see:
Witnesser of JESUS' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—

f 5 Love of GOD, so pure and changeless,
Blood of CHRIST, so rich and free,
Grace of GOD, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me—
Even me.

NOTE.—*The last line of each verse to be repeated after the refrain.*

34

COME, O COME. (8.6.8.6.D.) IRA D. SANKEY.



'The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.'

p COME, O come with thy broken heart,
Weary and worn with care;
Come and kneel at the open door,
JESUS is waiting there:
Waiting to heal thy wounded soul,
Waiting to give thee rest— [fall?
Why wilt thou walk where shadows
cr Come to His loving breast.

2 Firmly cling to the blessèd cross,
There shall thy refuge be;
Wash thee now in the crimson fount,
Flowing so pure for thee:
List to the gentle, warning voice:
List to the earnest call—
Leave at the cross thy burden now:
JESUS will bear it all.

3 Come and taste of the precious feast,
Feast of eternal love;
Think of joys that for ever bloom,
Bright in the life above:
f Come with a trusting heart to GOD,
Come and be saved by grace;
Come, for He longs to clasp thee now
Close in His dear embrace.

35

THE HEM OF HIS GARMENT. (10.6.10.6. and refrain.) G. F. ROOT.

♩.=60.
REFRAIN.
f O touch the hem of His gar - ment And thou, too, shalt be free;
His sav - ing power this ver - y hour Shall give new life to thee.

'*Somebody hath touched Me.*'

p SHE only touched the hem of His garment
As to His side she stole,
Amid the crowd that gathered around Him,
cr And straightway she was whole.

f *O touch the hem of His garment*
And thou, too, shall be free;
His saving power this very hour
Shall give new life to thee.

p 2 She came in fear and trembling before Him,
She knew her LORD had come,
cr She felt that virtue from Him had healed her:
The mighty deed was done.

3 He turned with 'Daughter, be of good comfort,
Thy faith hath made thee whole';
f And peace that passeth all understanding
With gladness filled her soul.

36

LESBURY. (7.6.7.6.D.)

'I am not able to look up.'

p MY sins, my sins, my SAVIOUR!
They take such hold on me,
I cannot dare look upward,
Save only, CHRIST, to Thee.

cr In Thee is all forgiveness,
In Thee abundant grace;
f My shadow and my sunshine,
The brightness of Thy face.

p 2 My sins, my sins, my SAVIOUR!
How sad on Thee they fall:
Seen through Thy gentle patience
I tenfold feel them all.

cr I know they are forgiven,
dim But still their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my LORD, on Thee.

p 3 My sins, my sins, my SAVIOUR!
Their guilt I never knew
Till with Thee in the desert
cr I near Thy passion drew,
f Therefore my songs, my SAVIOUR,
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all Thy goodness
To suffering man below.

37

WEIDENWANG. (S.7.8.7.D.)

From C. W. von Gluck.

'The voice that spake with me.'

p HUSH, my soul: what voice is pleading?
Thou canst feel its silent power.
Who is this that speaks so gently
In this solemn evening hour?
'Stay, poor sinner; life is fleeting,
And thy soul is dark within;
Wilt thou wait till outer darkness
Close in gloom thy life of sin?'

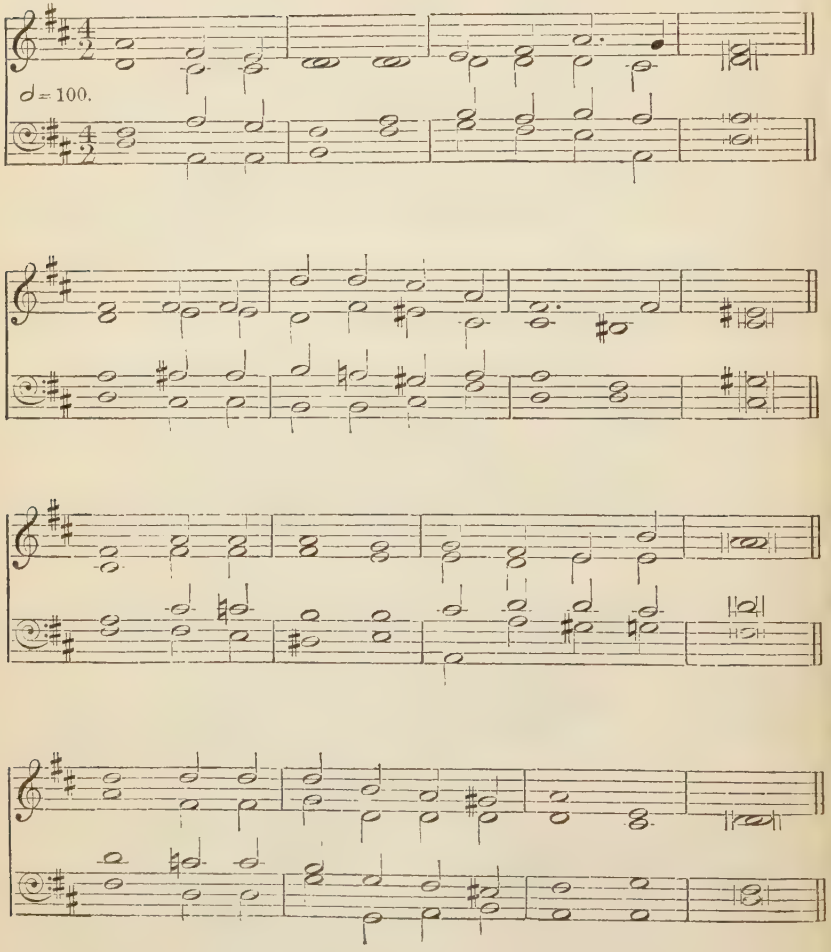
2 What is this that steals upon me?
Can it be that at my side
In His own mysterious presence
Stands the wondrous Crucified?
'Why, poor sinner, wilt thou linger?
I am waiting to forgive;
See the meaning of these wound-prints;
I have died that thou may'st live.'

3 Hush, my soul: it is thy Saviour,
And He seeks His lost one now.
He is waiting; flee not from Him,
Venture near, before Him bow.
Tell thy sins; He will forgive thee
And He will not love thee less;
For the human heart of Jesus
Overflows with tenderness.

38

DALKEITH. (10.10.10.10.)

THOMAS HEWLETT, MUS. B.



'In the midst of the throne a Lamb as it had been slain.'

p WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
cr And yet I hear a voice that bids me, Come.

p 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land,
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall—
Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all.

cr 4 It is the voice of JESUS that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone
And set me faultless there before the throne.

5 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the FATHER'S courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

39

COME UNTO ME. (7.6.7.6.D.) FIRST TUNE Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.

NOTE.—*It is suggested that the first two lines of each verse should be sung by Tenors and Basses only, but if necessary they may be sung in Octaves by all the voices.*

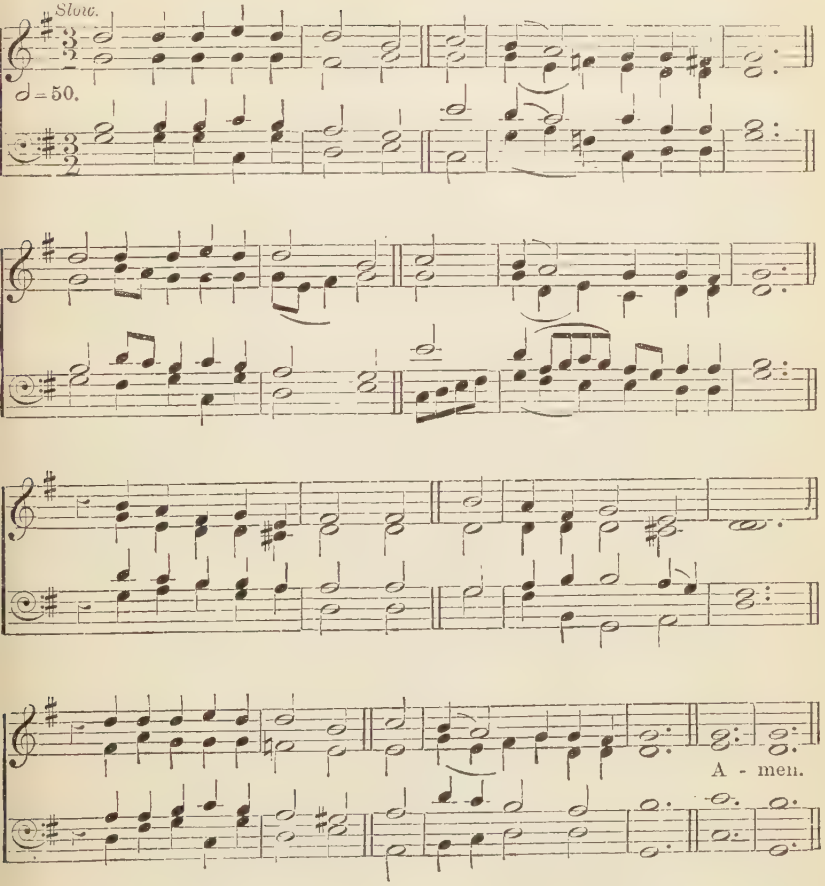
'All ye that labour and are heavy laden.'

p 'COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.'
O blessèd voice of JESUS
Which comes to hearts oppressed!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace and peace,
f Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love that cannot cease.

p 2 'Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light.'
cr O loving voice of JESUS
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
f But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

39

ES IST EIN ROS ENTSPRUNGEN. (7.6.7.6.D.) SECOND TUNE MICHAEL PRÄTORIUS.

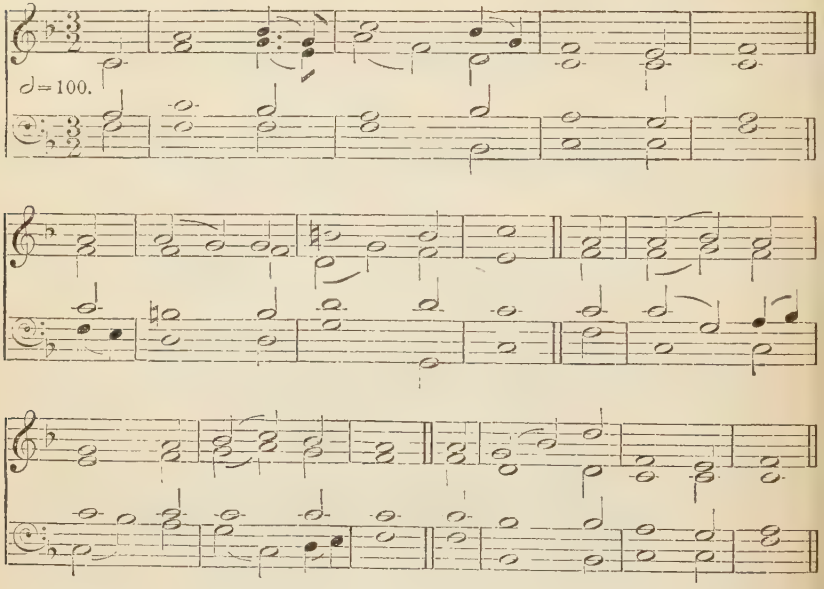


p 3 'Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.'
O cheering voice of JESUS
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
f But Thou hast made us mighty
And stronger than the strong.

p 4 'And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out.'
O welcome voice of JESUS
Which drives away our doubt,
cr Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear LORD, to Thee!

40

CRIMOND. (C.M.) D. GRANT.



'*Lo, a great multitude.*'

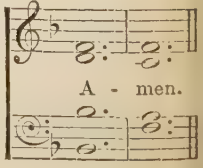
f GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

p 2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
cr Ascribe their conquest to the LAMB,
Their triumph to His death.

4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast,
And, following their incarnate GOD,
Possess the promised rest.

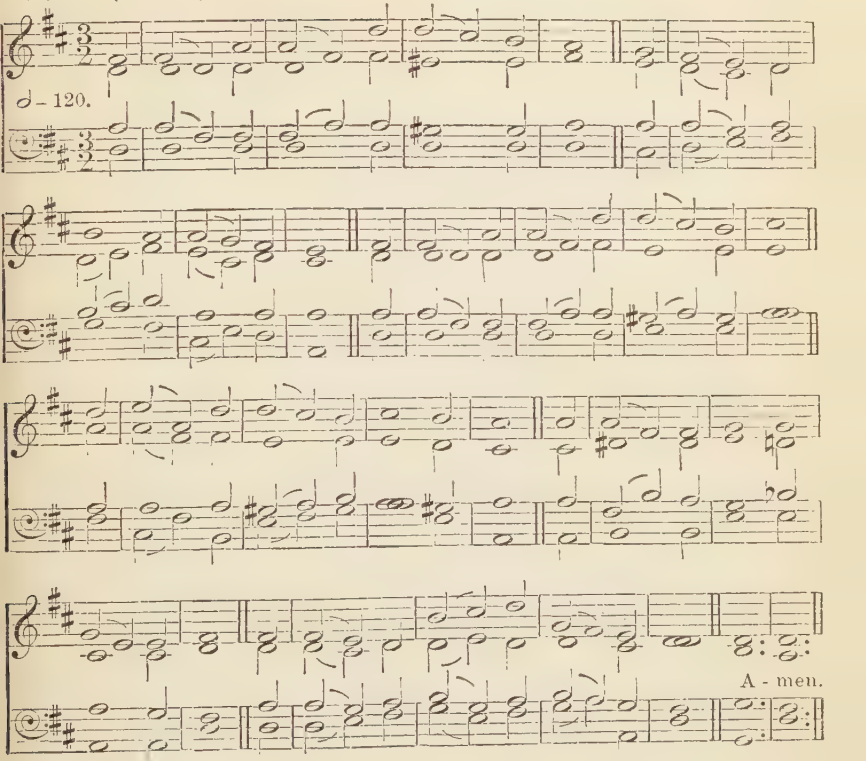
f 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.



41

GIESSEN. (S.S.S.S.S.S.)

London Tune Book.



[*From the London Tune Book, by permission.*]

'*Return unto Me, and I will return unto you.*'

p WEARY of wandering from my GOD,
And now made willing to return,
I hear and bow me to the rod;
For Thee, not without hope, I mourn;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.

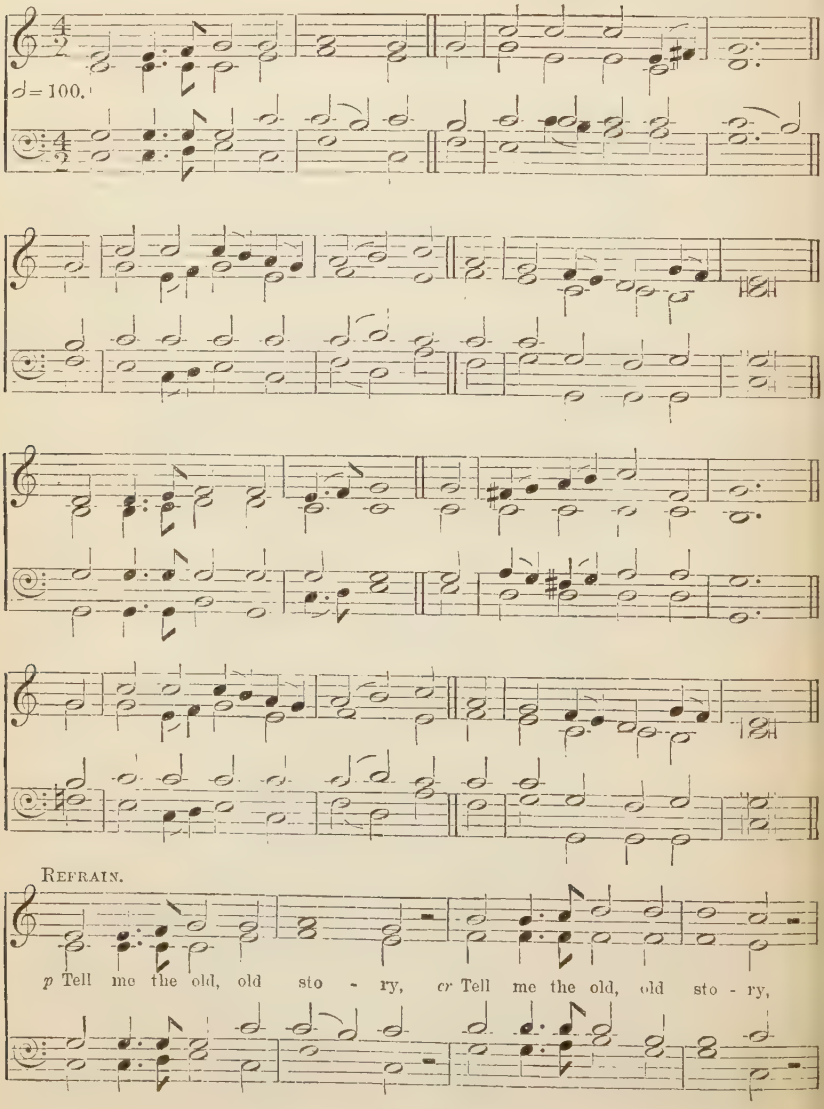
cr 2 O JESUS, full of pardoning grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek Thy face;
Open Thine arms and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

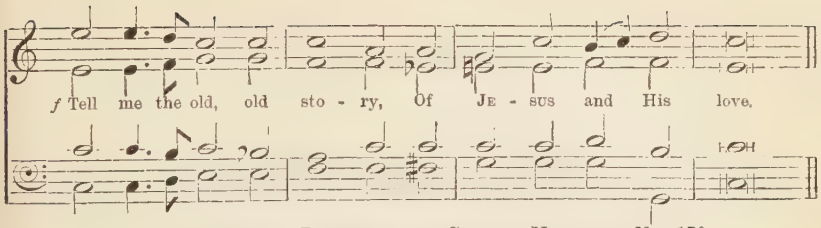
3 Thou knowest the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O for Thy truth and mercy's sake
Forgive, and bid me sin no more;
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

p 4 Ah, give me, LORD, the tender heart
That trembles at the approach of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart:
Implant and root it deep within,
That I may dread Thy gracious power,
And never dare offend Thee more.

42

EVANGEL. (7.6.7.6.D. and refrain.) W. H. DOANE, Mus.D.





Alternative Tune, Remembrance, Church Hymnary, No. 170.

'The gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.'

f TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
p Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary
And helpless and defiled.

Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the story slowly
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
dim The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.

p 3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always
If you would really be
In any time of trouble
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
f 'Christ Jesus makes thee whole.'

43

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT. (L.M. and refrain.)

IRA D. SANKEY.

♩ = 72.
REFRAIN.
f Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?
rit.ard.
Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

'While it is called To-day.'

p O DO not let the Word depart,
Nor close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart:
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?

f *Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?*

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time! O then be wise:
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?

3 The world has nothing left to give:
It has no new, no pure delight:
cr O try the life which Christians live:
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?

4 Our blessèd LORD refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun:
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?

ALLEIN GOTT IN DER HÖH SEI EHR. (8.7.8.7.8.8.7.)

Slow and dignified.

44

Arranged by NICOLAUS DECIUS (later form of the melody).

'Jesus Christ evidently set forth crucified.'

p O BROTHER, for a little space
Lift up thine eyes, discerning
How terrible a thing is sin,
And so to wisdom turning.
Upon the Crucified One look
cr And thou shalt read, as in a book,
What well is worth thy learning.

p 2 'Tis not alone those tender limbs
With so much pain are aching:
For the ingratitude of man
His heart within is breaking.
O fearful was the chastisement
The SON of Mary underwent,
cr The place of sinners taking.

p 3 No man has any sorrow borne
Like unto that affliction,
When JESUS for our sake endured
His people's contradiction;
Beyond imagination were
The sufferings He willed to bear
In that dread crucifixion.

4 O brother, mark and ponder well
Sin's awful condemnation.
For whom were all His wounds endured?
To purchase thy salvation. [died.
f Give thanks to Him who bled and
Give heart and life and all beside,
And endless adoration.

45

THERE IS LIFE FOR A LOOK. (11.9.11.9. and refrain.) E. G. TAYLOR.

'Look unto Me and be ye saved.'

p THERE is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

f *Look! look! look and live!*
There is life for a look at the Crucified One;
There is life at this moment for thee.

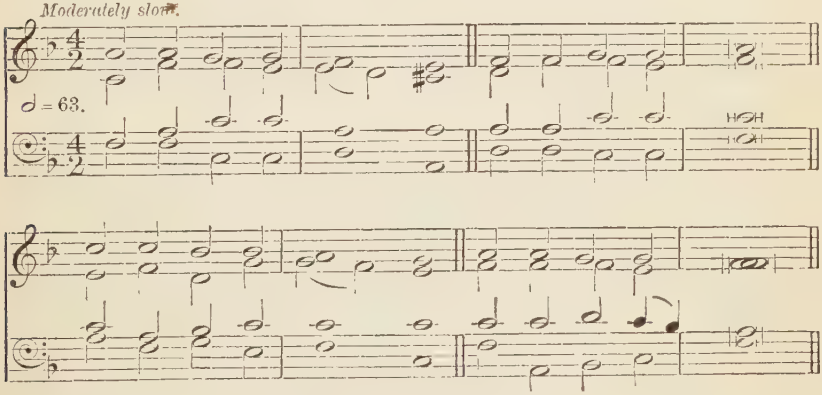
p 2 O why was He there as the bearer of sin
If on JESUS thy guilt was not laid?
O why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood
If His dying thy debt has not paid?

f 3 It is not thy tears of repentance nor prayers,
But the Blood, that atones for the soul:
On Him then who shed it thou mayèst at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

4 Then take with rejoicing from JESUS at once
The life everlasting He gives;
And know with assurance thou never canst die
Since JESUS, thy Righteousness, lives.

46

CASWALL (WEM IN LEIDENSTAGEN). (6.5.6.5.) F. FILITZ.



'The precious blood of Christ.'

p GLORY be to JESUS,
Who, in bitter pains,
Poured for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins.

2 Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find;
Blest be His compassion
Infinitely kind.

3 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream
Which from death eternal
Did the world redeem.

4 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of JESUS
For our pardon cries.

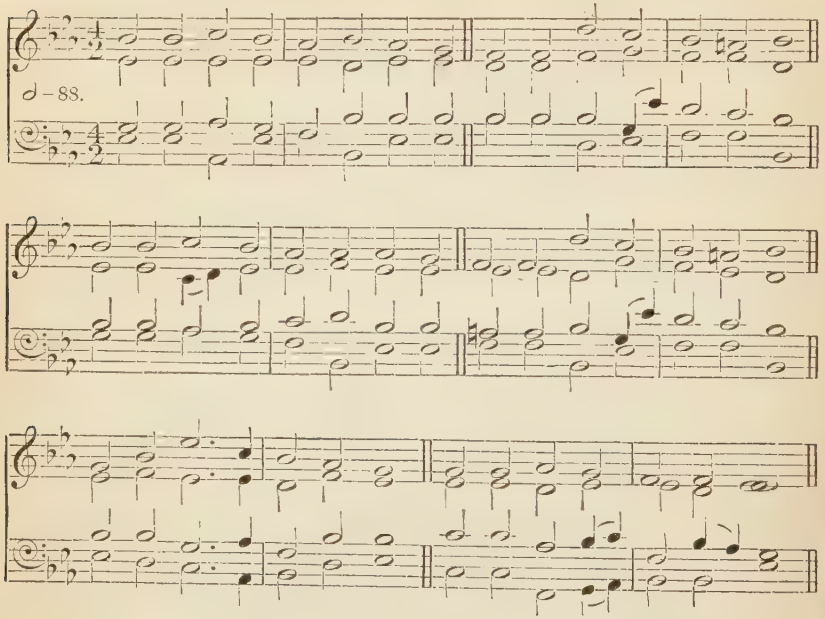
5 Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs.

cr 6 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

f 7 Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious blood.

47

HIMMEL. (8.7.8.7.7.7.) F. H. HIMMEL.



'Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood.'

f HE who once in righteous vengeance flood,
Whelm'd the world beneath the
Once again in mercy cleansed it
With His own most precious blood:
p Coming from His throne on high
On the painful cross to die.

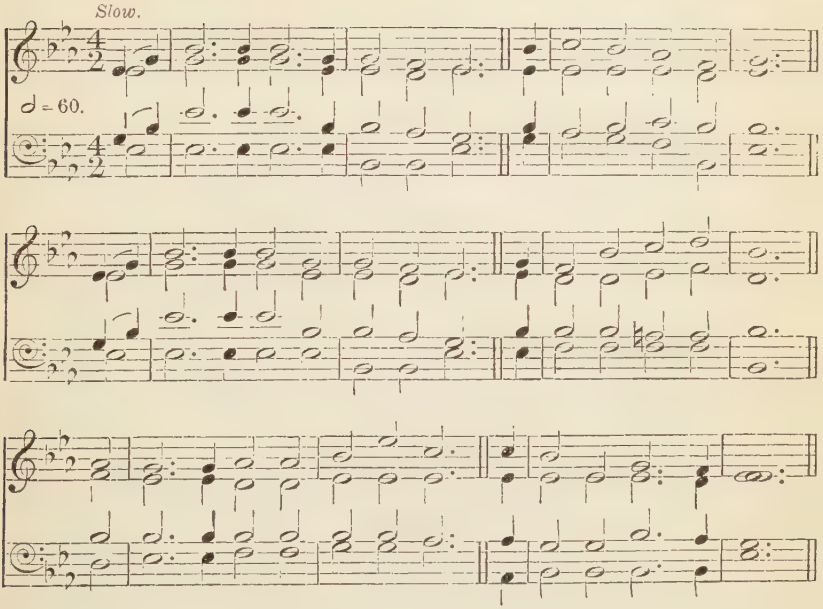
cr 2 O the wisdom of th' Eternal!
O the depth of love divine!
O the sweetness of that mercy
Which in JESUS CHRIST did shine!
p We were sinners doomed to die;
JESUS paid the penalty.

3 When before the Judge we tremble,
Conscious of His broken laws,
May the blood of His atonement
Cry aloud, and plead our cause:
Bid our guilty terrors cease,
Be our pardon and our peace.

cr 4 Prince and Author of salvation,
LORD of majesty supreme,
f JESUS, praise to Thee be given
By the world Thou didst redeem;
Glory to the FATHER be
And the SPIRIT One with Thee.

48

SUBSTITUTION. (S.6.S.6.S.6.) IRA D. SANKEY.



'*If One died for all.*'

p O CHRIST, what burdens bowed Thy head:
Our load was laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
Didst bear all ill for me.
A victim led, Thy blood was shed:
cr Now there's no load for me.

p 2 The tempest's awful voice was heard.
O CHRIST, it broke on Thee;
Thy open bosom was my ward,
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred:
cr Now cloudless peace for me.

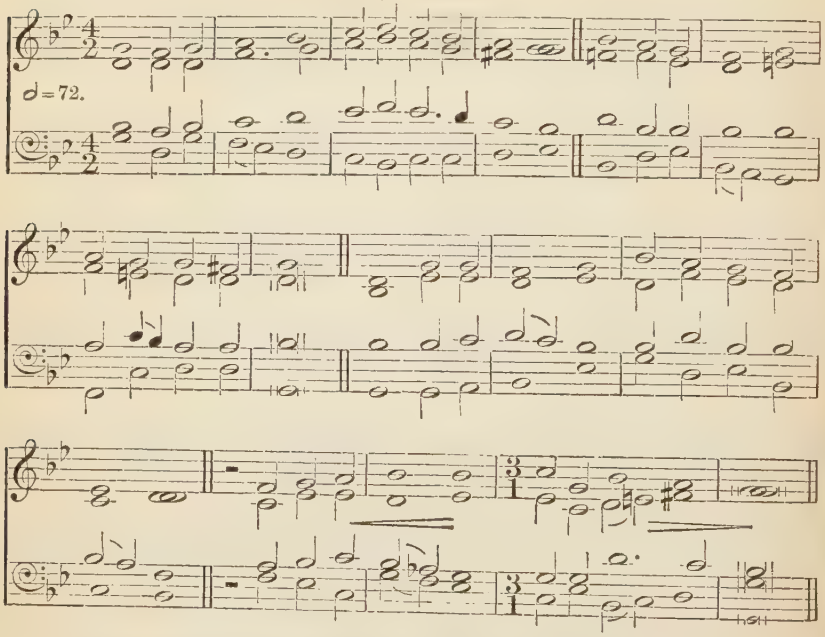
p 3 For me, LORD JESUS, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee:
cr Thou'rt risen—my bands are all untied;
And now Thou livest in me:
When purified, made white, and tried
Thy glory then for me.

49

L'OMNIPOTENT. (11.10.11.10.)

Melody composed or adapted by L. BOURGEOIS for the *Genevan Psalter*, 1543.

Moderately slow. This tune may be sung in unison.



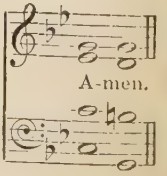
'*Forasmuch then as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind.*'

p MY LORD, my Master, at Thy feet adoring
I see Thee bowed beneath Thy load of woe;
For me, a sinner, is Thy life-blood pouring:
For Thee, my SAVIOUR, scarce my tears will flow.

2 Thine own disciple to the Jews has sold Thee:
With friendship's kiss and loyal word he came;
How oft of faithful love my lips have told Thee,
While Thou hast seen my falsehood and my shame!

3 My LORD, my SAVIOUR, when I see Thee wearing
Upon Thy sacred brow the crown of thorn,
Shall I for pleasure live, or shrink from bearing
Whate'er may be my lot of pain or scorn?

4 O victim of Thy love! O pangs most healing!
O saving death! O fruitful agonies!
I pray Thee, CHRIST, before Thee humbly kneeling,
For ever keep Thy cross before mine eyes.



50

O HAUPT VOLL BLUT UND WUNDEN. (7.6.7.6.D.)
Very slow. This tune may be sung in unison.

HANS LEO HASSLER.
Harmonized by J. S. BACH.

'Behold the Lamb of God.'

p O LAMB of GOD, once wounded,
With grief and pain weighed down,
Thy sacred head surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown:
How pale art Thou with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!

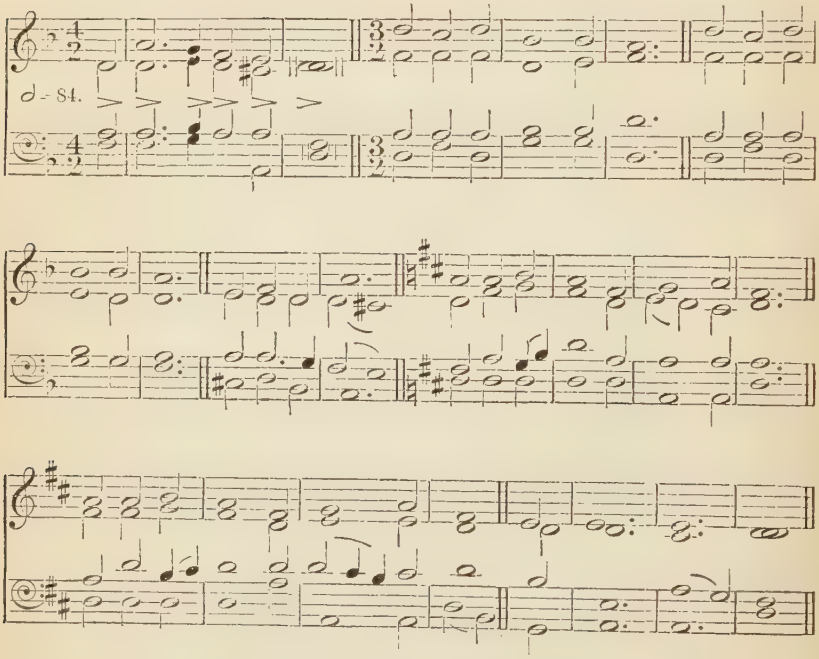
f 2 O LORD of life and glory,
What bliss till now was Thine;
I read the wondrous story—
I joy to call Thee mine.

p Thy grief and Thy compassion
Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.

f 3 What language shall I borrow
To praise Thee, heavenly Friend,
p For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
f LORD, make me Thine for ever,
Nor let me faithless prove;
O let me never, never
Abuse such dying love.

51

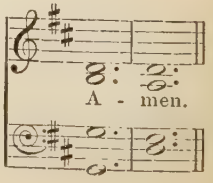
ST. JOHN. (6.6.6.4.8.8.4.) FIRST TUNE Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.



'*Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.*'

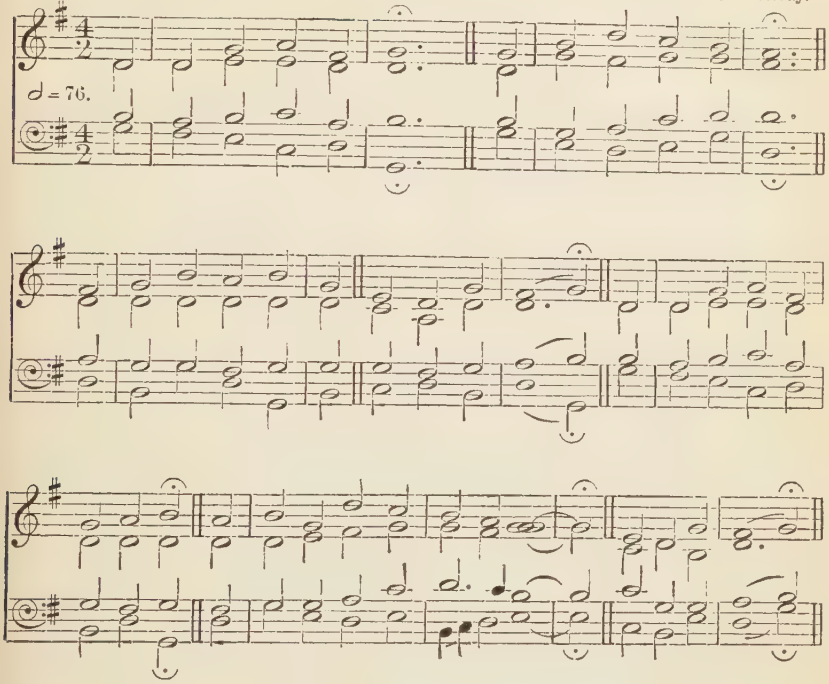
f BEHOLD the LAMB of GOD!
p O Thou for sinners slain,
Let it not be in vain
That Thou hast died:
Thee for my SAVIOUR let me take:
My only refuge let me make
Thy piercèd side.

f 2 Behold the LAMB of GOD!
All hail, Incarnate WORD,
Thou everlasting LORD,
SAVIOUR most blest:
p Fill us with love that never faints—
Grant us with all Thy blessèd Saints
Eternal rest.



51

ECCE AGNUS. (6.6.6.4.8.8.4.) SECOND TUNE From Old Melody.



f 3 Behold the LAMB of GOD!
Worthy is He alone
To sit upon the throne
Of GOD above;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise,
All light, all love.

52

KOMM, SEELE. (7.6.8.6.8.6.8.6.) Melody by J. W. FRANCK, *c.* 1681.

'As the shadow of a great rock.'

f BENEATH the cross of JESUS
I fain would take my stand—
The shadow of a mighty rock
Within a weary land;
A home within a wilderness,
A rest upon the way, [heat
From the burning of the noontide
And the burden of the day.

p 2 There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the farther side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide;
cr And there between us stands the cross,
Two arms outstretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.

p 3 Upon the cross of JESUS,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One,
Who suffered there for me.
And from my smitten heart, with tears,
Two wonders I confess—
cr The wonder of His glorious love,
dim And my own worthlessness.

f 4 I take, O cross, thy shadow,
For my abiding-place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face:
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss—
p My sinful self my only shame,
f My glory all, the cross.

53

NEAR THE CROSS. (7.6.7.6. and refrain.) W. H. DOANE, Mus.D.

'*The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*'

p JESUS, keep me near the cross,
Where for ever springing
Flows the precious healing stream,
Peace and pardon bringing.

f *In the cross, the blessed cross,*
Be my glory ever,
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

p 2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the Bright and Morning Star
Shed its beams around me.

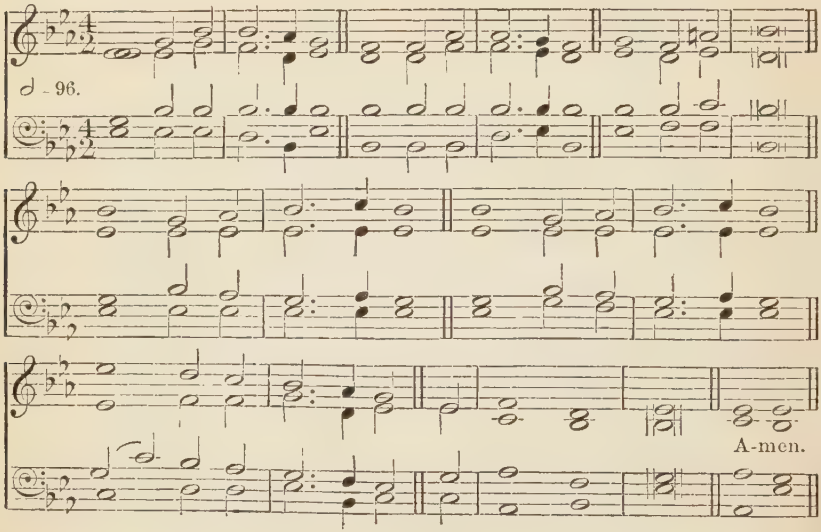
3 Near the cross! O LAMB of GOD,
Bring its scenes before me;
Make me walk from day to day
With its shadow o'er me.

4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
cr Till I reach the golden strand
Just beyond the river.

54

OLIVET. (6.6.4.6.6.6.4.)

LOWELL MASON, Mus.D.



'Be not afraid, only believe.'

p MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou LAMB of Calvary,
SAVIOUR Divine:
cr Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

f 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
cr O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.

p 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide:
cr Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

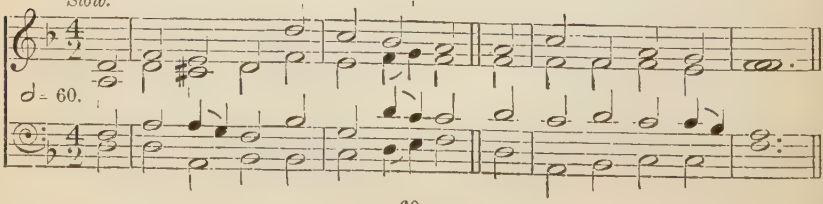
p 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
cr Blest SAVIOUR, then in love
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

55

ST. MARY. (C.M.)

Slow.

FROM JOHN PLAYFORD, 1671.



'Beside Me there is no saviour.'

p WHEN wounded sore the stricken heart
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

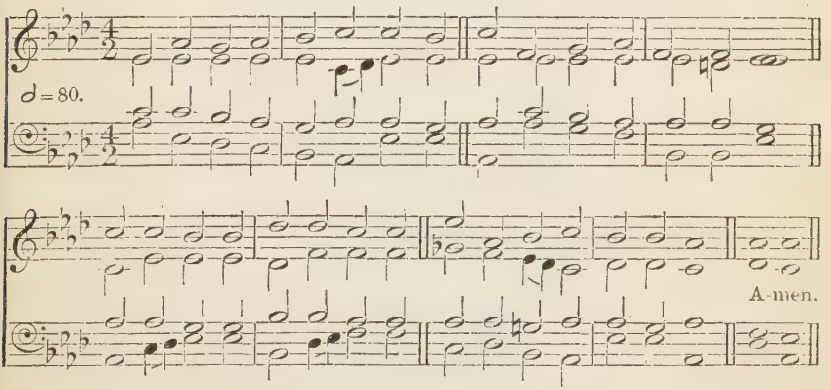
2 When sorrow swells the laden breast
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

cr 4 JESUS, Thy blood can wash us white;
Thy hand brings sure relief;
Thy heart is touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

56

ARUNDEL. (8.7.8.7.) Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, QUEM PASTORES, No. 159.

'On Me whom they have pierced.'

p SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend.
cr Life and health and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

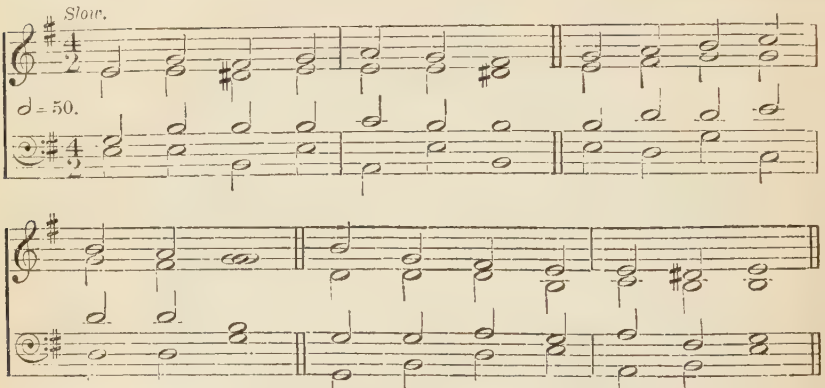
2 Truly blessèd is the station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in His dying eye.

p 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

f 4 LORD, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation
And Thy unveiled glory see.

57

BERLIN. (7.7.7.) JOHANN CRÜGER.



ALTERNATIVE TUNES. LACRYMAE AND ST. PHILIP, SCOTTISH HYMNAL, No. 169.

'Draw nigh unto my soul.'

p LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy JESUS, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears
Ere that awful doom appears.

3 LORD, on us Thy SPIRIT pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

pp 4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

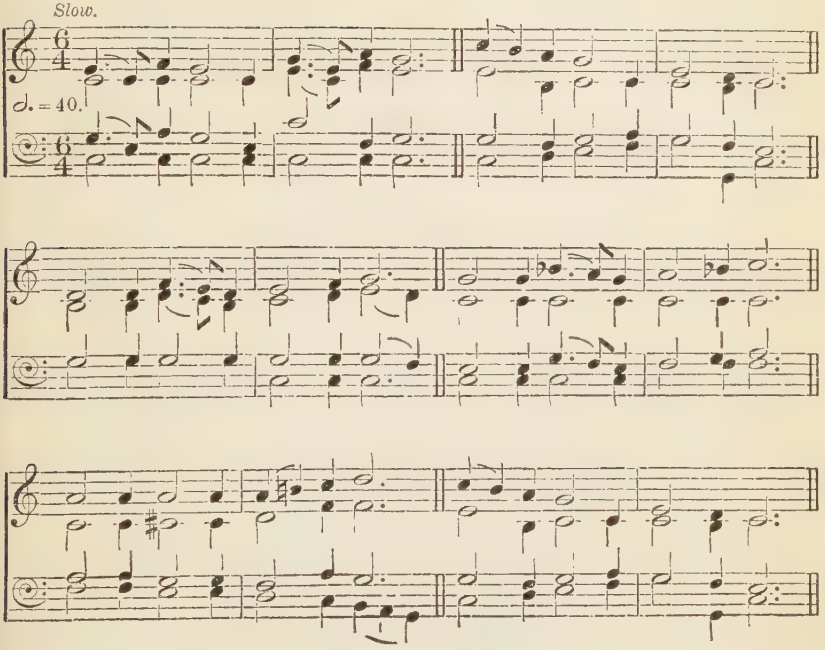
cr 5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

58

TRINITY. (7.7.7.7.7.7.) Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D.

Slow.



'*And he said, Lord, I believe. And he worshipped Him.*'

p GOD the Father's only Son
And with Him in glory One,
One in wisdom, One in might,
Absolute and infinite:
cr Jesus, I believe in Thee,
Thou art Lord and God to me.

p 2 Preacher of eternal peace,
Christ anointed to release,
Setting wide the dungeon door
Unto sinners chained before:
cr Jesus, I believe in Thee,
Christ the Prophet sent to me.

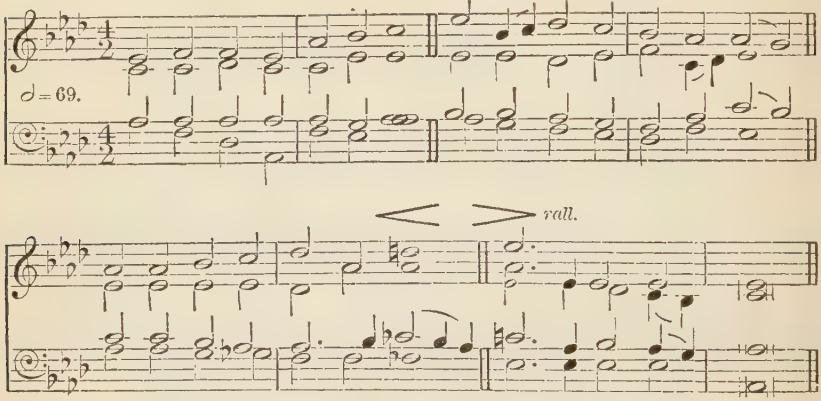
p 3 Low in deep Gethsemane,
High on dreadful Calvary,
In the garden, on the cross,
Making good our utter loss:
cr Jesus, I believe in Thee,
Priest and sacrifice for me.

f 4 Ruler of Thy ransomed race
And Protector by Thy grace,
Leader in the way we wend
And Rewarder at the end:
cr Jesus, I believe in Thee,
Christ the King of kings to me.

59

VESPERI LUX. (7.7.7.5.)

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, ST. AGATHA, SCOTTISH HYMNAL, No. 52.

'Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord.'

p THOU who didst on Calvary bleed,
Thou who dost for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need:
JESUS, hear my cry.

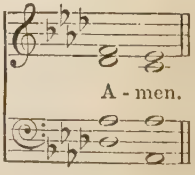
2 In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
Lift to Thee mine eye.

cr 3 Foes without and fears within,
With no plea Thy grace to win
But that Thou canst save from sin,
To Thy cross I fly.

4 Others, long in fetters bound,
Their deliverance sought and found,
Heard the voice of mercy sound:
Surely so may I.

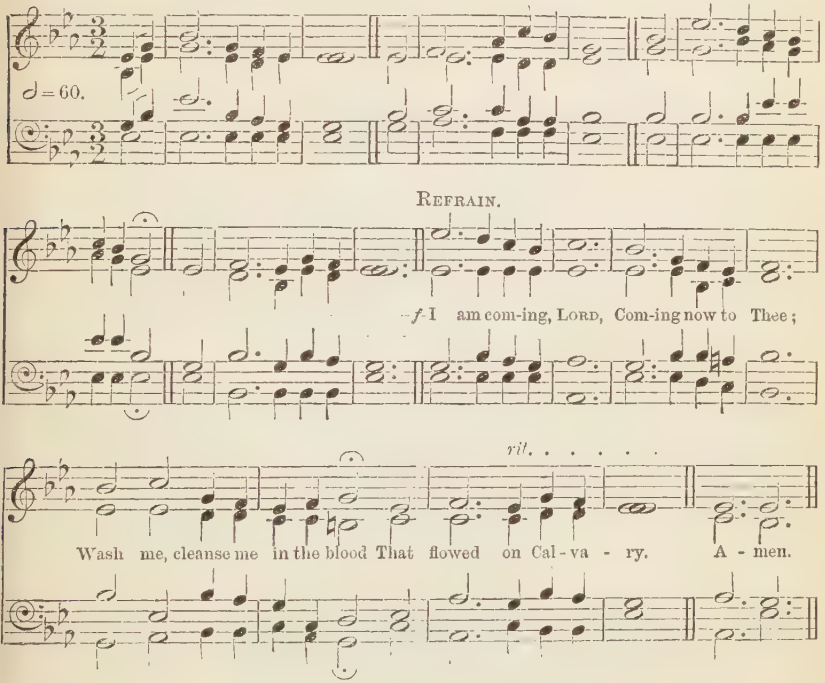
5 There on Thee I cast my care;
There to Thee I raise my prayer;
JESUS, save me from despair,
Save me, or I die.

p 6 When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
In the last and darkest hour,
cr JESUS, be Thou nigh.



60

WELCOME VOICE. (S.M. and refrain.) L. HARTSOUGH.



'The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me.'

f I HEAR Thy welcome voice
That calls me, LORD, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.
I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to Thee;
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis JESUS calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope and peace and trust
For earth and heaven above.

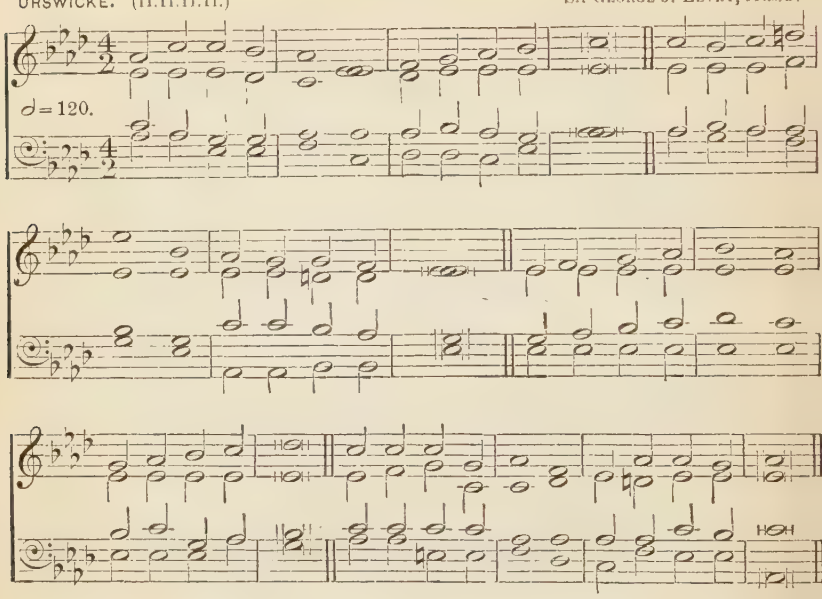
4 'Tis JESUS who confirms
The blessèd work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace
Where reigned the power of sin.

5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail! atoning blood.
All hail! redeeming grace.
All hail! the gift of CHRIST our LORD,
Our Strength and Righteousness.

61

URSWICKE. (11.11.11.11.) Sir GEORGE J. ELVEY, Mus.D.



'The name of the Lord is a strong tower.'

f JESUS, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul;
Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make me whole.
There is none in heaven or on earth like Thee:
Thou hast died for sinners—therefore, LORD, for me.

2 JESUS, I will trust Thee: name of matchless worth,
Spoken by the angel ere Thy wondrous birth;
Written, and for ever, on Thy cross of shame;
Sinners read and worship, trusting in that name.

3 JESUS, I will trust Thee, pondering Thy ways,
Full of love and mercy all Thine earthly days:
Sinners gathered round Thee, lepers sought Thy face—
None too vile or loathsome for a SAVIOUR'S grace.

4 JESUS, I will trust Thee, trust Thy written word,
Though Thy voice of pity I have never heard:
When Thy SPIRIT teacheth, to my taste how sweet—
Only may I hearken, sitting at Thy feet.

5 JESUS, I will trust Thee, trust without a doubt:
Whosoever cometh, Thou wilt not cast out.
Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy blood,
These my soul's salvation: Thou my SAVIOUR GOD.

I AM THINE. (10.7.10.7. and refrain.) **62** W. H. DOANE, Mus.D.

♩=120.
REFRAIN.
f Draw me near - er, near-er, Bless-ed LORD, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me
Draw me near-er, near-er,
near-er, near-er, near-er, bless-ed LORD, To Thy pre-cious, pierc-ed side. A - men.

'I am Thine: save me.'

I AM Thine, O LORD, I have heard
Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.
Draw me nearer, nearer, blessèd Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast died:
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessèd Lord,
To Thy precious, piercèd side.

2 Consecrate me now to Thy service, LORD,
By the power of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope
And my will be lost in Thine.

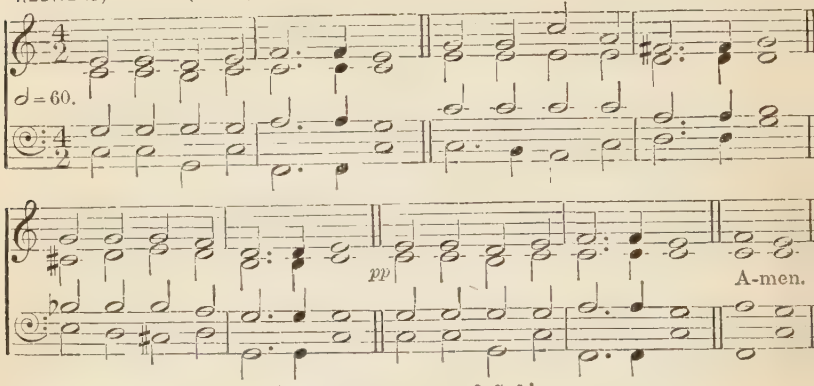
3 O the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer and with Thee, my GOD,
I commune as friend with friend.

4 There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

63

REDHEAD, No. 47. (7.7.7.7.)

RICHARD REDHEAD.



'Be merciful unto me, O God.'

p SINFUL, sighing to be blest;
Bound, and longing to be free;
Weary, waiting for my rest:
GOD be merciful to me.

2 Goodness I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need:
GOD be merciful to me.

3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee,
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs:
GOD be merciful to me.

4 From this sinful heart of mine
To Thy bosom I would flee:
I am not my own but Thine:
GOD be merciful to me.

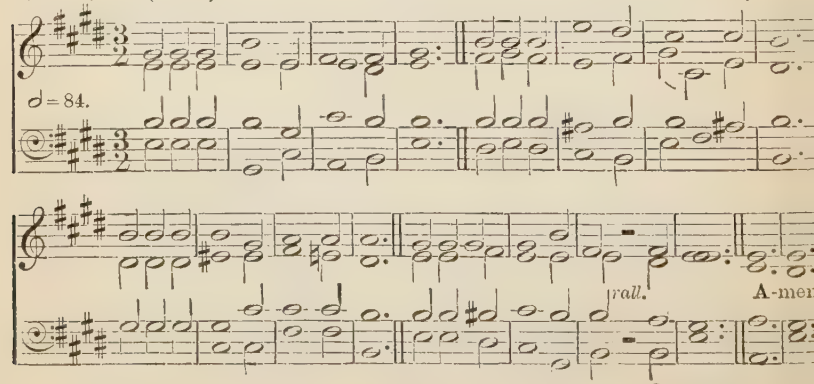
or 5 There is One beside the Throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him and Him alone:
GOD be merciful to me.

6 He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be:
He's my all: and for His sake
GOD be merciful to me.

64

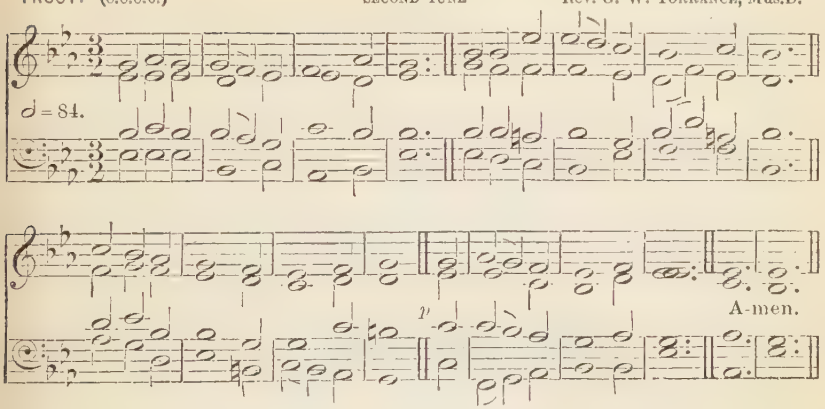
ST. CRISPIN. (8.8.8.6.) FIRST TUNE

Sir GEORGE J. ELVEY, Mus.D.



64

TRUST. (8.8.8.6.) SECOND TUNE Rev. G. W. TORRANCE, Mus.D.



[*Copyright of W. Garrett Horder.*]

'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.'

p JUST as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O LAMB of GOD, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O LAMB of GOD, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O LAMB of GOD, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind:
cr Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O LAMB of GOD, I come.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve.
Because Thy promise I believe,
O LAMB of GOD, I come.

f 6 Just as I am: Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down—
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O LAMB of GOD, I come.

7 Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O LAMB of GOD, I come.

65

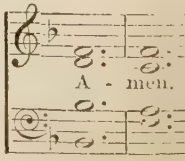
MY HOPE. (L.M. and refrain.) W. B. BRADBURY.

'Christ, which is our hope.'

f MY hope is built on nothing less
Than JESUS' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust my sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on JESUS' name.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

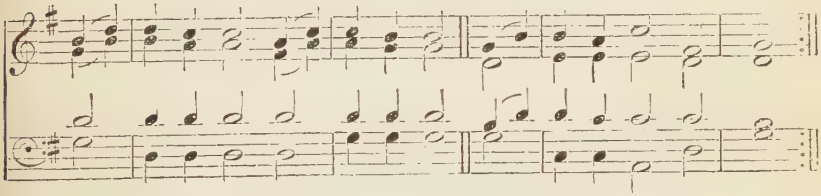
cr 3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the 'whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.



66

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN. (C.M.) ANON.

Repeat for Refrain.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, MORAVIA, SCOTTISH HYMNAL, No. 151.

'A fountain opened for sin.'

p THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

f *I do believe, I will believe,*
That Jesus died for me;
That on the cross He shed His blood
From sin to set me free.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying LAMB, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
cr Till all the ransomed Church of GOD
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

67

I AM COMING TO THE CROSS. (7.7.7.7. and refrain.) From *St. Alban's Tune Book.*

'Now we have heard Him ourselves.'

p I AM coming to the cross;
I am poor and weak and blind;
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.

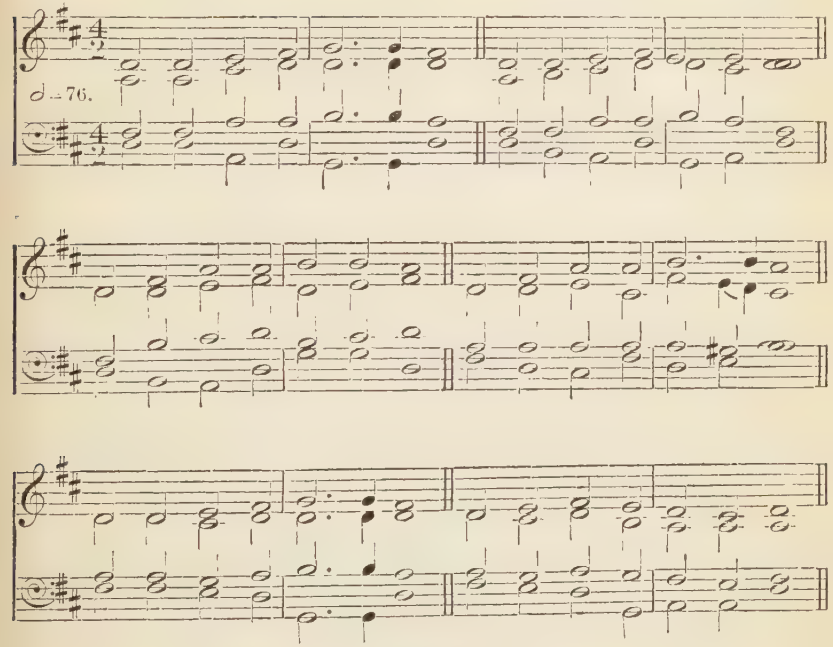
cr *I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,*
Blessèd Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow—
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

p 2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
cr JESUS sweetly speaks to me—
'I will cleanse thee from all sin.'

f 3 Here I give myself to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body Thine to be—
Wholly Thine for evermore.

68

PETRA. (7.7.7.7.7.7.) FIRST TUNE RICHARD REDHEAD.



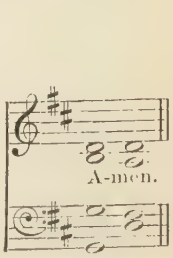
'That rock was Christ.'

p ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
cr All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

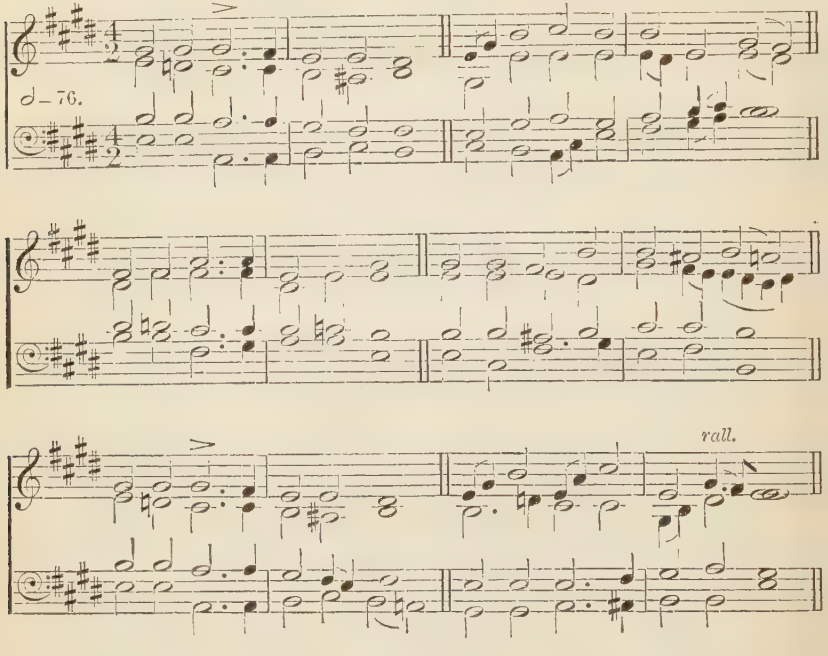
p 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, SAVIOUR, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death:
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne—
cr Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.



68

ROCK OF AGES. (7.7.7.7.7.7.) SECOND TUNE Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.



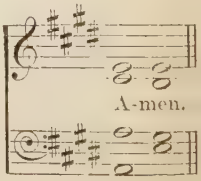
'That rock was Christ.'

p ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
cr All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

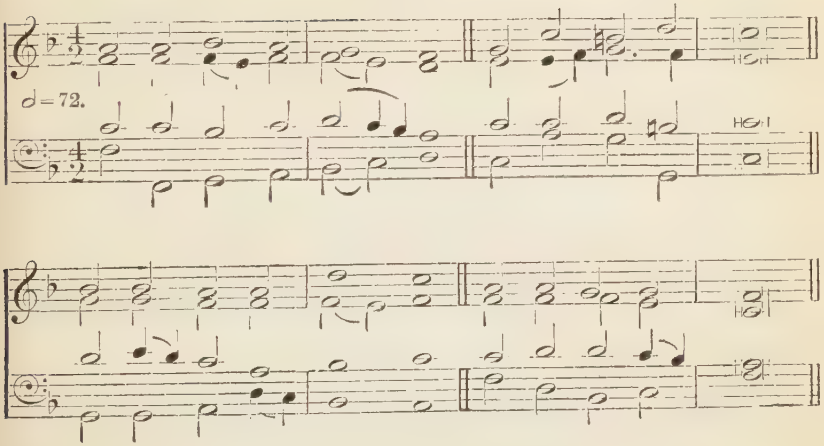
p 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, SAVIOUR, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death:
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne—
cr Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.



69

GENEVA. (6.5.6.5.) Old Latin melody.



'I, if I be lifted up.'

f O MY SAVIOUR, lifted
From the earth for me,
Draw me in Thy mercy
Nearer unto Thee.

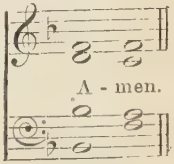
2 Speed these lagging footsteps,
Melt this heart of ice,
As I scan the marvels
Of Thy sacrifice.

3 Lift my earth-bound longings,
Fix them, LORD, above:
Draw me with the magnet
Of Thy mighty love.

4 LORD, Thine arms are stretching
Ever far and wide
To enfold Thy children
To Thy loving side;

5 And I come, O JESUS—
Dare I turn away?
No—Thy love hath conquered,
And I come to-day:

p 6 Bringing all my burdens,
Sorrow, sin, and care.
cr At Thy feet I lay them
And I leave them there.



70

VOX DILECTI. (D.C.M.)

Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D.

'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

p I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast.'

cr I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

p 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold, I freely give
The living water: thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live.'

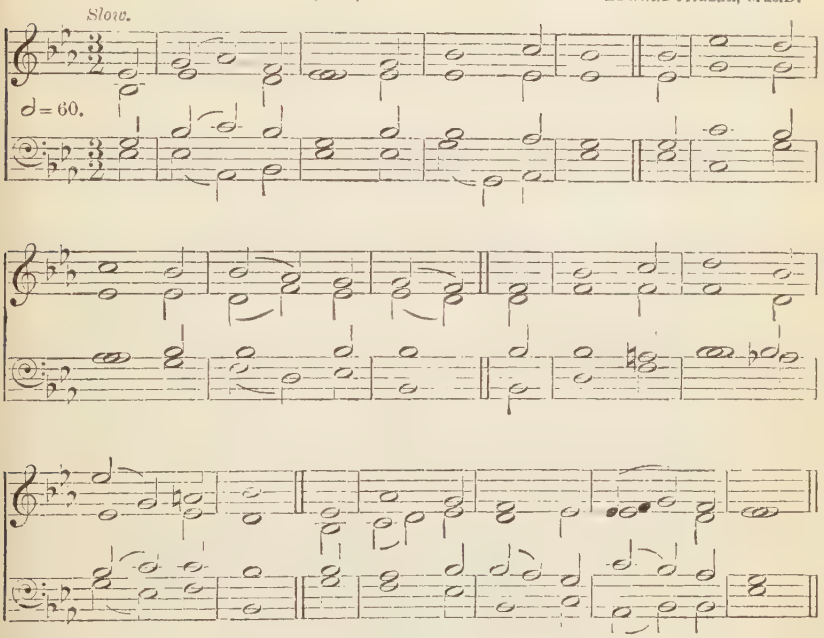
cr I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

p 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'I am this dark world's light;
cr Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright.'

f I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk.
Till travelling days are done.

71

COMMUNION OR ROCKINGHAM. (L.M.) EDWARD MILLER, Mus.D.



'The love of Christ constraineth.'

p WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride.

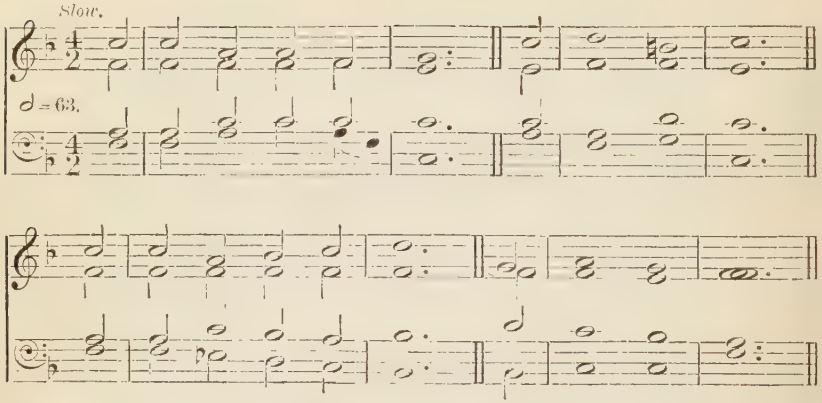
2 Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast
Save in the cross of CHRIST my GOD;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

cr 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

72

NAIN. (6.4.6.4.) LOWELL MASON, Mus.D.



'*If any man thirst.*'

p TO-DAY the SAVIOUR calls:
Ye wanderers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

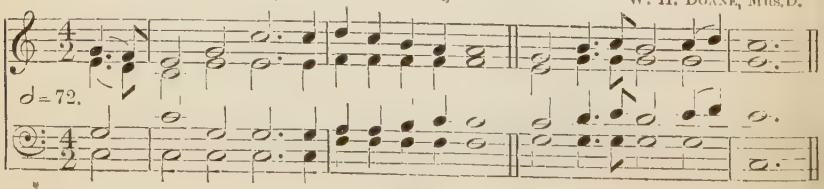
2 To-day the SAVIOUR calls:
O listen now!
Within these sacred walls
To JESUS bow.

3 To-day the SAVIOUR calls:
For refuge fly;
dim The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

p 4 The SPIRIT calls to-day:
Yield to His power:
O grieve Him not away!
'Tis mercy's hour.

73

COME, GREAT DELIVERER. (10.6.10.6. and refrain.) W. H. DOANE, Mus.D.



REFRAIN.
f I've wan-dered far a - way o'er moun-tains cold, I've wan-dered far a - way from
home: O take me now, and bring me to Thy fold, Come, great De-liv - erer, come.

'Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.'

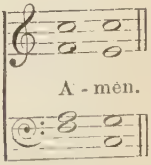
p O HEAR my cry, be gracious now to me,
Come, great Deliverer, come.
My soul, bowed down, is longing now for Thee,
Come, great Deliverer, come.

f *I've wandered far away o'er mountains cold,*
I've wandered far away from home:
O take me now, and bring me to Thy fold,
Come, great Deliverer, come.

p 2 I have no place, no shelter from the night,
Come, great Deliverer, come.
One look from Thee would give me life and light,
Come, great Deliverer, come.

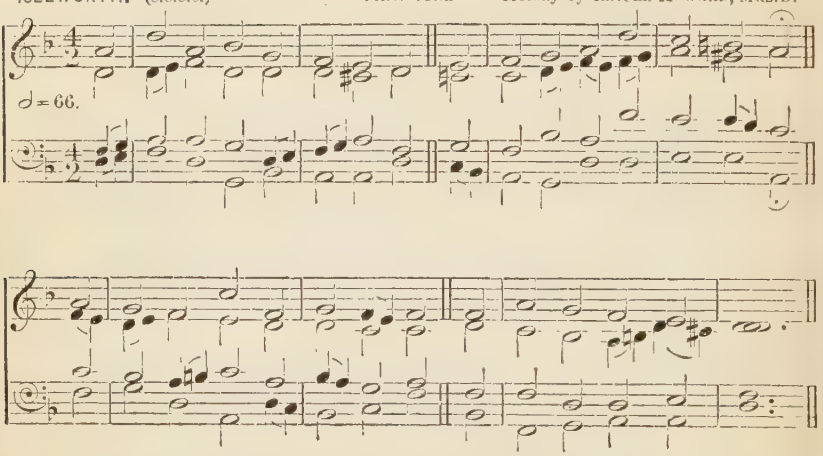
3 My path is lone, and weary are my feet,
Come, great Deliverer, come.
Mine eyes look up Thy gracious smile to meet,
Come, great Deliverer, come.

cr 4 Thou wilt not spurn contrition's broken sigh,
Come, great Deliverer, come.
Regard my prayer, and hear my humble cry,
Come, great Deliverer, come.

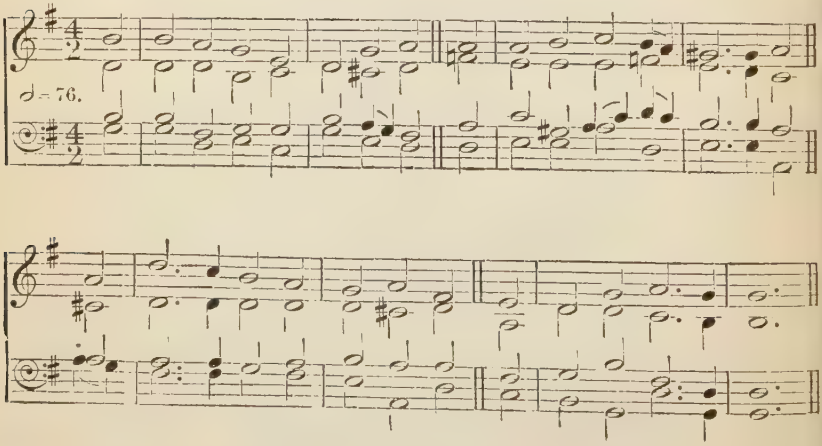


74

ISLEWORTH. (S.S.S.6.) FIRST TUNE Melody by SAMUEL HOWARD, Mus.D.



DERRY. (8.8.8.6.) SECOND TUNE Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.



'Lovest thou Me?'

p FORSAKEN once, and thrice denied,
The risen LORD gave pardon free:
Stood once again at Peter's side,
And asked him, 'Lov'st thou Me?'

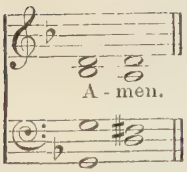
2 How many times with faithless word
Have we denied His holy name,
How oft forsaken our dear LORD,
And shrunk when trial came;

3 How oft the cowardice of heart
We have without the love sincere,
The sin without the sorrow's smart,
The shame without the tear!

cr 4 LORD, oft forsaken, oft denied,
Forgive our shame, wash out our sin;
Look on us from Thy FATHER'S side,
And let that sad look win.

f 5 Hear when we call Thee from the deep,
Still walk beside us on the shore;
Give hands to work and eyes to weep
And hearts to love Thee more.

FIRST TUNE.

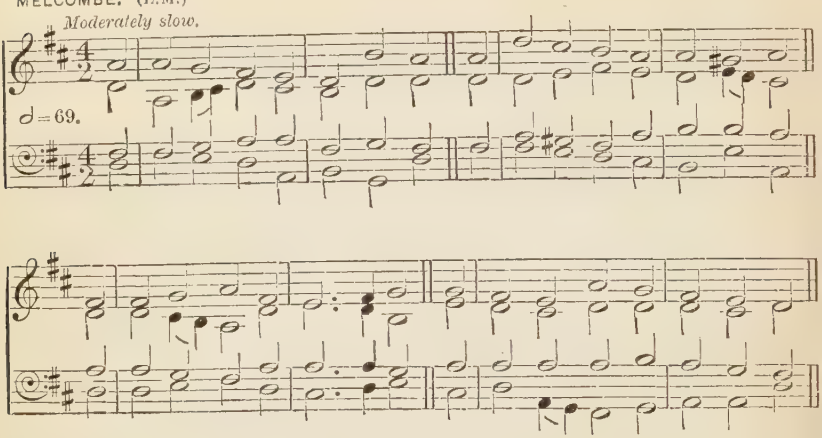


SECOND TUNE.

75

MELCOMBE. (L.M.)

SAMUEL WEBBE.



'*Be not faithless, but believing.*'

f HOW oft, O LORD, Thy face hath shone
On doubting souls whose wills were true!
Thou CHRIST of Cephas and of John,
Thou art the CHRIST of Thomas too.

p 2 He loved Thee well, and calmly said,
'Come, let us go, and die with Him':
Yet when Thine Easter-news was spread,
'Mid all its light his eyes were dim.

3 His brethren's word he would not take,
But craved to touch those hands of Thine:
cr The bruisèd reed Thou didst not break;
He saw, and hailed his LORD Divine.

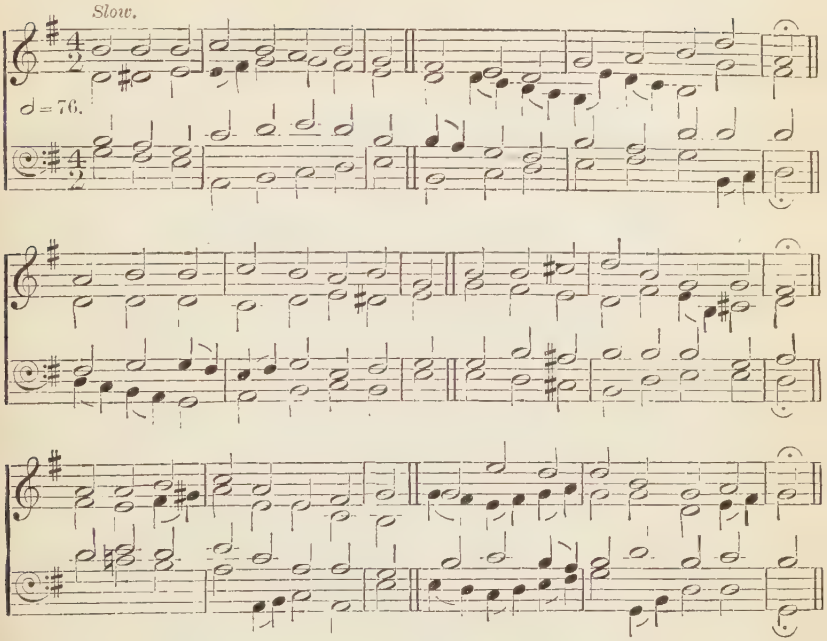
f 4 He saw Thee risen: at once he rose
To full belief's unclouded height;
And still through his confession flows
To Christian souls Thy life and light.

5 O SAVIOUR, make Thy presence known
To all who doubt Thy Word and Thee;
And teach them in that Word alone
To find the truth that sets them free.

6 And we who know how true Thou art,
And Thee as GOD and LORD adore,
cr Give us, we pray, a loyal heart
To trust and love Thee more and more.

76

SHOTTERY. (8.8.8.8.8.8.) E. HULTON.



'Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear unto my cry.'

f O SAVIOUR, in Thy pitying grace
Thy sweetness to our souls impart;
Thou only Lover of our race,
Give healing to the wounded heart:
cr O hear Thy contrite servants' cry
And save us, JESUS, lest we die.

p 2 Long-suffering JESUS, hear our prayer
Who weep before Thee in our shame;
We have no hope but Thee; O spare,
LORD, spare us from th' undying flame:
cr O hear Thy contrite servants' cry
And save us, JESUS, lest we die.

3 All we have broken Thy command;
LORD, help us for Thy mercies' sake;
Deliver us from Satan's hand
And safely to Thy kingdom take:
cr O hear Thy contrite servants' cry
And save us, JESUS, lest we die.

f 4 We flee for refuge to Thy love,
Salvation of the helpless soul;
Pour down Thy radiance from above
And make these sin-worn spirits whole:
cr Good LORD, in mercy hear our cry
And save us, JESUS, lest we die.

77

TEIGNTON REGIS. (7.7.7.7. and refrain.) T. BUTLAND.

'*A friend of sinners.*'

f WE come to Thee, sweet SAVIOUR,
Just because we need Thee so;
None need Thee more than we do—
p None are half so vile or low.
f *O bountiful salvation!*
O life eternal won!
O plentiful redemption!
O blood of God's own Son.

2 We come to Thee, sweet SAVIOUR.
None will have us, LORD! save Thee;
And we want none but JESUS,
And His grace that makes us free.

3 We come to Thee, sweet SAVIOUR;
p Fear brings us in our need:
For Thy hand never breaketh,
Not the frailest bruisèd reed.

f 4 We come to Thee, sweet SAVIOUR,
For to whom, LORD, can we go?
The words of life eternal
From Thy lips for ever flow.

5 We come to Thee, sweet SAVIOUR,
And Thou wilt not ask us why;
We cannot live without Thee,
And still less without Thee die.

78

NONE BUT CHRIST. (C.M. and refrain.) J. McGRANAHAN.

Moderately fast.
♩ = 92.
REFRAIN.
f Now none but Christ can sat - is - fy, None oth - er name for me.
rit.
There's love and life and last - ing joy, LORD JE - SUS, found in Thee.

'I found Him whom my soul loveth.'

f O CHRIST, in Thee my soul hath found,
And found in Thee alone,
The peace, the joy, I sought so long,
The bliss till now unknown.
Now none but Christ can satisfy,
None other name for me.
There's love and life and lasting joy,
Lord Jesus, found in Thee.

p 2 I sighed for rest and happiness,
I yearned for them, not Thee;
But while I passed my SAVIOUR by
His love laid hold on me.

3 I tried the broken cisterns, LORD,
But, ah, the waters failed.
E'en as I stooped to drink they fled
And mocked me as I wailed.

4 The pleasures lost I sadly mourned
But never wept for Thee,
cr Till grace the sightless eyes received
Thy loveliness to see.

79

EDEN. (8.7.8.7.D.)

TYROLEAN AIR.

'Incline Thine ear unto me and save me.'

p JESUS, SAVIOUR, may I hear Thee
Calling me to Thy sweet rest.
For with sin I'm heavy-laden,
And with grief am sore opprest.
f O that I could love my SAVIOUR
As my SAVIOUR loveth me!
Then His burden would sit lightly,
And His yoke would easy be.

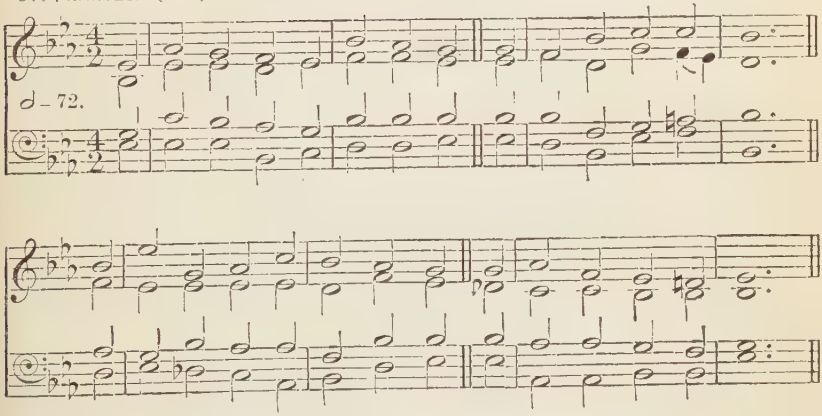
p 2 JESUS, SAVIOUR, may I hear Thee
Saying, 'Child, come after me.'
For, unguided, I must wander,
Yet I fain would follow Thee.
f O that I could love my SAVIOUR
As my SAVIOUR loveth me!
Then, self-will and sin forsaking,
I would His disciple be.

p 3 JESUS, SAVIOUR, may I hear Thee
Bidding me a worker be.
For I would in Thy great vineyard
Do some humble thing for Thee.
f O that I could love my SAVIOUR
As my SAVIOUR loveth me!
Then to live would be His glory,
And to die my gain would be.

p 4 JESUS, SAVIOUR, may I hear Thee
Call me home to Thee at last.
For 'twere death to live without Thee
When this earthly life is past.
f O that I could love my SAVIOUR
As my SAVIOUR loveth me!
Then my joy would be to serve Him,
And my heaven His face to see.

80

ST. FRANCES. (C.M.) G. A. LÖHR.



'Teach me Thy judgements.'

f MY GOD, accept my heart this day
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

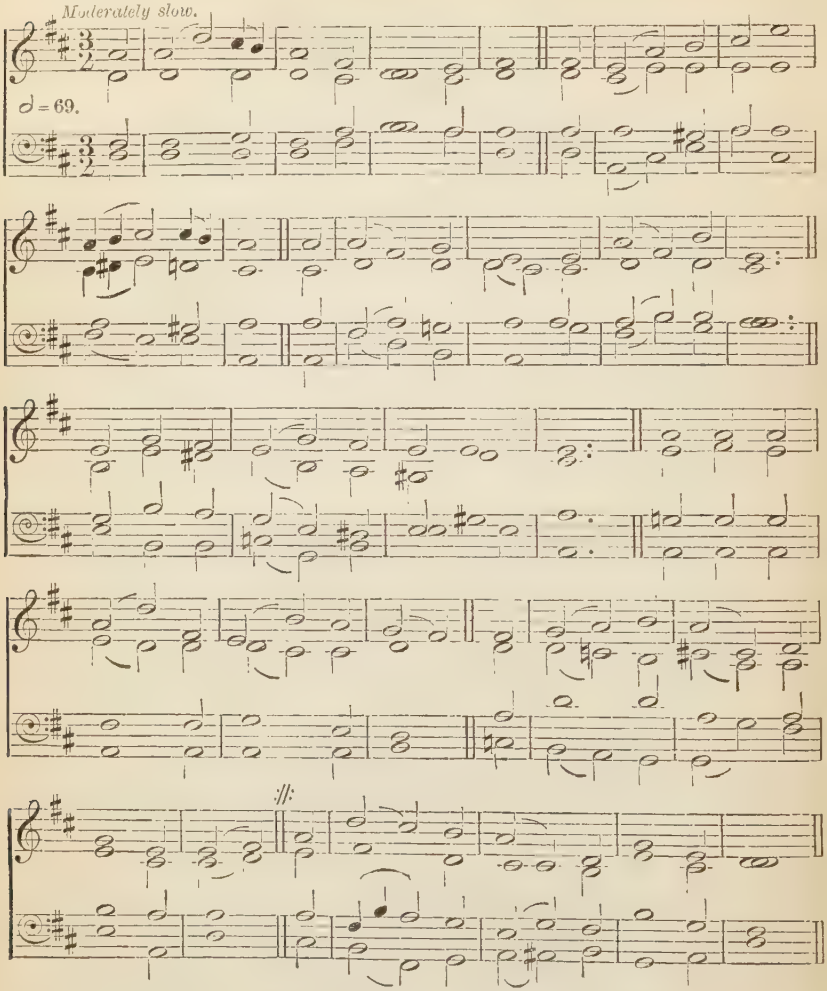
p 2 Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And CHRIST be all in all.

cr 3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace
And seal me for Thine own,
That I may see Thy glorious face
And worship near Thy Throne.

f 4 Let every thought and work and word
To Thee be ever given;
cr Then life shall be Thy service, LORD,
And death the gate of heaven.

81

VENI CREATOR. (8.8.8.8.8.8.) FIRST TUNE THOMAS ATTWOOD.

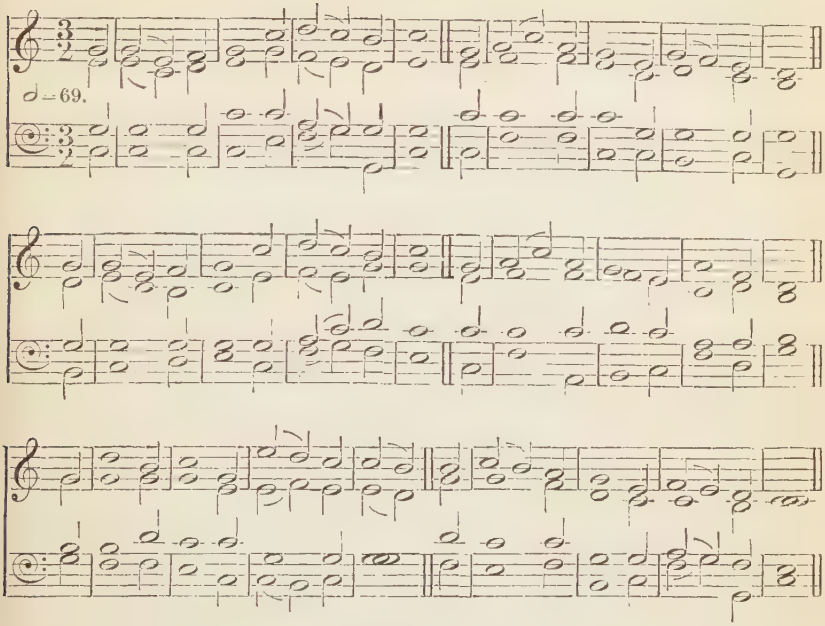


'*We have known and believed the love that God hath to us.*'

p O LOVE, who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear:
f O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

81

ST. PETERSBURG. (8.8.8.8.8.8.) SECOND TUNE DIMITRI BORTNIANSKI.



p 2 O Love, who ere life's earliest dawn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid;
O Love, who here as man wast born,
And wholly like to us wast made:
f O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

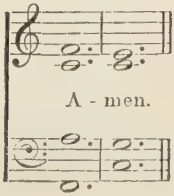
p 3 O Love, who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe;
cr O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know:
f O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

p 4 O Love, who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead;
O Love, who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead:
f O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

5 O Love, who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;
O Love, who once o'er yonder skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers:
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.



82

AMPLIUS. (8.8.8.8. and refrain.) FIRST TUNE Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.

[*By permission of* NOVELLO & Co., Ltd.]

ALTERNATIVE TUNE, ST. MATTHIAS, No. 261.

'Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee.'

f JESUS, my LORD, my GOD, my All,
Hear me, blest SAVIOUR, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

p 2 JESUS, too late I Thee have sought;
How can I love Thee as I ought:
cr And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?

p 3 JESUS, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
cr How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!

f 4 JESUS, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest SAVIOUR, Thou art mine.

82

O LAMM GOTTES UNSCHULDIG. (S.S.S.S. and refrain.)
This tune may be sung in unison.

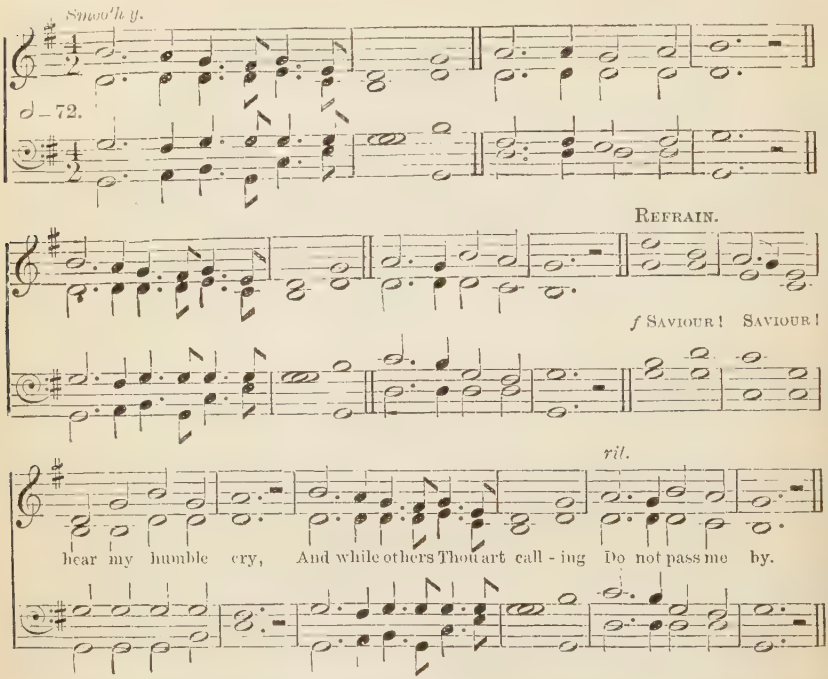
SECOND TUNE

NICOLAUS DECIUS, 1531.
Harmonized by J. S. BACH.

Slow and dignified.

83

PASS ME NOT. (8.5.8.5. and refrain.) W. H. DOANE, Mus.D.



'I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord.'

p PASS me not, O gentle SAVIOUR:
Hear my humble cry.
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

f *Saviour! Saviour! hear my humble cry,*
And while others Thou art calling
Do not pass me by.

p 2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief.
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy Face:
Heal my wounded, broken spirit:
Save me by Thy grace.

f 4 Thou, the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee:
Whom in heaven but Thee?

84

O TAKE ME AS I AM. (8.8.8.6. and refrain.) IRA D. SANKEY.

'This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'

p JESUS, my LORD, to Thee I cry.
Unless Thou help me, I must die.
O bring Thy free salvation nigh
And take me as I am.

f *And take me as I am:*
My only plea, Christ died for me.
O take me as I am.

p 2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt,
But yet for me Thy Blood was spilt;
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
And take me as I am.

3 No preparation can I make:
My best resolves I only break;
Yet save me for Thine own Name's sake,
And take me as I am.

4 Behold me, SAVIOUR, at Thy feet,
Deal with me as Thou seest meet.
Thy work begin, Thy work complete,
And take me as I am.

85

O HAPPY DAY. (L.M. and refrain.)

English Melody.

♩ = 72.
Refrain.
f Hap-py day! hap-py day!
When Jesus washed my sins a-way! He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-
- joic-ing ev-'ry day; Hap-py day! hap-py day! When Jesus washed my sins a-way!

'Lord, I will follow Thee.'

f O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

p 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

f 4 High heaven, that heard that solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
p Till in life's latest hour I bow
And bless in death a bond so dear.

86

'Come now and let us reason together.'

THOUGH YOUR SINS. (7.7.7.5.7.7.)

W. H. DOANE, MUS.D.

DUET. p
1. 2.
1. 'Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow— as snow;
2. Hear the voice that en-treats you, O re-turn ye un - to GOD— to GOD!
3. He'll for - give your trans gres-sions, And re-member them no more— no more;
♩=72.
QUARTET. f
Tho' they be red . . . . like crim - son, They shall be as wool;
He is of great . . . com-pas - sion, And of won - drous love;
'Look un - to Me, ... ye peo - ple,' Saith the LORD your GOD;
Tho' they be red
DUET. p
QUARTET. f
Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en - treats you,
He'll for - give your trans-gres - sions, He'll for - give your trans-gres - sions,
p rit.
They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow.'
O re - turn ye un - to GOD, O re - turn ye un - to GOD!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

87

THE NINETY AND NINE. (Irregular.) FIRST TUNE

IRA D. SANKEY.

* *The crotchets marked with an asterisk are omitted in verse* 3.

'I am the good shepherd.'

f THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
p But one was out on the hills away
Far off from the gates of gold:
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

f 2 'LORD, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?'
But the Shepherd made answer: 'This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me
And, although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep.'

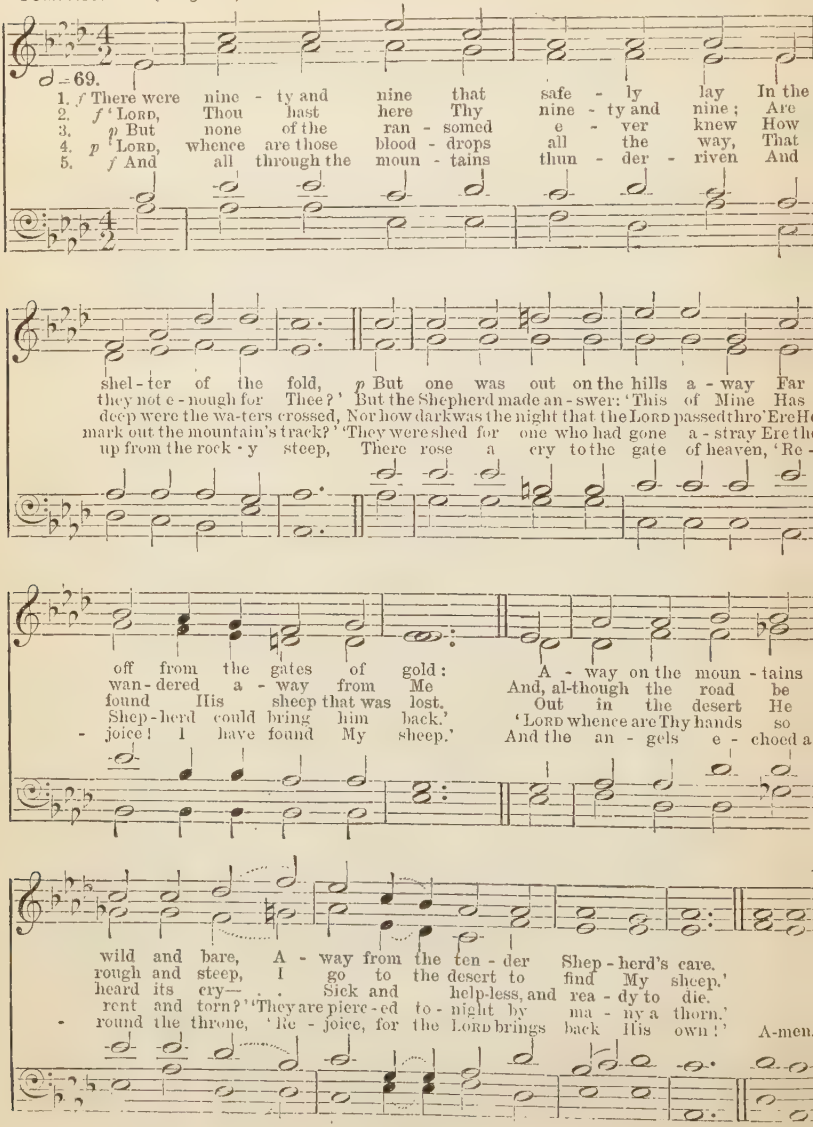
p 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the LORD passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 'LORD, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?'
'They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back.'
'LORD, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?'
'They are pierced to-night by many a thorn.'

f 5 And all through the mountains thunder-riven
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
'Rejoice! I have found My sheep.'
And the angels echoed around the throne,
'Rejoice, for the LORD brings back His own!'

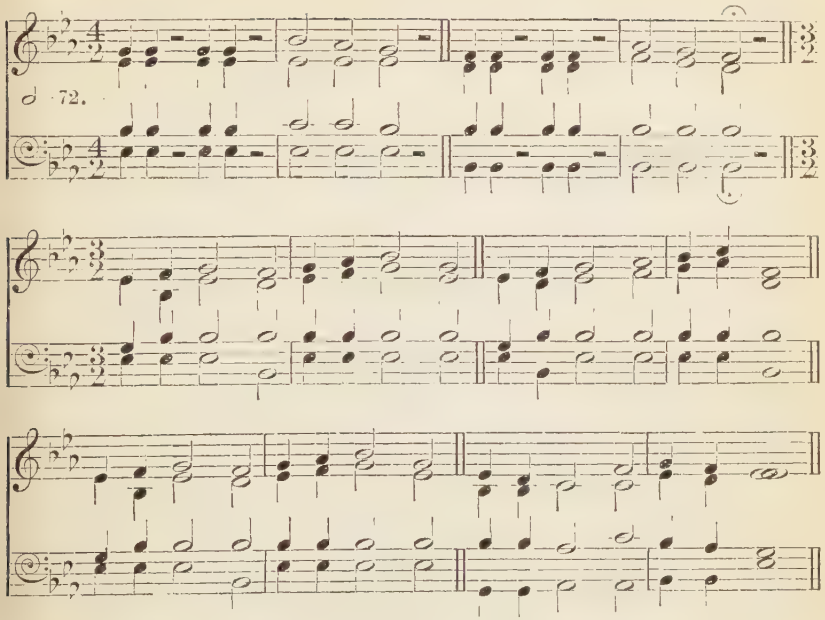
87

COMPASSION. (Irregular.) SECOND TUNE FOUNTAIN MEEN.


♩=69.
1. f There were nine - ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the
2. f 'LORD, Thou hast here Thy nine - ty and nine; Are
3. p But none of the ran - somed e - ver knew How
4. p LORD, whence are those blood - drops all the way, That
5. f And all through the moun - tains thun - der - riven And
shel - ter of the fold, p But one was out on the hills a - way Far
they not e - nough for Thee?' But the Shepherd made an - swer: 'This of Mine Has
deep were the wa-ters crossed, Nor how dark was the night that the LORD passed thro' Ere He
mark out the mountain's track?' 'They were shed for one who had gone a - stray Ere the
up from the rock - y steep, There rose a cry to the gate of heaven, 'Re -
off from the gates of gold: A - way on the moun - tains
wan - dered a - way from Me And, al-though the road be
found His sheep that was lost. Out in the desert He
Shep - herd could bring him back.' 'LORD whence are Thy hands so
- joice! I have found My sheep.' And the an - gels e - choed a
wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.
rough and steep, I go to the desert to find My sheep.'
heard its cry— . . Sick and help-less, and rea - dy to die.
rent and torn?' 'They are pierc - ed to - night by ma - ny a thorn.'
- round the throne, 'Re - joice, for the LORD brings back His own!' A-men.

88

KNOCKING. (7.7.8.7.8.7.) G. F. ROOT.



NOTE.—*The first and third bars may be sung in four equal notes.*

'Behold, I stand at the door.'

p KNOCKING, knocking, who is there?
Waiting, waiting, O how fair!
f 'Tis a pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before.
dim Ah, my soul, for such a wonder
Wilt thou not undo the door?

p 2 Knocking, knocking—still He 's there:
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair.
f But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine
With their dark and clinging tendrils
Ever round the hinges twine.

p 3 Knocking, knocking—what, still there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair!
f Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crowned hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy SAVIOUR waiting there.

89

RESCUE. (11.10.11.10. and refrain.) FIRST TUNE W. H. DOANE, Mus.D.

'The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.'

p RESCUE the perishing, care for the dying—
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
cr Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
Tell them of JESUS, the mighty to save.
f *Rescue the perishing, care for the dying—*
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

p 2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
cr Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently:
He will forgive if they only believe.

89

SECOND TUNE

LIEBSTER IMMANUEL. (11.10.11.10. and refrain.)

Melody from *Himmels-Lust*, 1679.
Adapted by J. S. Bach.

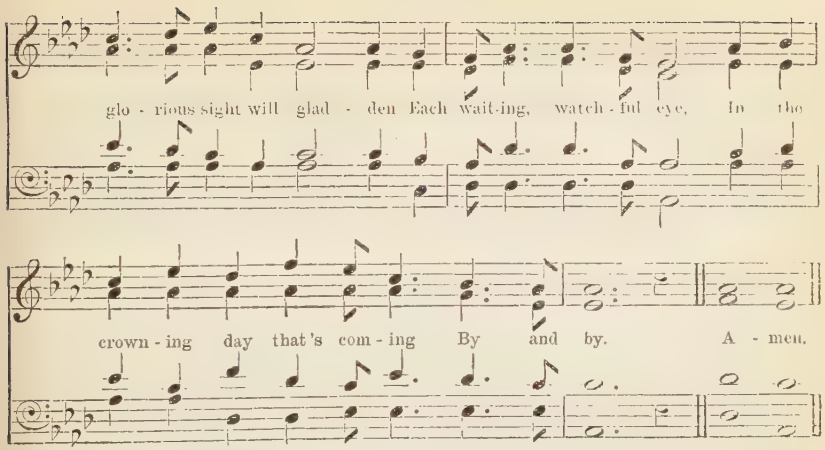
This tune may be sung in unison.

p 3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
cr Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

f 4 Rescue the perishing: duty demands it;
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide.
Back to the narrow way patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

90

THE CROWNING DAY. (7.6.7.6.7.6.8.8. and refrain.) J. McGRANAHAN.



'Behold He cometh with clouds.'

p OUR LORD is now rejected
And by the world disowned:
By the many still neglected
And by the few enthroned;
cr But soon He'll come in glory:
The hour is drawing nigh,
f For the crowning day is coming
By and by.
O the crowning day is coming!
Is coming by and by,
When our Lord shall come in power
And glory from on high.
O the glorious sight will gladden
Each waiting, watchful eye,
In the crowning day that's coming
By and by.

cr 2 Our pain shall then be over:
We'll sin and sigh no more;
Behind us all of sorrow
And naught but joy before—
A joy in our Redeemer,
As we to Him are nigh,
In the crowning day that's coming
By and by.

f 3 Let all that look for, hasten
The coming joyful day,
By earnest consecration
To walk the narrow way:
By gathering in the lost ones
For whom our LORD did die,
cr For the crowning day that's coming
By and by.

91

COME UNTO ME. (10.10.10.10. and refrain.) G. C. STEBBINS.

♩ · 69.
REFRAIN.
p Come un-to Me, . . come un-to Me, . . come un-to Me; and
Come un - to Me, . . come un - to Me, . . come un - to Me;
♩. = 69.
ril.
I will give you rest, . I will give you rest, . . I will give you rest. . .

'To-day, if ye will hear.'

f COME unto Me! It is the SAVIOUR'S voice—
The LORD of life, who bids thy heart rejoice.
O weary heart, with heavy cares oppressed,
'Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.'

p *Come unto Me, come unto Me,*
Come unto Me; and I will give you rest.

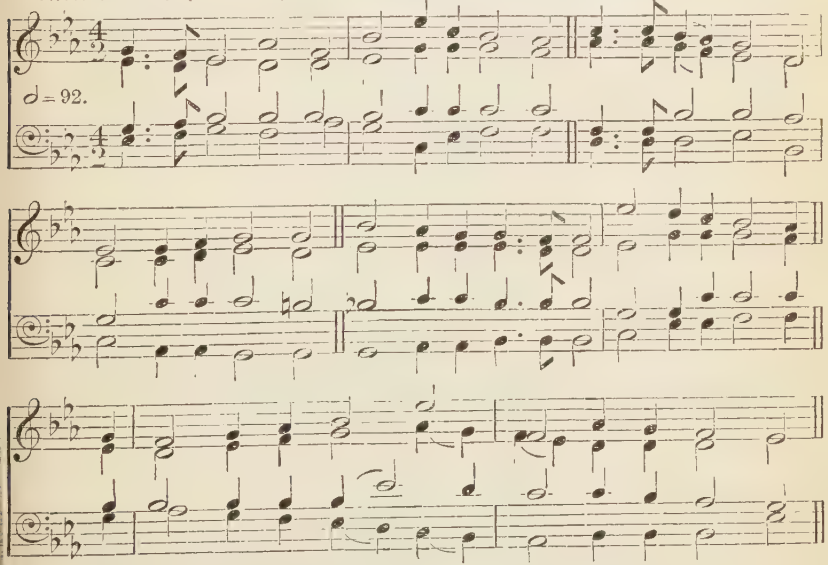
p 2 Weary with life's long struggle, full of pain, [again.
cr O doubting soul, thy SAVIOUR calls
Thy doubts shall vanish, and thy sorrows cease: [you peace.
p 'Come unto Me,' and I will give

3 O dying man, with guilt and sin dismayed,
With conscience wakened, of thy GOD afraid—
'Twixt hopes and fears, O end the anxious strife: [you life.
'Come unto Me,' and I will give

4 Life, rest, and peace, the flowers of deathless bloom, [the tomb:
The SAVIOUR gives us—not beyond
cr But here and now: on earth some glimpse is given
Of joys which wait us thro' the gates of heaven.

92

NORTHCHURCH. (10.10.11.11.) SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, MUS.D.



By permission. From Dr. S. S. WESLEY'S *European Psalmist.*

'Faint yet pursuing.'

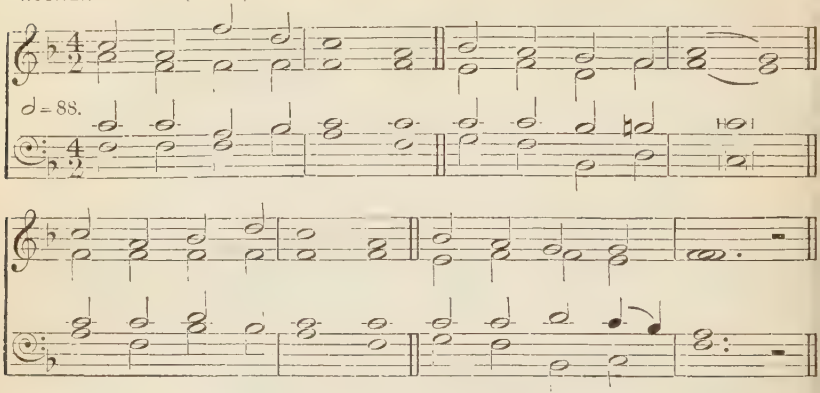
f BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian, when the night's longest;
Onward and onward still, be thine endeavour:
p The rest that remaineth will be for ever.

f 2 Fight the fight, Christian: JESUS is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian: heaven is before thee;
He who hath promisèd faltereth never:
The love of eternity flows on for ever.

p 3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;
cr Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of CHRIST nothing shall sever—
f Mount when thy work is done: praise Him for ever.

93

RUSHEN ABBEY. (6.5.6.5.) Adapted from J. RICHARDSON.



'*Blessed are those servants.*'

p CHRISTIAN, work for JESUS,
Who on earth for thee
Laboured, wearied, suffered,
Died upon the tree.

cr 2 Work, with lips so fervid
That thy words may prove
Thou hast brought a message
From the GOD of love.

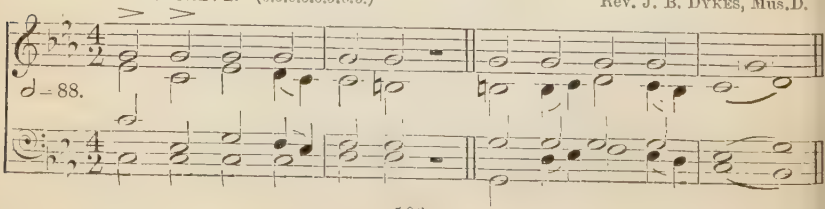
3 Work with heart that burneth
Humbly at His feet,
Priceless gems to offer
For His crown made meet.

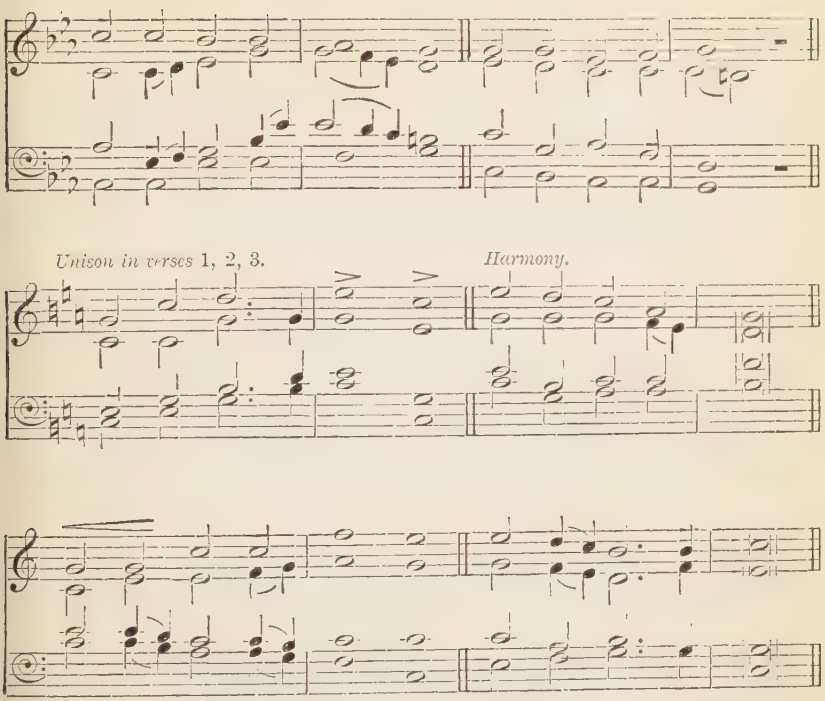
f 4 Work with prayer unceasing,
Borne on faith's strong wing,
Earnestly beseeching
Trophies for the King.

p 5 Work while strength endureth,
dim Until death draw near;
cr Then thy LORD'S sweet welcome
Thou in heaven shalt hear.

94

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE. (6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.) Rev. J. B. DYKES, MUS.D.





'Whom resist steadfast in the faith.'

p CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?
f Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy cross.

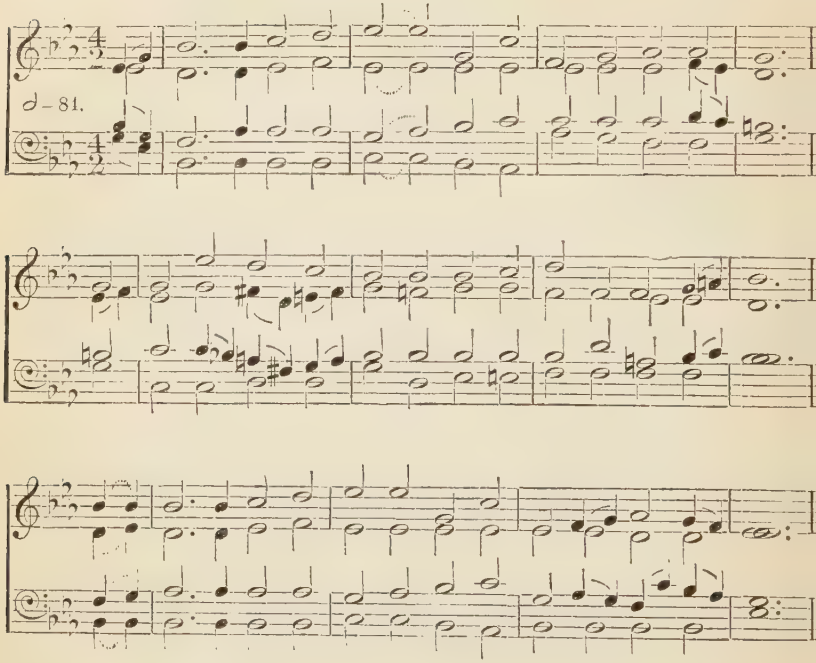
p 2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian, never tremble,
Never be downcast:
Gird thee for the conflict,
Watch, and pray, and fast.

p 3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
'Always fast and vigil,
Always watch and prayer?'
f Christian, answer boldly,
'While I breathe I pray';
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

p 4 'Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary—
I was weary too:
cr But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
f Shall be near My throne.'

95

SLINGSBY. (14.14.14.) Rev. J. B. DYKES, MUS.D.



'Ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.'

f BEHOLD the Bridegroom cometh at the hour of midnight drear,
And blest be he that watcheth when his Master shall appear;
p But woe betides the careless one asleep when He draws near.

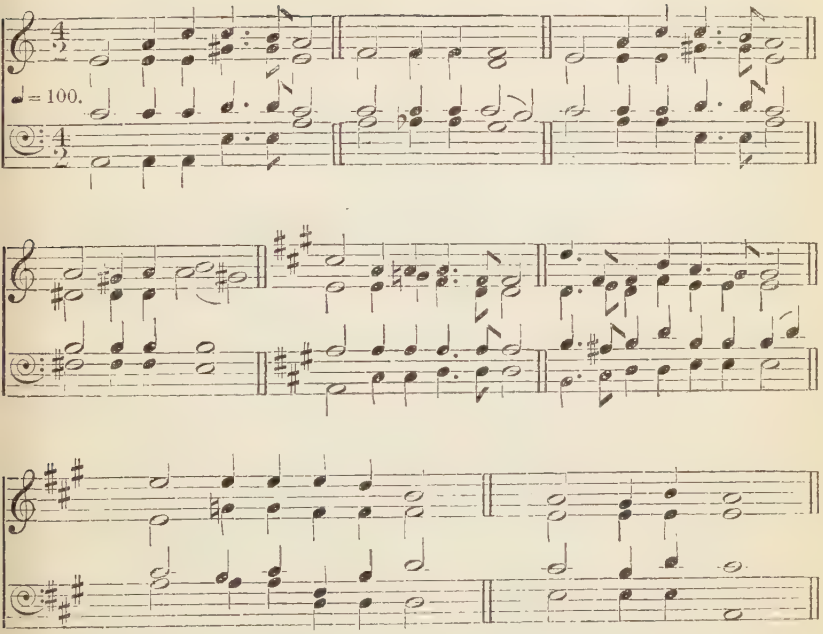
2 O soul of mine, bestir thee lest thou sink in slumber quite,
And the Bridegroom find thee sleeping when He cometh in His might:
cr Awake, awake to praises, for He cometh in the night.

3 That day of fear approacheth—then live, O soul, aright,
And watch the hour and trim thy lamp, and keep it burning bright;
f Lest the voice be heard 'He cometh!' in the middle of the night.

dim 4 Beware when slumber binds thee, lest the Bridegroom pass thee by,
And thou knock without in darkness, and for grief and anguish cry.
cr Take thy lamp with oil and trim it, for the hour is drawing nigh.

96

VIGIL. (6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4.) ARTHUR PATTON.



'Watch and pray.'

HARK, 'tis the watchman's cry,
Wake, brethren, wake!
JESUS Himself is nigh,
Wake, brethren, wake!
Sleep is for sons of night,
Ye are children of the light,
Yours is the glory bright:
Wake, brethren, wake.

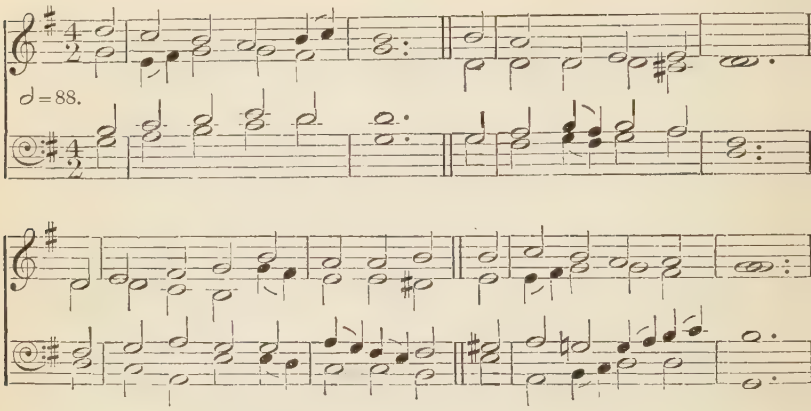
2 Call to each wakening band,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Clear is our LORD's command,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Be ye as men that wait,
Ready at their Master's gate.
Even though He tarry late,
Watch, brethren, watch.

f 3 Heed we the Master's call,
Work, brethren, work!
There 's room enough for all;
Work, brethren, work!
This vineyard of the LORD
Constant labour doth afford;
Yours is a sure reward:
Work, brethren, work.

p 4 Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
Pray, brethren, pray!
Would ye His heart rejoice?
Pray, brethren, pray!
Sin calls for ceaseless care,
Weakness needs the Strong One near;
Long as ye tarry here,
Pray, brethren, pray.

97

ST. ETHELWALD. (S.M.) W. H. MONK, MUS.D.



'A good soldier of Jesus Christ.'

f SOLDIERS of CHRIST, arise
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which GOD supplies
Through His eternal SON;

2 Strong in the LORD of hosts
And in His mighty power:
Who in the strength of JESUS trusts
Is more than conqueror.

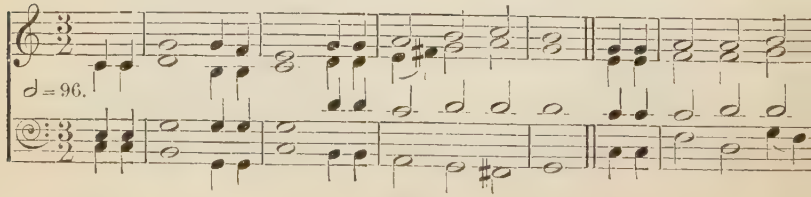
3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of GOD.

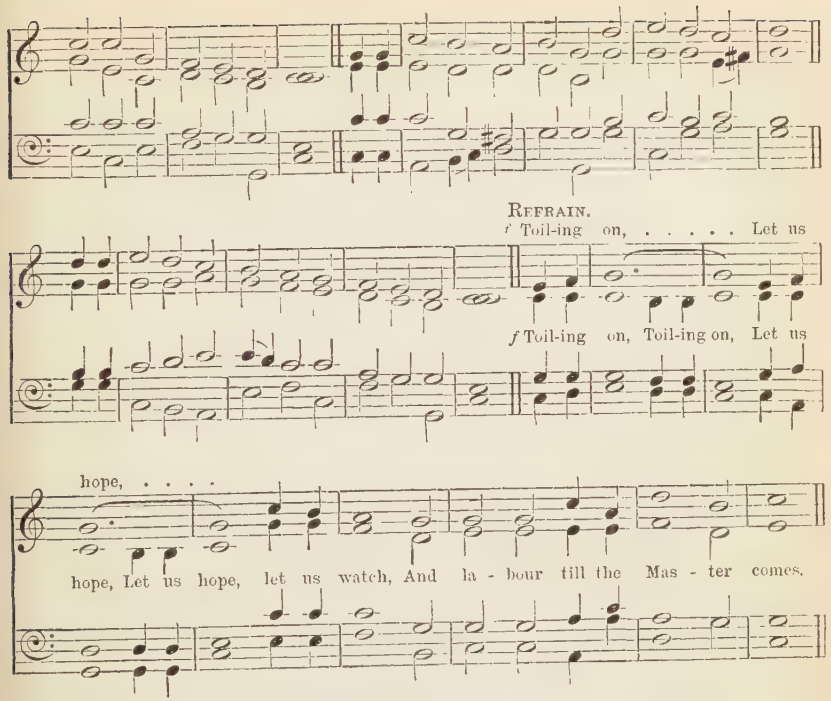
4 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day;

5 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
cr Ye may o'ercome through CHRIST alone
And stand complete at last.

98

LARISTON. (12.12.12.12. and refrain.) SELLE, 1655.
Arranged by Rev. ALEX. GALLOWAY, B.D.




Refrain.
f Toil-ing on, ... Let us
f Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Let us
hope, ...
hope, Let us hope, let us watch, And la - bour till the Mas - ter comes.

'Ye serve the Lord Christ.'

f TO the work! to the work! We are servants of God.
Let us follow the path that our Master has trod;
With the balm of His counsel our strength to renew,
Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.
Toiling on,
Let us hope, let us watch,
And labour till the Master comes.

2 To the work! to the work! Let the hungry be fed;
To the fountain of Life let the weary be led;
cr In the cross and its banner our glory shall be,
While we herald the tidings—Salvation is free.

3 To the work! to the work! There is labour for all;
For the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall,
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
cr In the loud swelling chorus—Salvation is free.

4 To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord;
And a robe and a crown shall our labour reward,
ff When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall be
And we shout with the ransomed—Salvation is free.

99

REXFORD. (10.10.10.10. and refrain.) G. F. ROOT.

80.
REFRAIN.
f Where are the rea-pers? O who will come And share in the glo-ry of the har-vest home? O
who will help us to gar-ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

'The harvest is great.'

p WHERE are the reapers that garner in
The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin?
With sickles of truth must the work be done,
And no one may rest till the harvest home.

f Where are the reapers? O who will come
And share in the glory of the harvest home?
O who will help us to garner in
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

p 2 The fields all are ripening, and far and wide [vest-tide:
The world now is waiting the har-
But reapers are few, and the work is great, [harvest wait.
And much will be lost should the

f 3 So come with your sickles, ye sons of men, [grain;
And gather together the golden
Toil on till the LORD of the harvest come,
cr Then share in the joy of the harvest home.

100

SUNSHINE. (6.5.6.5.D.)

P. P. BLISS.

His disciples took up the body and buried it, and went and told Jesus.

p GO bury thy sorrow,
The world hath its share;
Go bury it deeply,
Go hide it with care;
Go think of it calmly
When curtained by night:
cr Go tell it to JESUS,
And all will be right.

p 2 Go tell it to JESUS,
He knoweth thy grief;
Go tell it to JESUS,
He'll send thee relief;
Go gather the sunshine
He sheds on thy way;
cr He'll lighten thy burden,
Go, weary one, pray.

p 3 Hearts growing aweary
With heavier woe,
Now droop 'mid the darkness,
cr Go comfort them, go!
f Go bury thy sorrows,
Let others be blest;
Go give them the sunshine:
Tell JESUS the rest.

101

ARMAGEDDON. (11.11.11.11. and refrain.) Adapted by Sir JOHN GOSS, Mus.D.

'They came not to the help of the Lord.'

f WHO is on the LORD's side? Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers, other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
Who is on the LORD's side? Who for Him will go?
By Thy great redemption, by Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side: Saviour, we are Thine!

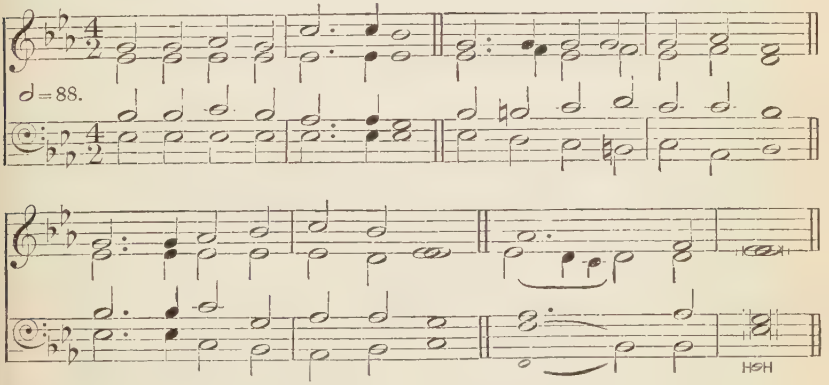
2 Not for weight of glory, not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army, raise the warrior-psalm;
But for love that claimeth lives for whom He died: [His side!
He whom JESUS nameth must be on

3 JESUS, Thou hast bought us, not with gold or gem, [diadem.
But with Thy own crown of thorns for
With Thy blessing filling all who come to Thee, [made us free.
Thou hast made us willing, Thou hast

cr 4 Fierce may be the conflict, strong may be the foe; [overthrow:
But the King's own army, none can
Round His standard ranging, victory is secure,
For His truth unchanging makes the triumph sure.

102

VIGILATE. (7.7.7.3.) W. H. MONK, MUS.D.



'What I say unto you, I say unto all.'

f CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose;
Hear thy guardian angel say—
Thou art in the midst of foes,
Watch and pray.

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
Watch and pray.

3 Gird thy heavenly armour on;
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
Watch and pray.

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way:
p All with one sweet voice exclaim,
Watch and pray.

cr 5 Hear, above all, hear thy LORD,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word—
Watch and pray.

f 6 Watch as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down:
Watch and pray.

103

CALL THEM IN. (S.7.8.7.D.)

IRA D. SANKEY.

'Go out into the highways.'

p 'CALL them in'—the poor, the wretched, [fold;
Sin-stained wanderers from the
Peace and pardon freely offer:
Can you weigh their worth with gold?
Call them in—the weak, the weary,
Laden with the doom of sin;
Bid them come and rest in JESUS;
cr He is waiting—Call them in.

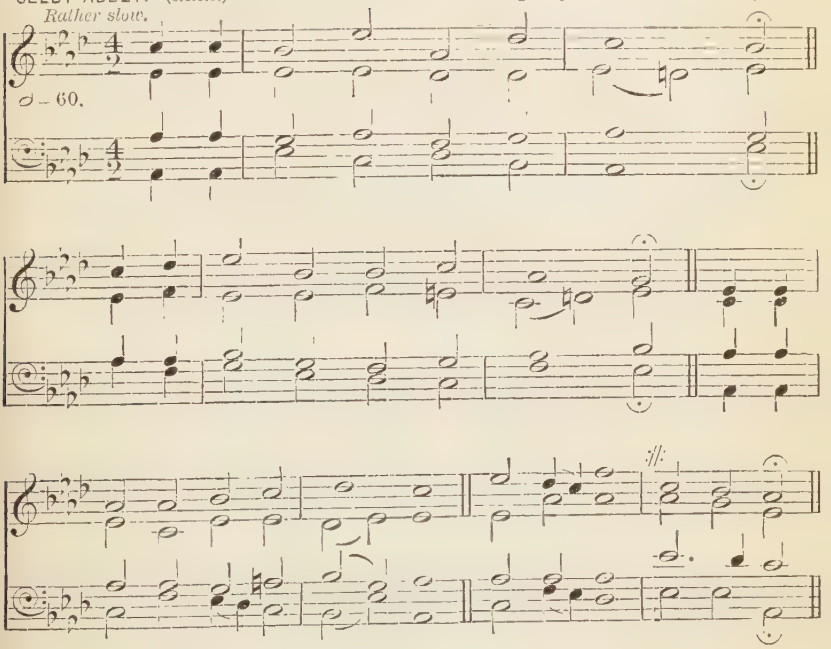
2 Call them in—the little children,
Tarrying far away, away;
Wait, O wait not for to-morrow.
CHRIST would have them come to-day.
Follow on! the LAMB is leading!
f He has conquered—we shall win;
Bring the halt and blind to JESUS;
He will heal them—Call them in.

p 3 Call them in—the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame; [tender—
Speak Love's message, low and
'Twas for sinners JESUS came:
cr See! the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
CHRIST is coming—Call them in.

104

SELBY ABBEY. (8.8.8.6.)

GERMAN, 1704.
Arranged by Rev. ALEX. GALLOWAY, B.D.



'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness.'

f SEEK ye first, not earthly pleasure,
Fading joy and failing treasure,
But the love that knows no measure
cr Seek ye first.

2 Seek ye first GOD's peace and blessing;
Ye have all if this possessing:
Come, your need and sin confessing:
cr Seek Him first.

3 Seek Him first; then when forgiven,
Pardoned, made an heir of heaven,
Let your life to Him be given:
cr Seek this first.

p 4 Seek this first—Be pure and holy,
Like the Master, meek and lowly,
Yielded to His service wholly:
cr Seek this first.

f 5 Seek the coming of His kingdom;
Seek the souls around, to win them,
Seek to JESUS CHRIST to bring them:
cr Seek this first.

6 Seek this first, His promise trying:
It is sure—all need supplying.
Heavenly things (on Him relying)
cr Seek ye first.

105

AYRES. (6.5.6.5.6.5.7.4. and refrain.) W. H. DOANE, MUS.D.

'*Jesus stood and commanded him to be called.*'

p ONE there is who loves thee,
Waiting still for thee;
Canst thou yet reject Him?
None so kind as He.
Do not grieve Him longer;
Come, and trust Him now.
He has waited all thy days:
Why waitest thou?

f *One there is who loves thee,*
O receive Him now.
He has waited all the day:
Why waitest thou?

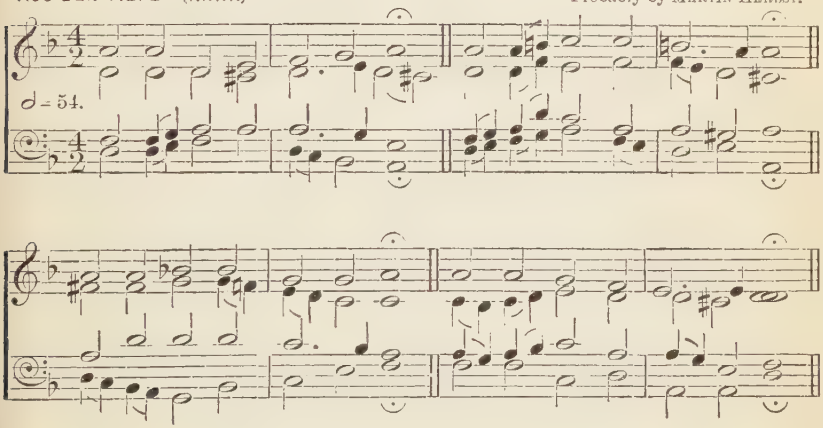
2 Graciously He woos thee;
Do not slight His call.
p Though thy sins are many,
cr He'll forgive them all.
Turn to Him, repenting,
He will cleanse thee now.
He is waiting at thy heart:
Why waitest thou?

3 JESUS still is waiting;
Brother, why delay?
To His arms of mercy
f Rise and haste away!
Only come believing,
He will save thee now.
He is waiting at the door:
Why waitest thou?

106

AUS DER TIEFE. (7.7.7.7.)

Probably by MARTIN HERBST.



'The time is short.'

p TIME is earnest, passing by;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh.
cr Sinner, wilt thou trifling be?
Time and death appeal to thee.

2 Life is earnest; when 'tis o'er,
dim Thou returnest—never more;
Soon to meet eternity,
Wilt thou never serious be?

f 3 O be earnest, death is near;
Thou wilt perish lingering here.
cr Sleep no longer, rise and flee;
Lo! thy SAVIOUR waits for thee.

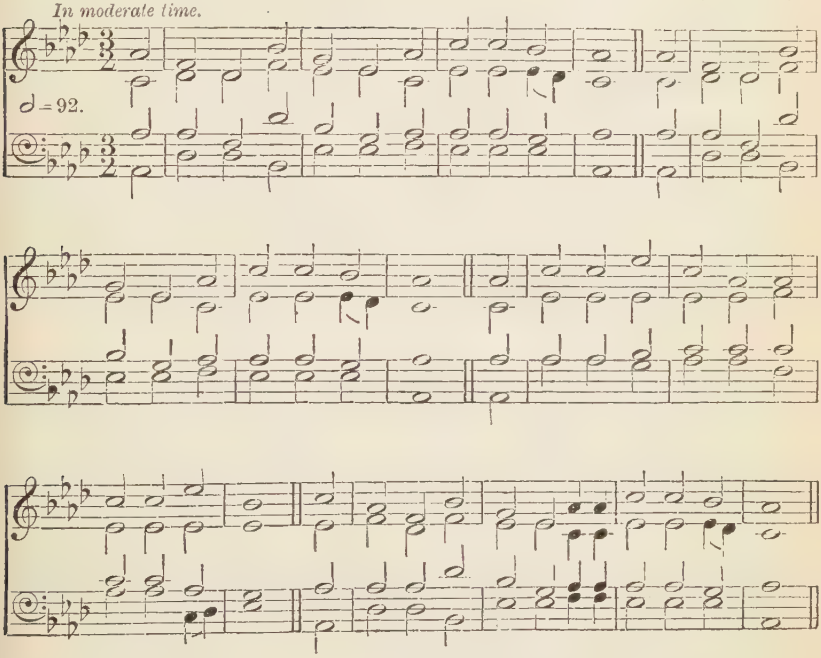
107

FORTITUDE. (11.11.11.12. and refrain.) FIRST TUNE H. R. PALMER.

107

ST. DENIO. (11.11.11.12.) SECOND TUNE Welsh Hymn Melody.

In moderate time.



'Able to succour them that are tempted.'

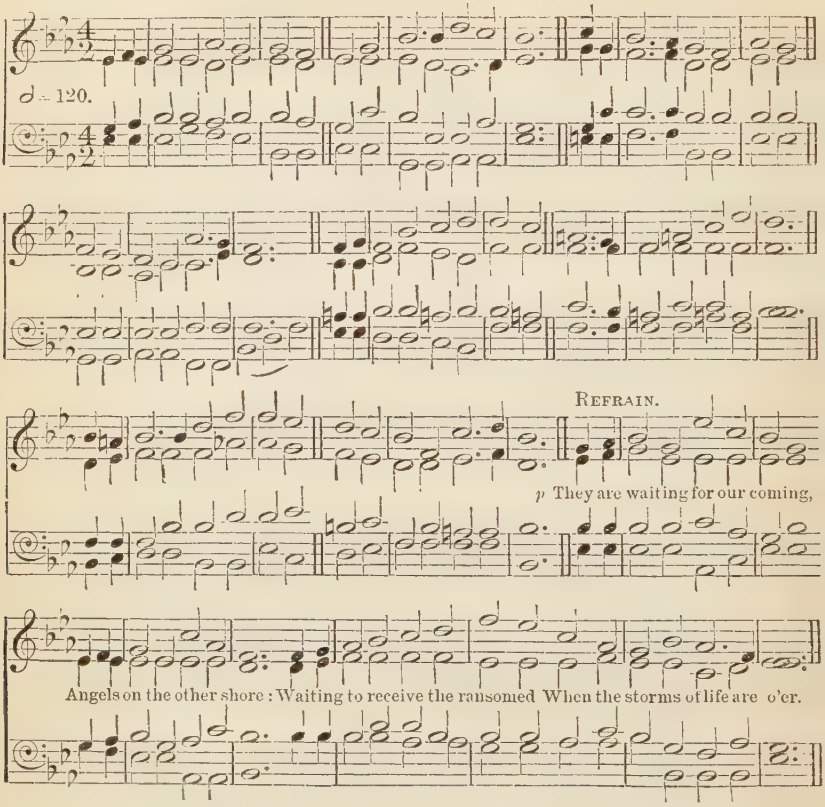
f YIELD not to temptation, for yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you some other to win;
Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue,
Look ever to JESUS: He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions, bad language disdain,
GOD's name hold in reverence, nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to JESUS: He will carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh GOD giveth a crown;
Through faith we shall conquer, though often cast down.
Our LORD and our SAVIOUR our strength will renew,
Look ever to JESUS: He will carry you through.

108

WAITING. (8.7.8.7.D. and refrain.) SAMUEL SMITH.


♩ = 120.
REFRAIN.
p They are waiting for our coming,
Angels on the other shore: Waiting to receive the ransomed When the storms of life are o'er.

'*Carried by the angels.*'

p THEY *are waiting for our coming,*
Angels on the other shore:
Waiting to receive the ransomed
When the storms of life are o'er;
Watching at the shining portals
Of our FATHER'S mansion fair,
f They will strike their harps of glory,
They will bid us welcome there.

p 2 They are waiting for the aged,
Those who long the way have trod;
Waiting for the poor in spirit,
Rich in faith and love to GOD:

cr For the young and valiant soldiers
Who have nobly borne their part,
For the loyal, true, and faithful,
For the meek, the pure in heart.

3 They are waiting for the heralds
Who in distant lands proclaim
Life eternal, free salvation,
Through a dying SAVIOUR'S name:
p Waiting for the silent mourner,
For the weary and oppressed,
Who have borne their cross with patience
And are going home to rest.

109

GOOD SHEPHERD. (10,10,10,10, and refrain.) HUBERT P. MAIN.

♩. = 80.
REFRAIN.
cr Seek-ing for thee, call-ing to thee; JE-SUS is call-ing, Come un-to Me.
Seek-ing for thee, call-ing to thee, Hear the Good Shep-herd call-ing to thee.

'Doth he not go after that which is lost until he find it?'

p OUT on the mountain, sad and forsaken, [thou see;
Lost in its mazes, no light canst
Yet in His mercy, full of compassion,
Lo! the Good Shepherd is seeking for thee.

cr *Seeking for thee, calling to thee;*
Jesus is calling, Come unto Me.
Seeking for thee, calling to thee,
Hear the Good Shepherd calling to thee.

p 2 Far on the mountain, why wilt thou wander? [will be;
Darker and darker thy pathway
Turn from thy roaming, fly from its dangers,
While the Good Shepherd is seeking for thee.

f 3 Flee from thy bondage, JESUS will help thee,
Only believe Him and thou shalt be free:
Wonderful mercy, boundless compassion
Still the Good Shepherd is seeking for thee.

110

O BE SAVED. (8.7.8.7. and refrain.) S. J. VAIL.

'Behold, now is the accepted time.'

p BROTHER, CHRIST is bending o'er
GOD is coming very near. [thee,
He who gave Himself to save thee,
Says—thy soul to Me is dear.

f *O be saved, His grace is free!*
O be saved, He died for thee.

p 2 Art thou waiting till the morrow?
Thou may'st never see its light.

cr Come at once! accept His mercy:
He is waiting—come to-night.

p 3 With a lowly, contrite spirit,
Kneeling at the SAVIOUR'S feet,
Thou canst feel, this very moment,
Pardon — precious, pure, and sweet.

cr 4 Let the angels bear the tidings
Upward to the courts of heaven:
Let them sing with holy rapture
O'er another soul forgiven.

111

ETERNITY. (L.M. and refrain.) J. H. TENNEY.

'For ever and ever.'

p WHERE will you spend Eternity?
This question comes to you and me:
Tell me, what shall your answer be—
Where will you spend Eternity?
f *Eternity! Eternity!*
Where will you spend Eternity?

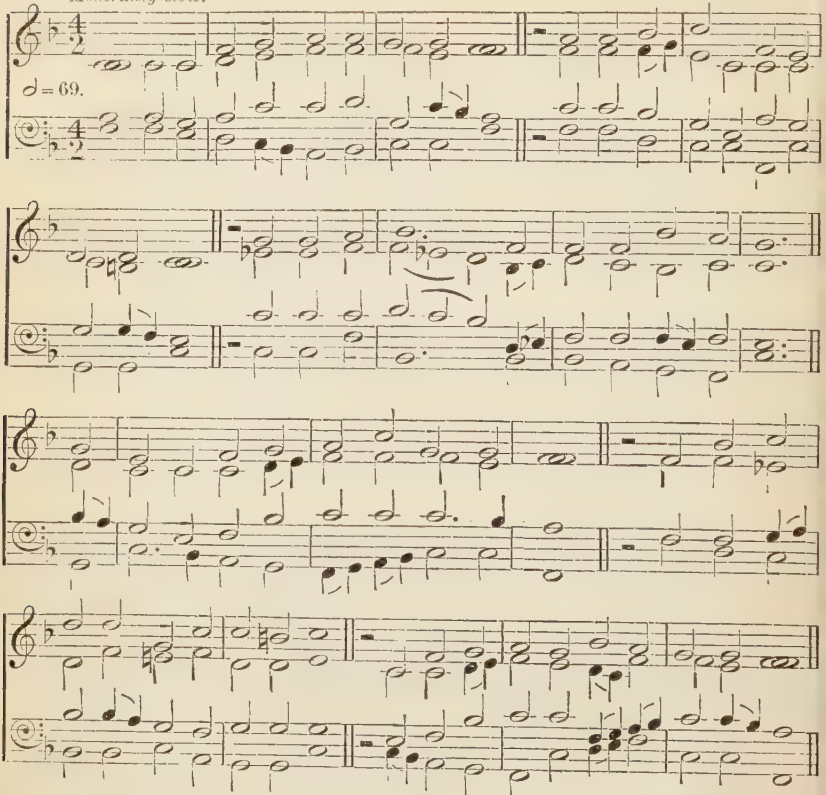
p 2 Many are choosing CHRIST to-day,
Turning from all their sins away;
Heaven shall their blessèd portion be:
Where will you spend Eternity?

3 Leaving the strait and narrow way,
Going the downward road to-day,
What shall the final ending be—
Where will you spend Eternity?

4 Turn and believe this very hour,
Trust in the SAVIOUR'S grace and power:
cr Then shall your joyous answer be—
Saved through a long Eternity.
f *Eternity! Eternity!*
Saved through a long Eternity.

SONG 1. (10,10,10,10,10,10.) **112** ORLANDO GIBBONS.

Moderately slow.



'Abide in Me and I in you.'

p LONG did I toil and knew no earthly rest, [certain home:
Far did I rove, and found no
cr At last I sought them in His sheltering breast [weary come.
Who opes His arms and bids the
In Him I found a home, a rest divine,
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

p 2 The good I have is from His stores supplied; [best;
The ill is only what He deems the
cr He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside,
And poor without Him, though of all possessed.

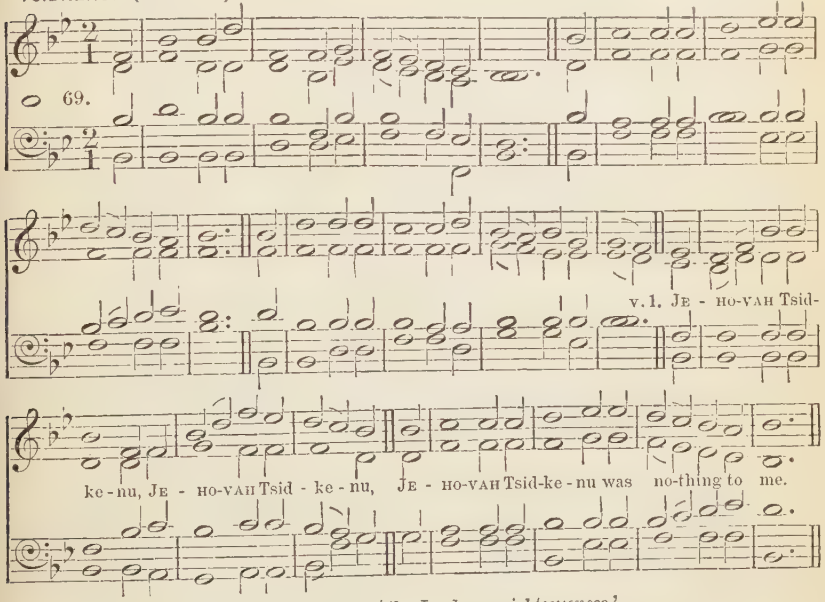
p Changes may come: I take or I resign,
Content while I am His and He is mine.

3 Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen— [declines;
A glorious sun that wanes not, nor
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene, [ness shines:
And sweetly on His people's dark-
cr All may depart, I fret not nor repine
While I my SAVIOUR's am and He is mine.

p 4 While here, alas, I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore;
cr But when I meet Him in the realms above
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
And feel and tell amid the choir divine,
f How fully I am His and He is mine.

113

TSIDKENU. (11.11.11.11.) From *Sacred Melodies.*



Jehovah Tsidkenu, 'the Lord our righteousness.'

p I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to GOD; [my load.
I knew not my danger and felt not
Though friends spoke in rapture of CHRIST on the tree, [me.
JEHOVAH Tsidkenu was nothing to

2 Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll, [His soul;
I wept when the waters went over
Yet thought not that my sins had nailed to the tree [me.
JEHOVAH Tsidkenu—'twas nothing to

cr 3 When free grace awoke me by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die;
No refuge, no safety, in self could I see: [be.
JEHOVAH Tsidkenu my SAVIOUR must

f 4 My terrors all vanished before the sweet name; [ness I came
My guilty fears banished, with bold-
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free: [me.
JEHOVAH Tsidkenu is all things to

p 5 E'en treading the valley, the shadow of death, [tering breath:
This watchword shall rally my fal-
cr For, when from life's fever my GOD sets me free,
f JEHOVAH Tsidkenu my death-song shall be.

114

HIDING IN THEE. (11,11,11,11. and refrain.) IRA D. SANKEY.

'I flee unto Thee to hide me.'

p O SAFE to the Rock that is higher than I [would fly;
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows
So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would I be: [in Thee.
Thou blest Rock of Ages, I'm hiding
f *Hiding in Thee, hiding in Thee,* [*Thee.*
Thou blest Rock of Ages, I'm hiding in

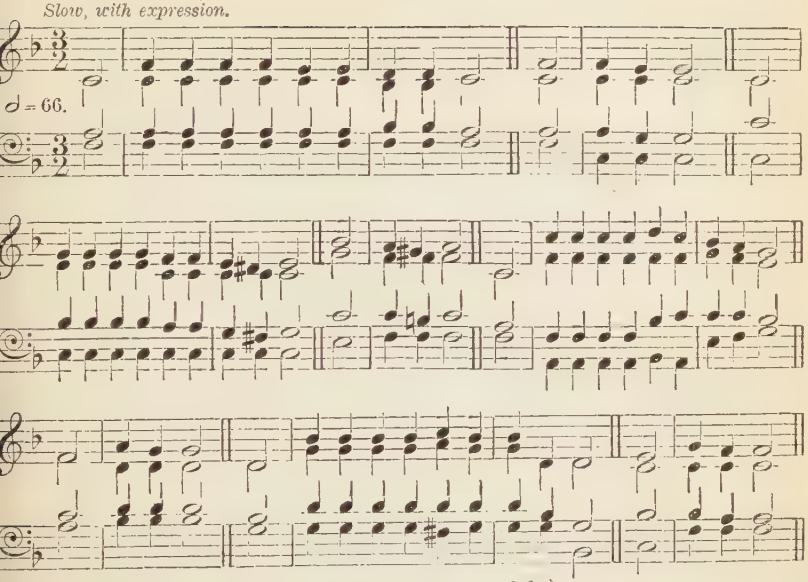
p 2 In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour,
In times when temptation casts o'er me its power,
In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea,
Thou blest Rock of Ages, I'm hiding in Thee.

3 How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe,
I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out my woe.
How often when trials like sea-billows roll
Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

115

BARRULE. (10.4.10.4.D.) CLARIBEL.

Slow, with expression.



(*This Hymn may be sung as a Solo.*)

'*In Thy presence is fulness of joy.*'

SOMETIMES I catch brief glimpses of His face,
But that is all; [to smile,
Sometimes He looks on me and seems
But that is all; [of peace,
Sometimes perchance a passing word
But that is all; [voice
Sometimes I think I hear His loving
Upon me call.

2 And is this all He meant when thus He said—
Come unto Me? [rest
Is there no deeper, more enduring
In Him for thee? [Him?
Is there no steadier light for thee in
O come and see! [rest
Is there no deeper, more enduring
In Him for thee?

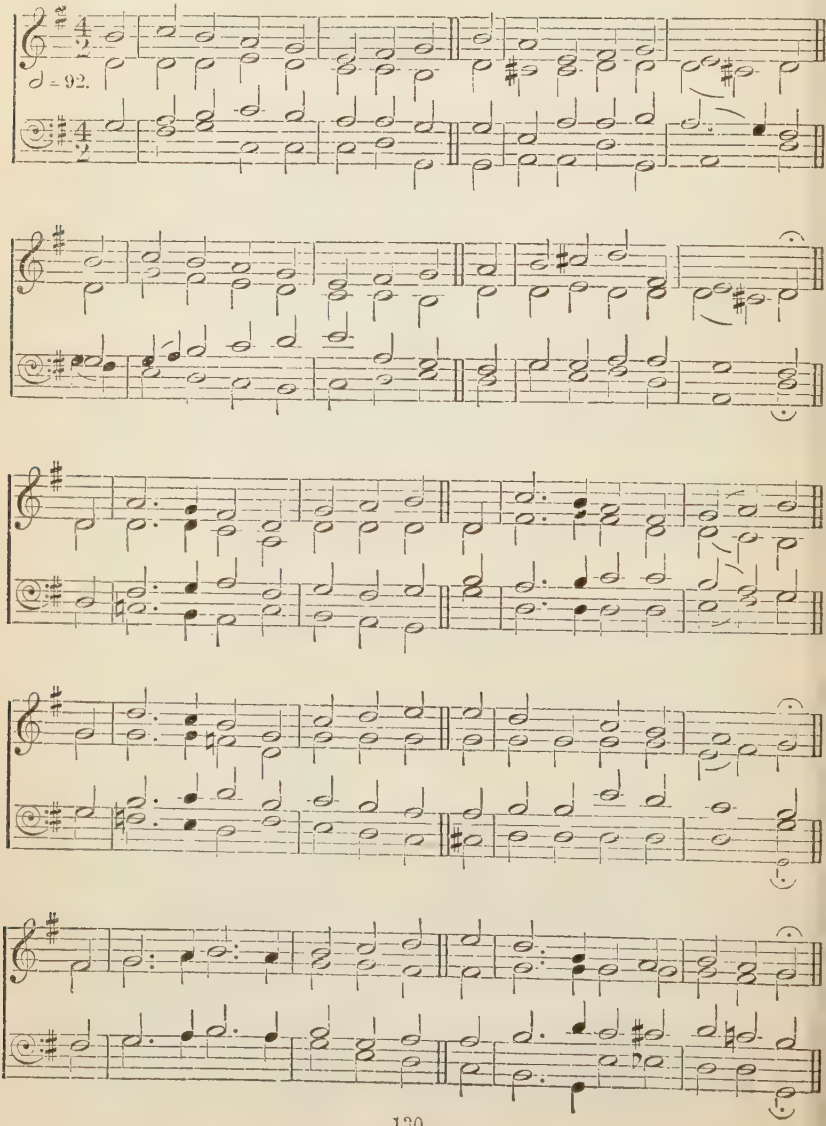
3 Nay, do not wrong Him by thy heavy thoughts,
But love His love; [ness,
Do thou full justice to His tender-
His mercy prove:
Take Him for what He is, O take
And look above; [Him all,
And do not wrong Him by thy heavy
But love His love. [thoughts,

cr 4 Then shall thy tossing soul find anchorage
And steadfast peace; [doubts
Thy love shall rest on His, thy weary
For ever cease; [His grace
Thy heart shall find in Him and in
Its rest and bliss;
Thy heart shall find in Him and in
His grace
Its rest and bliss.

f 5 CHRIST and His love shall be thy blessèd all
For evermore; [all thy ways
CHRIST and His light shall shine on
For evermore; [troubled soul
CHRIST and His peace shall keep thy
For evermore; [blessèd all
CHRIST and His love shall be thy
For evermore.

116

ST. ATHANASIUS. (8.7.8.7 8.7.8.7.8.8.) CHARLES VINCENT, MUS.D.



'Lead me to the rock.'

f O ROCK of Ages! since on Thee
By grace my feet are planted,
'Tis mine in tranquil faith to see
The rising storm undaunted.
When angry billows round me rave
And tempests fierce assail me,
To Thee I cling, the terrors brave,
For Thou canst never fail me.
Though rends the globe with earthquake shock,
Unmoved Thou stand'st, Eternal Rock.

p 2 Within Thy clefts I love to hide
When darkness o'er me closes;
There peace and light serene abide
And my stilled heart reposes.
cr My soul exults to dwell secure,
Thy strong munitions round her;
She dares to count her triumph sure,
Nor fears lest hell confound her.
f Though tumults startle earth and sea,
Thou changeless Rock, they shake not Thee.

p 3 From Thee, O Rock, once smitten, flow
Life-giving streams for ever,
And whoso doth their sweetness know,
He thenceforth thirsteth never:
cr My lips have touched the crystal tide
And feel no more returning
The fever that so long I tried
To cool, yet still felt burning.
f Ah wondrous well-spring brimming o'er
With living waters evermore.

SHEPHERD TRUE. (S.S.S.S.7.7. and refrain.) **117**

'I know My sheep and am known of Mine.'

p I WAS wandering and weary
When my SAVIOUR came unto me;
For the ways of sin grew dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me:

cr And I thought I heard Him say
As He came along His way—

f *O foolish souls, come near Me,*
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd True.

p 2 At first I would not hearken
And put off till the morrow;
But life began to darken
And I was sick with sorrow;

cr And I thought I heard Him say
As He came along His way—

p 3 At last I stopped to listen,
His voice could not deceive me;
I saw His kind eyes glisten,
So anxious to relieve me;

cr And I thought I heard Him say
As He came along His way—

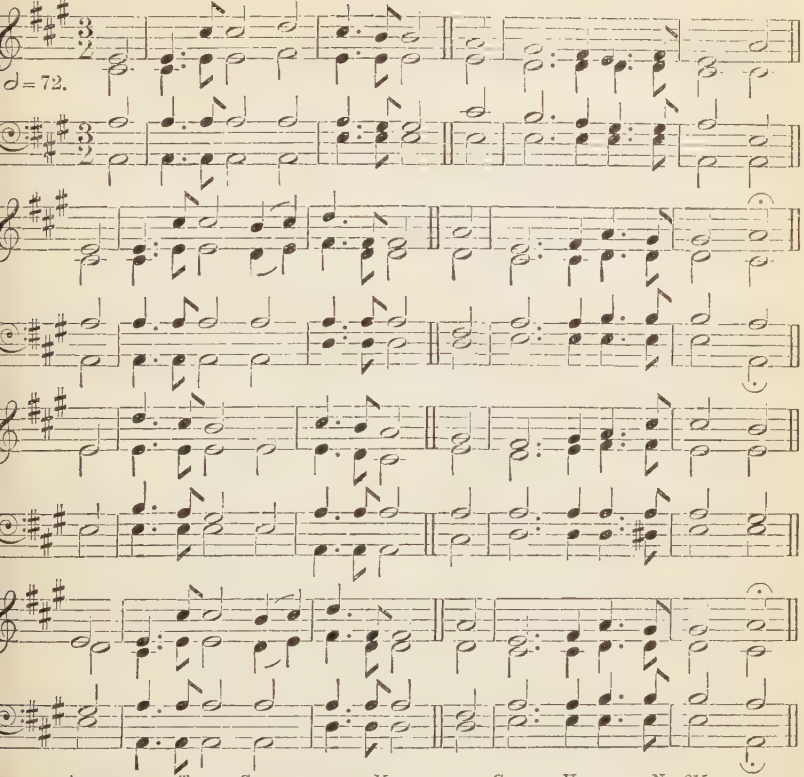
p 4 I thought His love would weaken
As more and more He knew me;

cr But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go through me
And I ever hear Him say
As He goes along His way—

118

I'VE FOUND A FRIEND. (S.7.8.7.D.)

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



ALTERNATIVE TUNES, CONSTANCE, AND HIS FOR EVER, CHURCH HYMNARY, No. 215.

'I have called you friend.'

I'VE found a Friend, O such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him.
He drew me with the cords of love
And thus He bound me to Him;
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which nought can sever,
For I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.

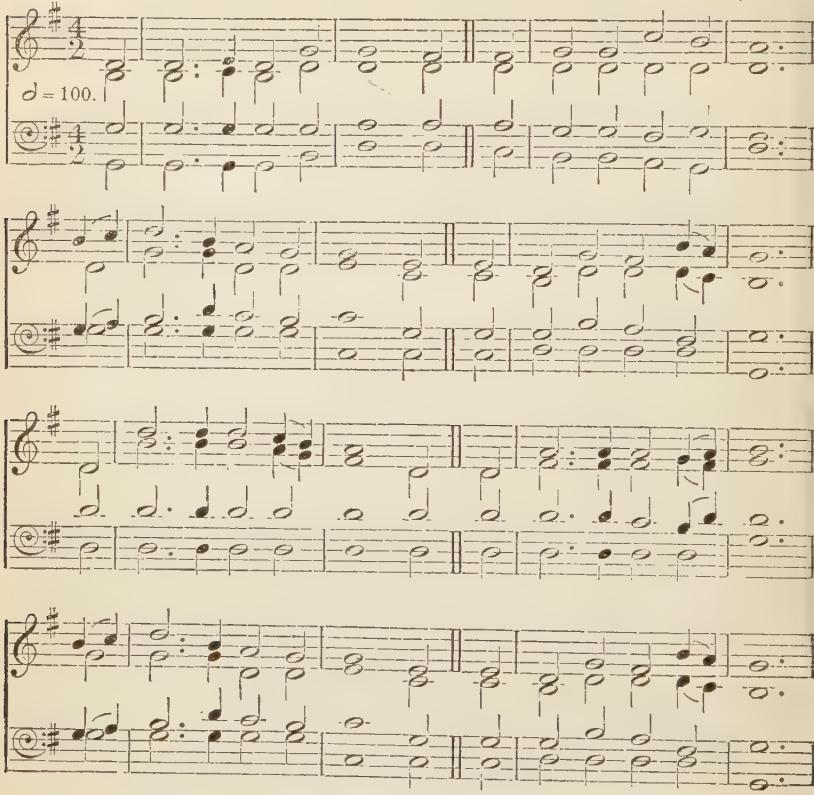
2 I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life
But His own self He gave me.
Nought that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver:
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His for ever.

f 3 I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!
All power to Him is given
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven.
Th' eternal glories gleam afar
To nerve my faint endeavour,
So now to watch, to work, to war,
p And then to rest for ever.

4 I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!
So kind and true and tender,
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender.
cr From Him who loves me now so well
What power my soul can sever?
Shall life? or death? or earth? or hell?
f No! I am His for ever.

119

GATE OF EDEN. (7.6.7.6.D.) W. H. DOANE, MUS.D.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, MUNICH, SCOTTISH HYMNAL, No. 274.

'Praise ye the Lord.'

p MY song shall be of JESUS.
His mercy crowns my days,
He fills my cup with blessings,
And tunes my heart to praise:
My song shall be of JESUS,
The holy LAMB of GOD,
Who gave Himself my ransom
And bought me with His blood.

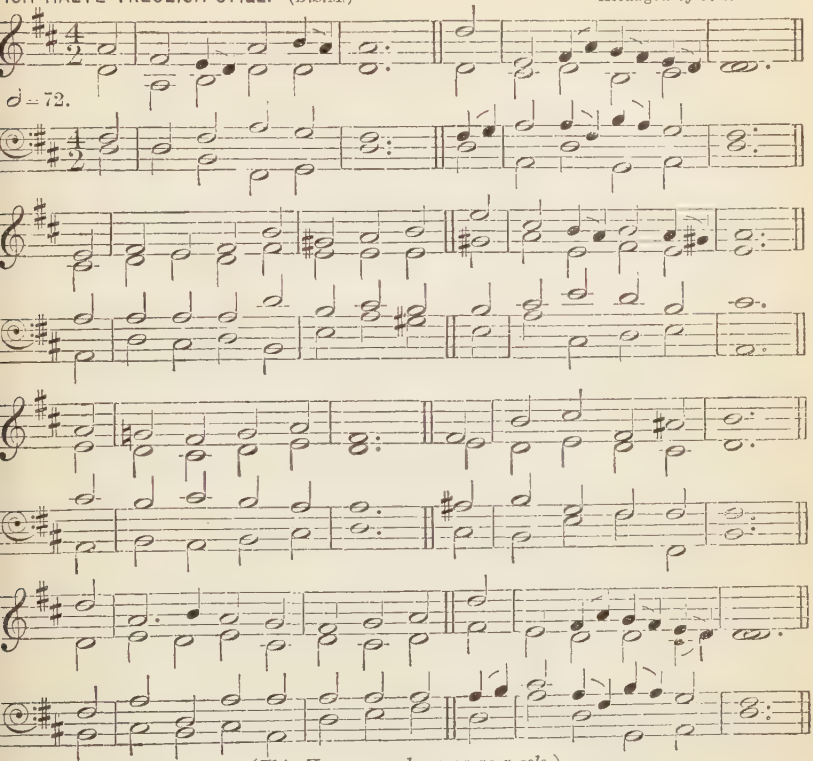
2 My song shall be of JESUS,
When, sitting at His feet,
I call to mind His goodness
In meditation sweet:
My song shall be of JESUS,
Whatever ill betide;
I'll sing the grace that saves me
And keeps me at His side.

cr 3 My song shall be of JESUS,
While pressing on my way
To reach the blissful regions
Of pure and perfect day;
And when my soul shall enter
The gate of Eden fair,
f A song of praise to JESUS
I'll sing for ever there.

120

ICH HALTE TREULICH STILL. (D.S.M.)

From SCHEMELLI'S *Gesangbuch*, 1736.
Arranged by J. S. BACH.



(This Hymn may be sung as a solo.)

'When he hath found it.'

I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my FATHER'S voice,
I loved afar to roam.

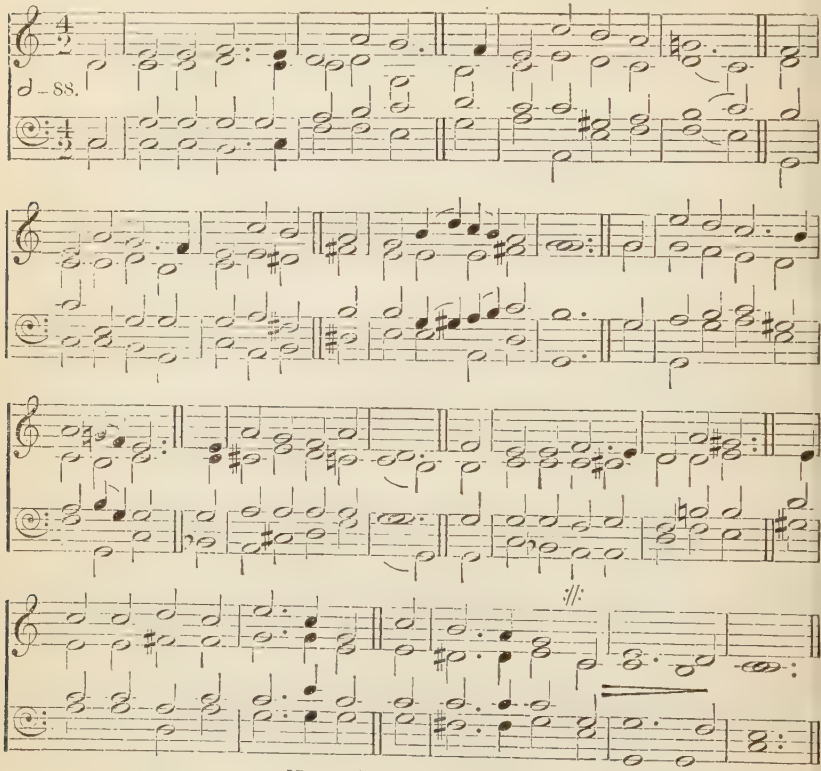
r 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The FATHER sought His child:
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone:
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

f 3 JESUS my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

p 4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
f But now I love my FATHER'S voice,
I love, I love His home.

121

HUNSTON. (8.6.8.6.8.6.8.4.) ARTHUR H. MANN, M.A., Mus.D.



[*By permission of the Composer.*]

'His name, thro' faith in His name.'

p FOR JESUS' sake all sin forgiven :
Peace made for JESUS' sake—
'Tis this great word has taught me love,
And shall me faithful make.
cr His praise I sing : my LORD ! my King !
Let me His grace partake,
And all the day and all the way
An echo in my heart shall say—
f For JESUS' sake !

p 2 For JESUS' sake : these precious words
Shall be like pinions swift, [gate
To waft my prayer through heaven's
And bear back many a gift.
Each answer free GOD sends to me
Then joyfully I'll take ;
cr And all the day and all the way
An echo in my heart shall say—
f For JESUS' sake !

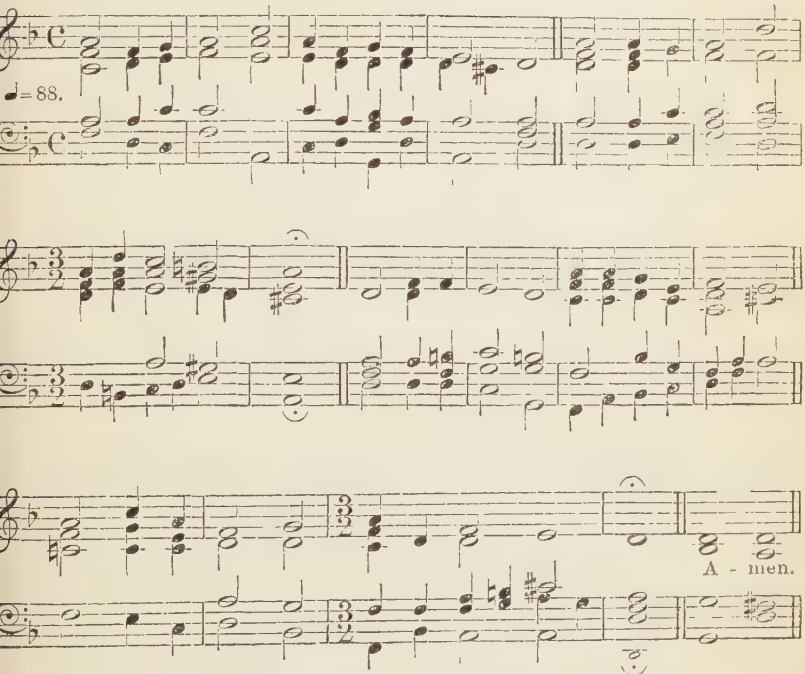
p When often like a wayward child
I murmur at His will, [sake,'
Then this sweet word, 'For JESUS'
My restless heart can still :
I bow my head and, gently led,
His easy yoke I take ;
cr And all the day and all the way
An echo in my heart shall say—
f For JESUS' sake !

122

DONNE SECOURS. (11.10.11.10.)

Psalm 12 in the *Genevan Psalter*, 1551.

Moderately slow. To be sung in unison.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HALLELUJAH, CHURCH HYMNARY, No. 26.

'Praise ye the Lord.'

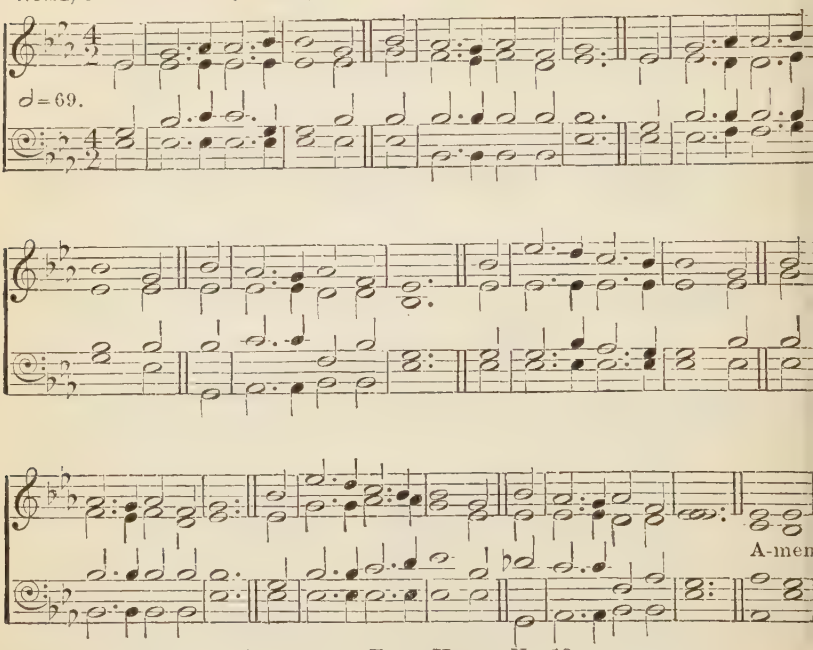
f PRAISE ye JEHOVAH! praise the LORD most Holy,
Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength the weak;
Praise Him who will with glory crown the lowly,
And with salvation beautify the meek.

2 Praise ye the LORD for all His loving-kindness
And all the tender mercies He hath shown;
Praise Him who pardons all our sin and blindness,
And calls us sons, and takes us for His own.

3 Praise ye JEHOVAH! Source of all our blessing:
Before His gifts earth's richest boons are dim;
Resting in Him, His peace and joy possessing,
All things are ours, for we have all in Him.

123

HOME, SWEET HOME. (7.6.7.6.D.)



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HEBER, No. 19.

'Ye are washed, . . . ye are sanctified.'

p REDEEMED, restored, forgiven,
Through JESUS' precious blood,
Heirs of His home in heaven,
cr O praise our pardoning GOD.
Praise Him in tuneful measures
Who gave His SON to die:
Praise Him whose sevenfold treasures
Enrich and sanctify.

p 2 Once on the dreary mountain
We wandered far and wide,
Far from the cleansing fountain,
Far from the Piercèd Side;
cr But JESUS sought and found us
And washed our guilt away;
With cords of love He bound us
To be His own for aye.

f 3 O SAVIOUR, Thine the glory
Of each recovered soul;
Ah, who can tell the story
Of love that made us whole?
Not ours, not ours the merit:
Be Thine alone the praise,
And ours a thankful spirit
To serve Thee all our days.

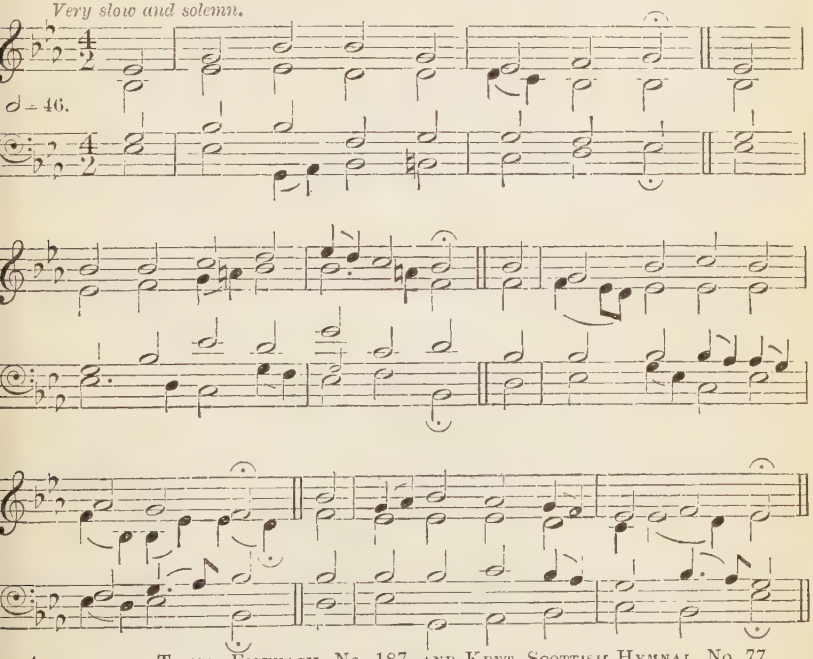
4 Now keep us, Holy SAVIOUR,
In Thy true love and fear;
And grant us of Thy favour
The grace to persevere;
cr Till in Thy new creation,
Earth's time-long travail o'er,
We find our full salvation,
And praise Thee evermore.

124

DAS WALT GOTT VATER. (L.M.)

Melody by D. Vetter, *c.* 1713.
Adapted and harmonized by J. S. Bach.

Very slow and solemn.



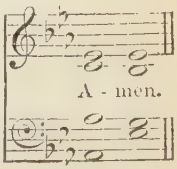
Alternative Tunes, Eisenach, No. 187, and Kent, Scottish Hymnal, No. 77.

'Casting all your care on Him, . . . be vigilant.'

f O MAY my soul, uncrushed by care,
Direct her gaze to where Thou art,
And in Thy splendour find, O Christ,
The strength of life Thou canst impart;

2 And freed from sin's depressing load
May I pursue the path divine,
And rise above the cares of earth
Until my way is merged in Thine.

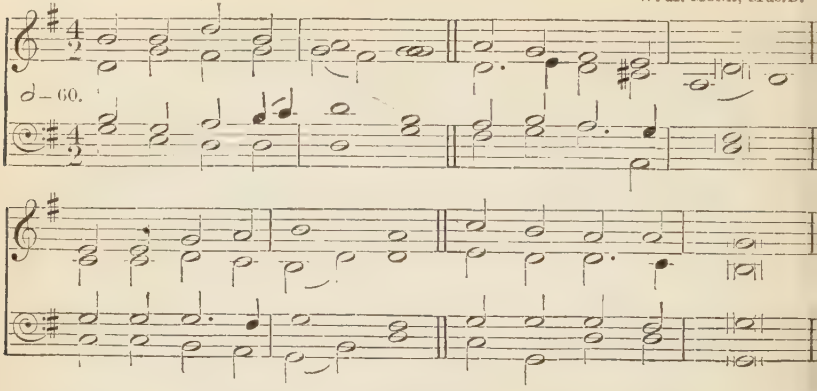
cr 3 Unsullied life Thy servant grant,
Who tunes his harp to sound Thy praise;
And still my lips shall hymn Thy love,
And glory to the Father raise.



125

ADSIS JESU. (6.5.6.5.)

W. H. MONK, Mus.D.

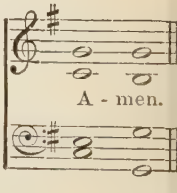


'*Peace be unto you.*'

p JESUS, stand among us
In Thy risen power,
Let this time of worship
Be a hallowed hour.

2 Breathe the HOLY SPIRIT
Into every heart,
cr Bid the fears and sorrows
From each soul depart.

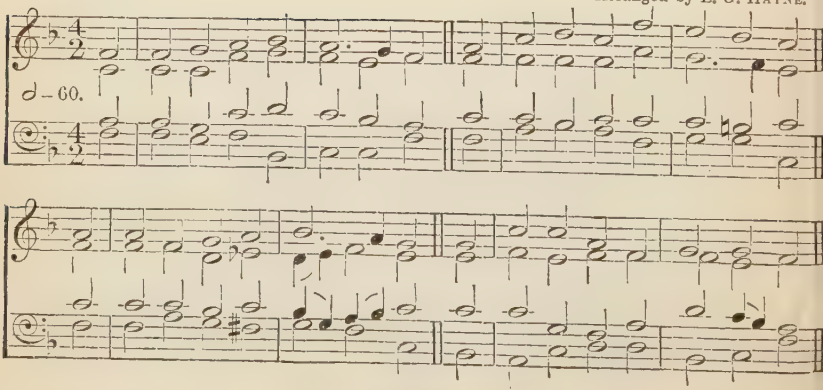
3 Thus with quickened footsteps
We'll pursue our way,
Watching for the dawning
Of th' eternal day.



126

ST. ANSELM. (L.M.)

Ancient Melody,
Arranged by L. G. HAYNE.



'The Spirit descending like a dove.'

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Our sinful maladies remove;
Be Thou our Light, be Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display [way;
That we may know and choose Thy
Plant holy fear in every heart
That we from God may ne'er depart.

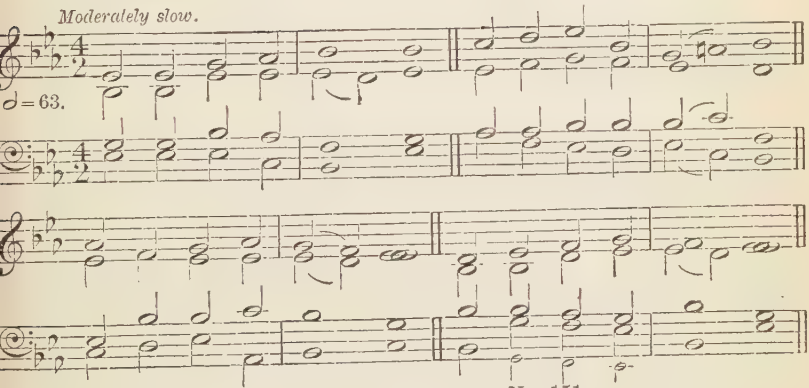
cr 3 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray.

f 4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest.

127

RAVENSHAW. (6.6.6.6.)

Melody abridged by W. H. Monk, from *Ave Hierarchia* (Leisentritt's *Gesangbuch*, 1567).



Alternative Tune, Oatlands, No. 151.

'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.'

LORD, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

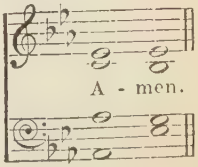
2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us:
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

p 3 When the storms are o'er us
And dark clouds before us,
cr Then its light directeth
And our way protecteth.

f 4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

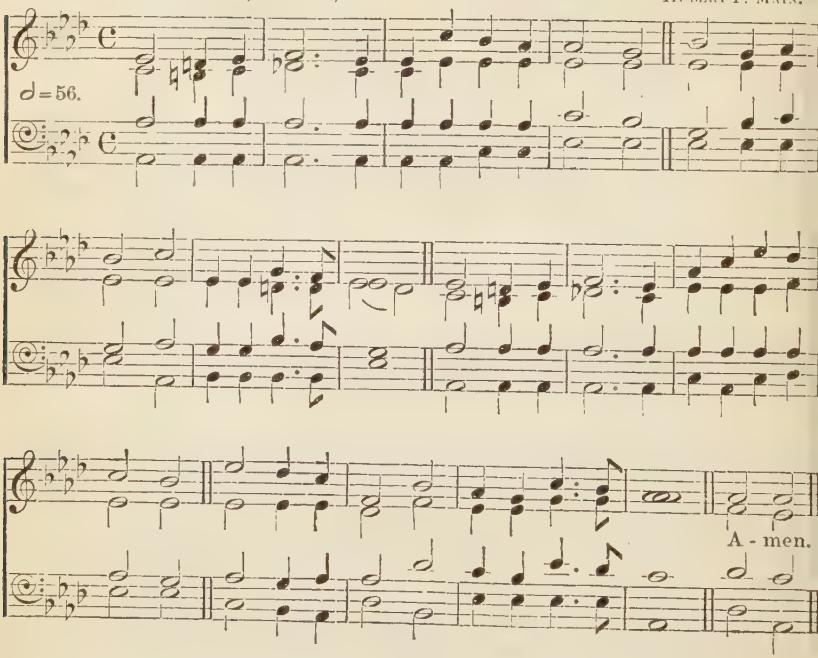
5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living:
Word of life, supplying
p Comfort to the dying:

cr 6 Grant, that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee.



128

HOLD THOU MY HAND. (11.10.11.10.) HUBERT P. MAIN.



'I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand.'

p HOLD Thou my hand: so weak I am, and helpless,
I dare not take one step without Thy aid.
Hold Thou my hand: for then, O loving SAVIOUR,
No dread of ill shall make my soul afraid.

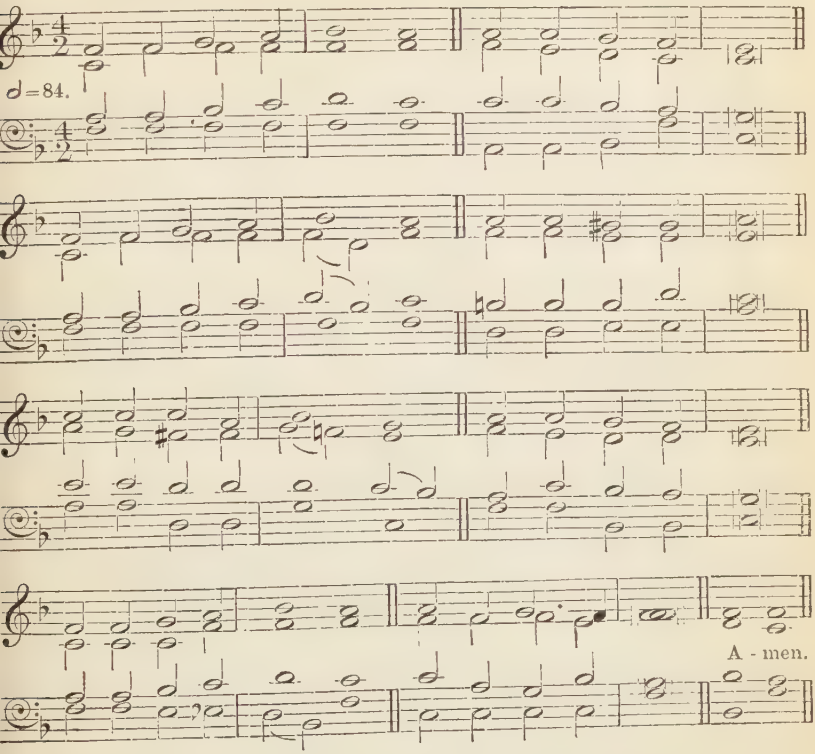
2 Hold Thou my hand: and closer, closer draw me
To Thy dear self—my hope, my joy, my all:
Hold Thou my hand, lest haply I should wander;
And, missing Thee, my trembling feet should fall.

3 Hold Thou my hand: the way is dark before me
Without the sunlight of Thy face Divine;
cr But when by faith I catch its radiant glory,
What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine!

p 4 Hold Thou my hand: that when I reach the margin
Of that lone river Thou didst cross for me,
cr A heavenly light may flash along its waters,
f And every wave like crystal bright shall be.

129

ST. MARY MAGDALENE. (6.5.6.5.D.) Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.



'I have prayed for thee.'

p IN the hour of trial,
JESUS, pray for me,
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee.
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favour
Suffer me to fall.

2 With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm—
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or in darker semblance
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice:
cr Then, upon Thine altar,
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

p 4 When in dust and ashes
In the grave I sink,
cr While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink:
On Thy truth relying
Through the mortal strife,
p LORD, receive me, dying,
cr To eternal life.

130

WER NUR DEN LIEBEN GOTT LÄSST WALTEN. (8,8,8,8,8,8.)

GEORG NEUMARK, 1640.
Harmony by J. S. BACH.

'This is life eternal, that they might know Thee.'

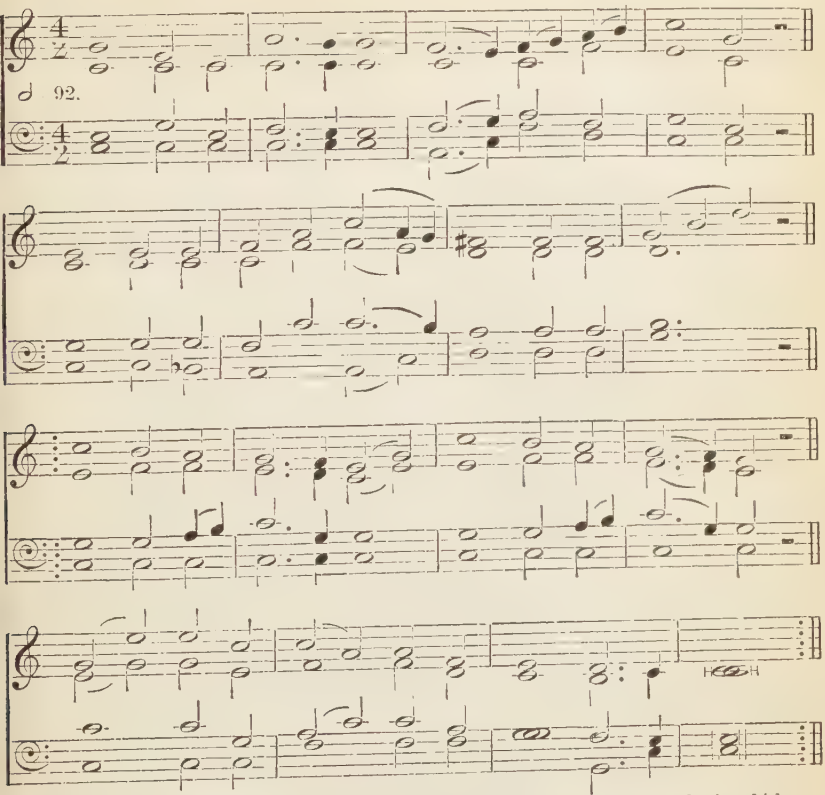
p WE have not known Thee as we ought,
Nor learned Thy wisdom, grace, and power;
The things of earth have filled our thought,
And trifles of the passing hour:
cr LORD, give us light Thy truth to see,
And make us wise in knowing Thee.

p 2 We have not feared Thee as we ought,
Nor bowed beneath Thine awful eye,
Nor guarded deed, and word, and thought,
Remembering that GOD was nigh:
cr LORD, give us faith to know Thee near,
And grant the grace of holy fear.

p 3 We have not loved Thee as we ought,
Nor cared that we are loved by Thee;
Thy presence we have coldly sought,
And feebly longed Thy face to see:
cr LORD, give a pure and loving heart
To feel and own the love Thou art.

p 4 We have not served Thee as we ought:
Alas, the duties left undone,
The work with little fervour wrought,
The battles lost, or scarcely won:
f LORD, give the zeal, and give the might,
For Thee to toil, for Thee to fight.

ALMA REDEMPTORIS. (11.10.11.10.) **131** Adapted from SAMUEL WEBBE, 1792.



The last two lines of each verse are repeated. This hymn may be sung as a Solo, in which case the last two lines of each verse may be repeated as a Refrain for four voice parts.

'If any man thirst.'

p COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel.
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish:
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

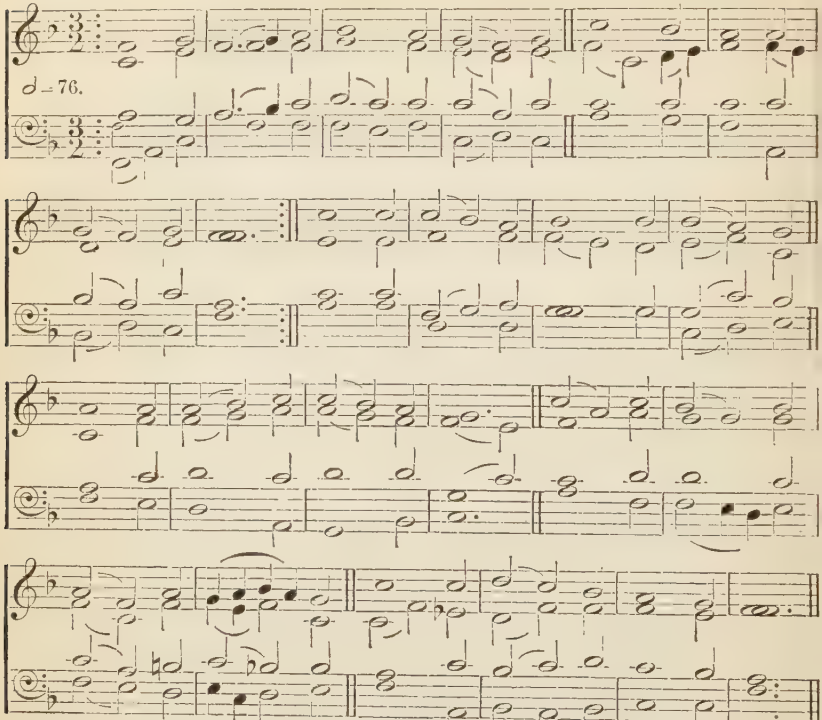
f 2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
p Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying—
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

f 3 Here see the Bread of Life: see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of GOD, pure from above.
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

HYFRYDOL. (8.7.8.7.D.)

132

Melody by R. H. PRICHARD.



This Hymn may be sung to Haydn's Hymn on opposite page.

'Let Jerusalem come into your mind.'

f GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our GOD;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, when such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace which, like the LORD the Giver,
Never fails from age to age!

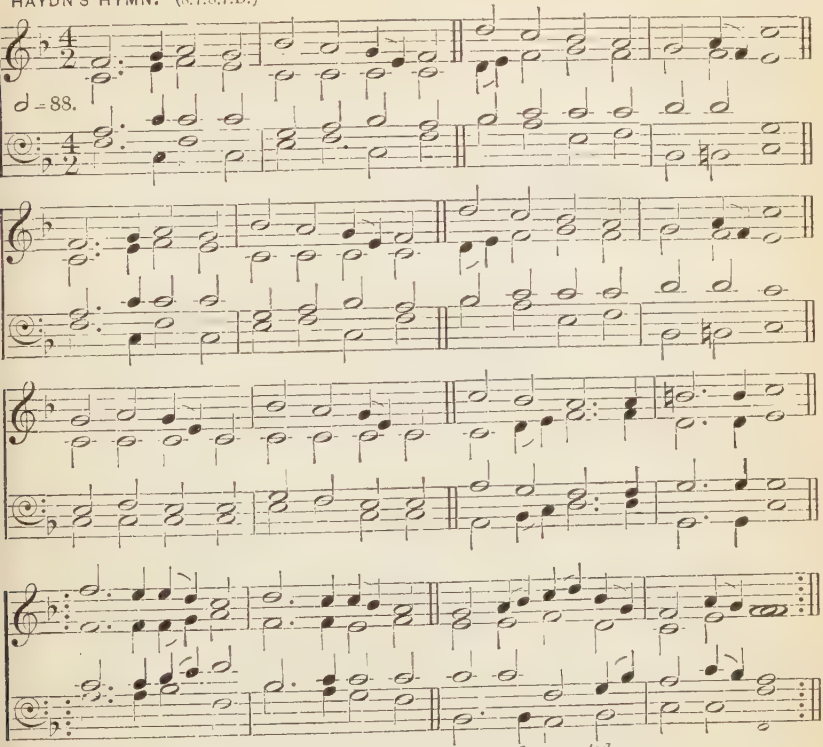
3 Round each habitation hovering
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the LORD is near.
Thus they march, the pillar leading,
Light by night and shade by day,
Daily on the manna feeding
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood—
JESUS, Whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to GOD.
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And as priests His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

HAYDN'S HYMN. (8.7.8.7.D.)

133

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN.



The last two lines of each verse may be repeated.

'God commendeth His love toward us.'

f LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down—
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
p JESUS, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art:
cr Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

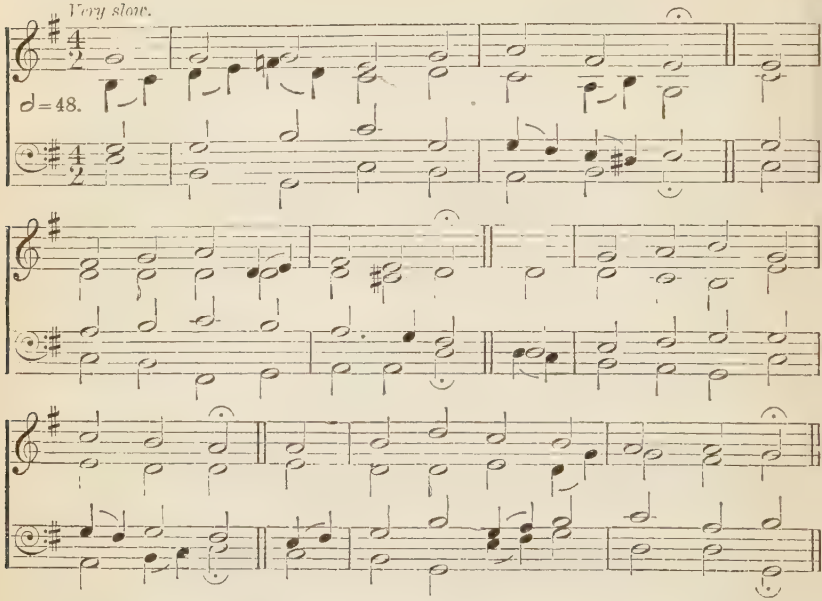
f 2 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
cr Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

f 3 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

134

BRESLAU. (L.M.)

Adapted and harmonized by F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HESPERUS, No. 156.

'If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me.'

f TAKE up thy cross, the SAVIOUR said,
If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake
And humbly follow after Me.

2 Take up thy cross: let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up
And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy LORD for thee the cross endured
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross then in His strength
And calmly every danger brave:
'Twill guide thee to a better home
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

cr 5 Take up thy cross and follow CHRIST,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

135

THY LIFE WAS GIVEN FOR ME.
(6.6.6.6.6.6.)

Sir GEORGE MACFARREN, Mus.D.

'Fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ.'

p THY life was given for me,
Thy blood, O LORD, was shed,
That I might ransomed be
And quickened from the dead.
Thy life was given for me:
What have I given for Thee?

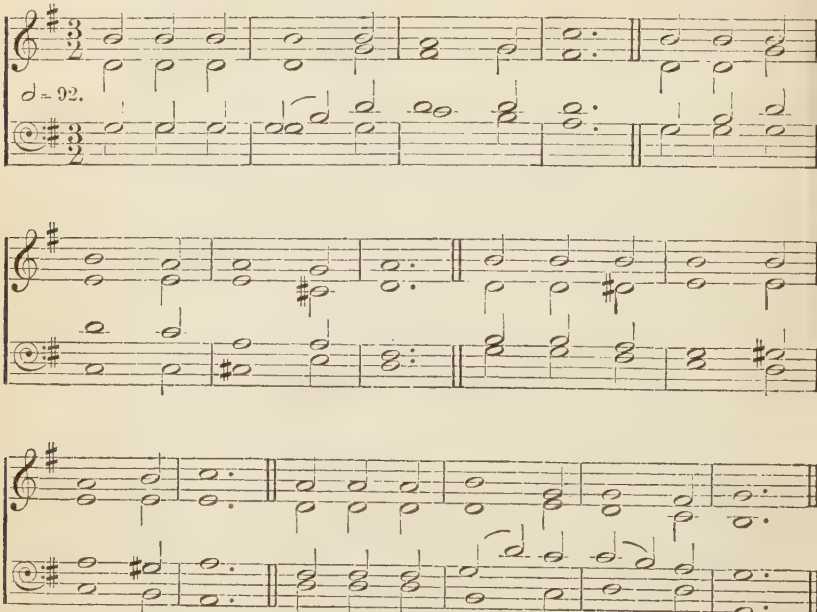
2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.
Long years were spent for me:
Have I spent one for Thee?

cr 3 And Thou hast brought to me
Down from Thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love.
Great gifts Thou broughtest me:
p What have I brought to Thee?

f 4 O let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent.
Thou gav'st Thyself for me—
I give myself to Thee.

136

PENTECOST. (L.M.) Rev. WILLIAM BOYD.



'*Fight the good fight.*'

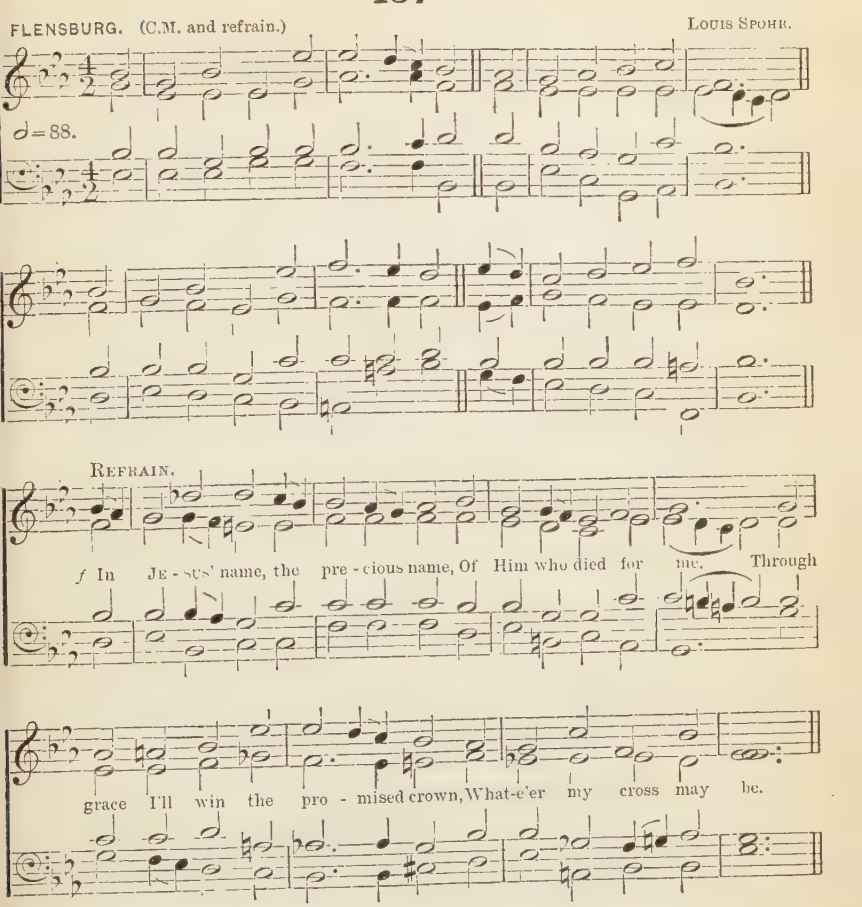
f FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
CHRIST is thy strength, and CHRIST thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race through GOD's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes and seek His face.
Life with its way before us lies:
CHRIST is the path, and CHRIST the prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide.
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
CHRIST is its life and CHRIST its love.

4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;
He changeth not and thou art dear;
cr Only believe, and thou shalt see
That CHRIST is all in all to thee.

137


FLENSBURG. (C.M. and refrain.)
Louis Spohr.
♩=88.
Refrain.
f In Je - sus' name, the pre - cious name, Of Him who died for me, Through
grace I'll win the pro - mised crown, What-e'er my cross may be.

'Let him deny himself and take up his cross.'

f AM I a soldier of the cross—
A follower of the Lamb;
And shall I fear to own His cause
Or blush to speak His name?

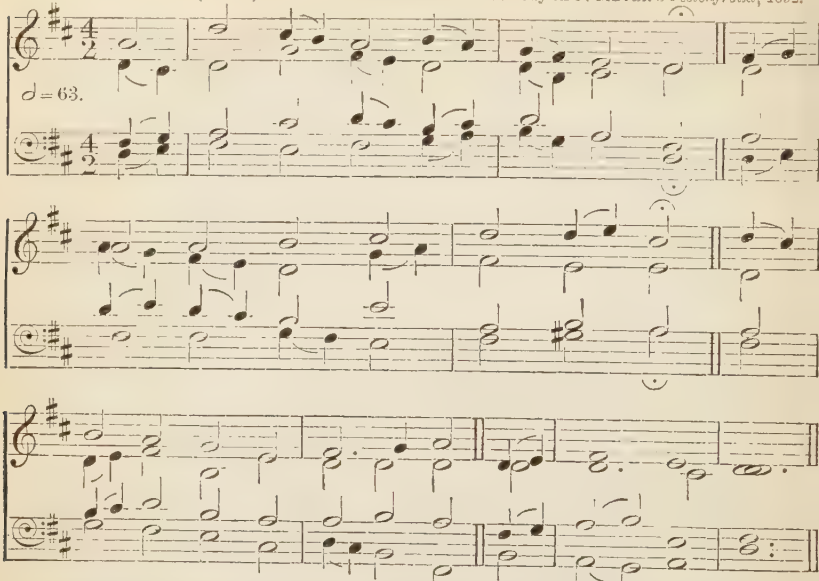
In Jesus' name, the precious name,
Of Him who died for me,
Through grace I'll win the promised crown,
Whate'er my cross may be.

2 Are there no foes for me to face:
Must I not stem the flood:
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?

3 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord.
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

138

ES IST KEIN TAG. (8.8.8.4.) Melody in J. MEYER'S *Seelenfreud*, 1692.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HERBERT, SCOTTISH HYMNAL, No. 277, AND CHURCH HYMNARY, No. 389.

'I delight to do Thy will, O my God.'

WHAT was Thy holy joy, O LORD,
While earthly toils were round Thee still?
cr To work with patient, loving care
Thy FATHER'S will.

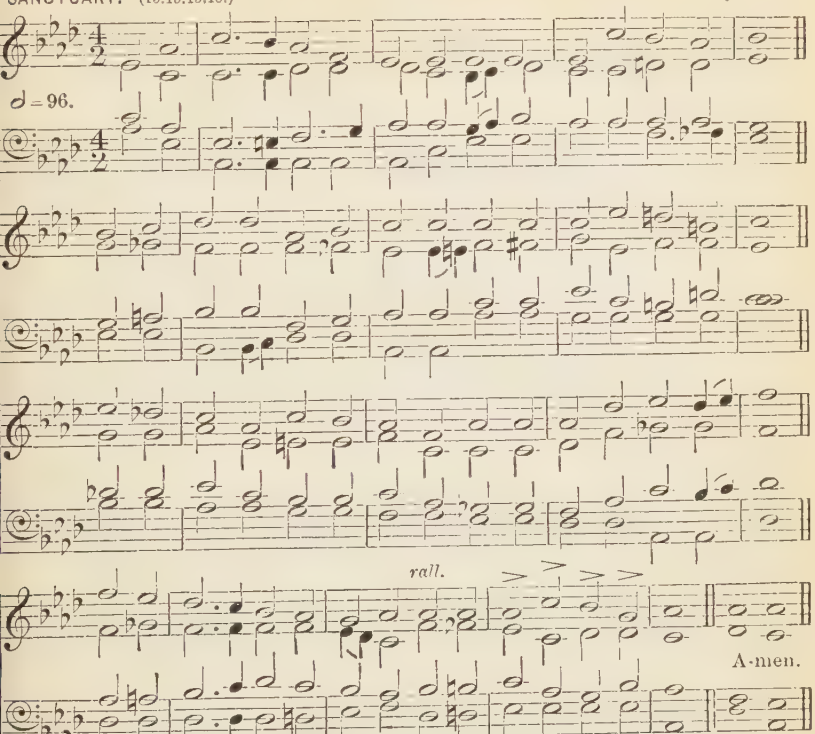
2 What shall I render, O my LORD,
For all Thy love bestowed on me:
For pardon, peace and hope of heaven?
cr To follow Thee.

3 What is a nobler privilege
Than earth's high honours can afford,
Surpassing kingdom, praise or power?
cr To serve my LORD.

4 What is my glorious liberty,
My steadfast trust, my sure abode,
My freedom from the bonds of sin?
cr The yoke of GOD.

5 What is the highest, holiest bliss
Of heaven's unbounded store of grace?
f To serve Him whom we served below,
But face to face.

SANCTUARY. (15.15.15.15.) **139** Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D.



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Alternative Tune, Deerhurst, Scottish Hymnal, No. 112.

'*A great multitude, which no man could number.*'

f HARK the sound of holy voices, chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Lord, to Thee.
Multitude, which none can number, like the stars, in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding palms of victory in their hands.

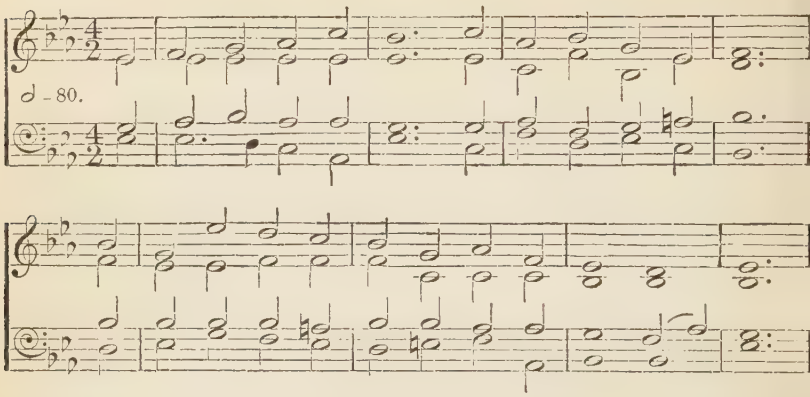
2 Patriarch and holy prophet, who prepared the way of Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor, martyr and evangelist,
Saintly maiden, godly matron, widow, who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing to the Lord of all, are there.

3 Marching with Thy cross their banner, they have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation, Thee, their Saviour and their King.
lim Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered: gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
r And by death to life immortal they were born, and glorified.

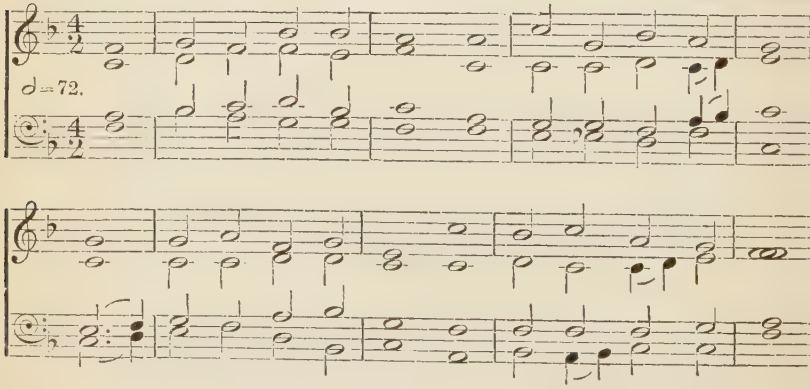
4 God of God, the One-begotten, Light of Light, Immanuel,
In whose body joined together all the saints for ever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fulness that we may for evermore
f God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost adore.

140

MOSELEY. (12.12.) FIRST TUNE HENRY SMART.



PSALM XXXII. (12.12.) SECOND TUNE HENRY LAWES.



'*The communion of the blood of Christ . . . of the body of Christ.*'

p THE Body with the Blood: of JESUS CHRIST, our LORD,
Eternal health to us: for our true life afford.

cr 2 Fed with that sacred Flesh: cheered with that precious Blood,
With hearts refreshed and strong: we render thanks to GOD,

f 3 Who fills the empty soul: and from His throne above
To hungry souls on earth: sends down His feast of love.

ff 4 The Alleluia glad: the sacrifice of praise,
To Him who saves mankind: let all the nations raise.

5 To Him yield righteousness: the sacrifice divine;
In Him put thou thy trust: and not in strength of thine.

141

NEARER HOME. (S.M. and refrain.) ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

'So shall we ever be with the Lord.'

f 'FOR ever with the LORD!'
Amen; so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

p *Here in the body pent,*
Absent from Him I roam,

cr *Yet nightly pitch my moving tent*
A day's march nearer home.

f 2 My FATHER'S house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

p 3 Ah then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,

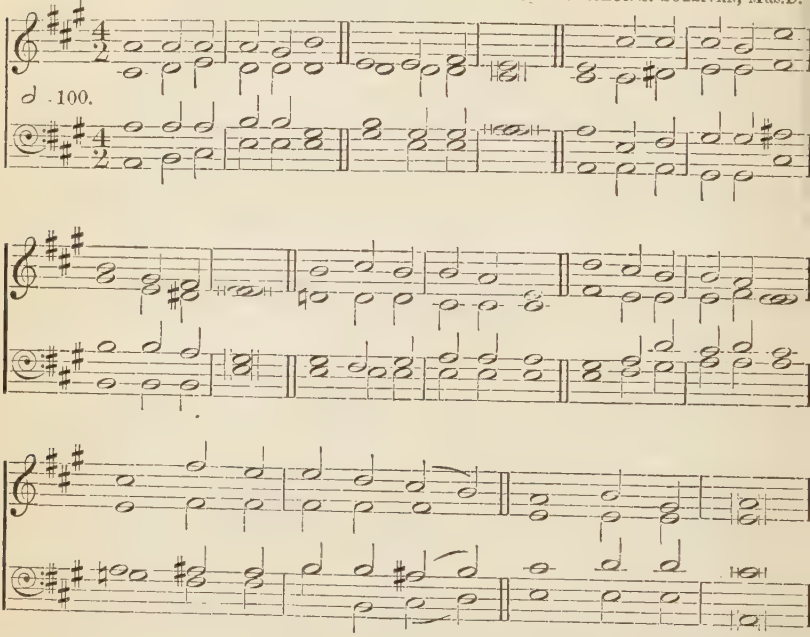
cr The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

4 'For ever with the LORD!'
FATHER, if 'tis Thy will,

f The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.

142

ST. EDMUND. (6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.) Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus.D.



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'*These confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.*'

p I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home;
cr Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

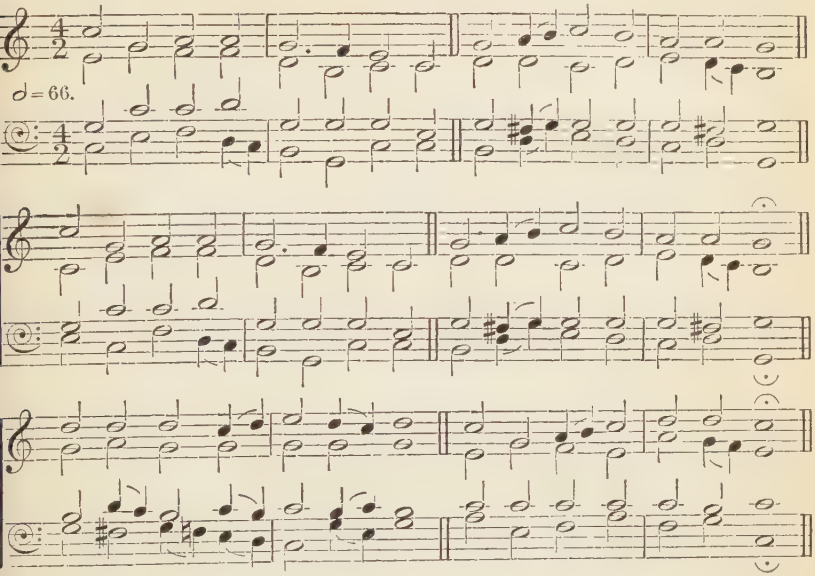
p 2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home;
cr And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpassed;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

f 3 There at my Saviour's side—
Heaven is my home—
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home;
There are the good and blest,
There, those I love the best;
And there I too shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home;
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

143

ALL SAINTS. (8.7.8.7.7.7.) *Darmstadt Gesangbuch*, 1698 (slightly adapted).



'They which have washed their robes and made them white.'

f WHO are these, like stars appearing, [stand?
These, before GOD's throne who
Each a golden crown is wearing:
Who are all this glorious band?
cr Alleluia—hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

f 2 Who are these of dazzling brightness,
These in GOD's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade, [hand—
Ne'er be touched by time's rude
Whence comes all this glorious band?

3 These are they who have contended
For their SAVIOUR's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph through the LAMB have gained.

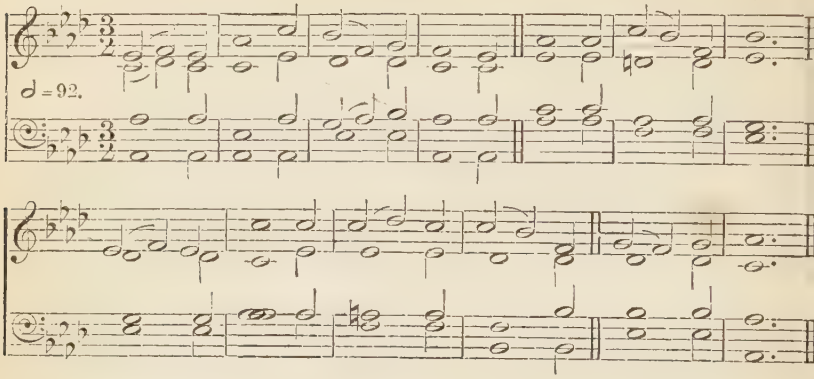
p 4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
cr Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the GOD they glorified:
dim Now, their painful conflict o'er,
p GOD has bid them weep no more.

f 5 These like priests have watched and waited,
Offering up to CHRIST their will,
Soul and body consecrated
Day and night to serve Him still:
Now in GOD's most holy place
Blest they stand before His face.

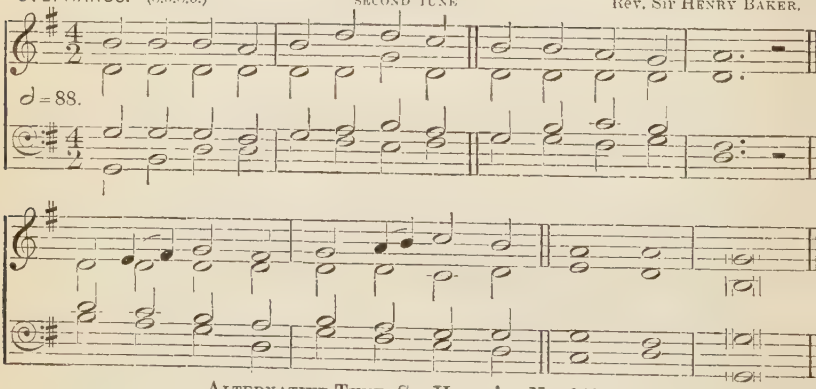
Verses 1, 3, *and* 5 *may be sung in unison.*

144

BULLINGER. (8.5.8.3.) FIRST TUNE Rev. E. W. BULLINGER, D.D.



STEPHANOS. (8.5.8.3.) SECOND TUNE Rev. Sir HENRY BAKER.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, ST. HELEN'S, No. 249.

'Follow thou Me.'

p ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
cr 'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and coming
Be at rest.'

p 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
In His feet and hands are wound-prints
And His side.

3 Hath He diadem as monarch
That His brow adorns?
Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.

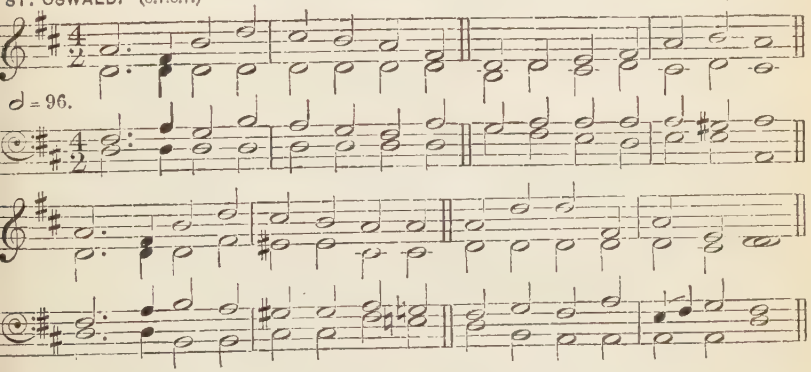
5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past.

p 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
f Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away.

p 7 Finding, following, keeping, strug-
Is He sure to bless? [gling,
f Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins
Answer, Yes.

145

ST. OSWALD. (8.7.8.7.) Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.



'*One hope of your calling.*'

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

2 Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

3 One the light of GOD's own presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:

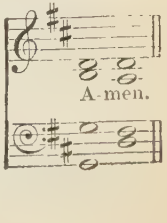
4 One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our GOD inspires:

5 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one,
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in GOD begun:

6 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one Almighty FATHER
Reigns in love for evermore.

7 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
dim Till we rest beneath its shade.

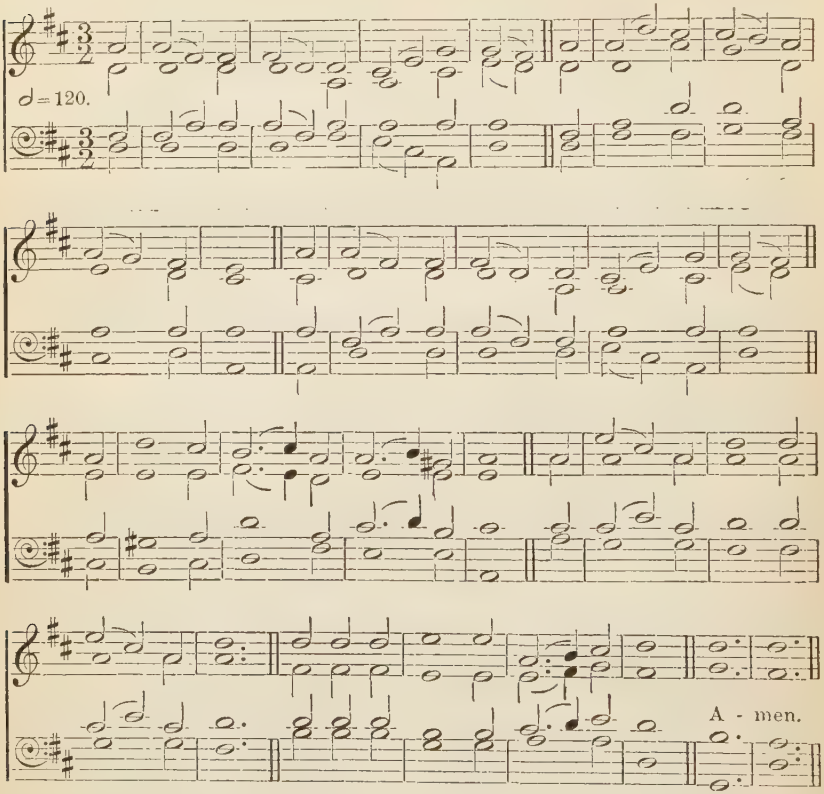
cr 8 Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
f Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.



Verses **3**, **5**, *and* **7** *may be sung in unison.*

146

KAHLENBERG. (8.8.8.8.8.8.) Adapted from WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART.



'In Him was life, and the life was the light of men.'

f O LIGHT, whose beams illumine all
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray:

cr At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
That youth may love, and age adore.

f 2 O Way, through whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease:

cr In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O LORD, through Thee.

f 3 O Truth, before whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the pure and meek:

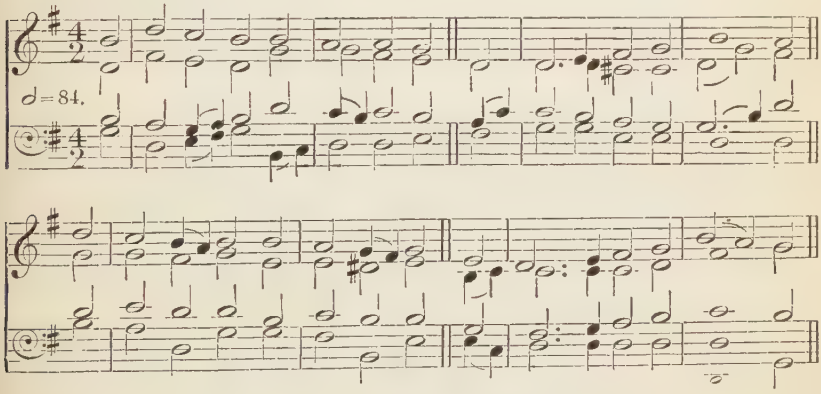
cr When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

f 4 O Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless what seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme what words can paint?
cr In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be Thou our conqueror over death.

f 5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O JESUS, born mankind to save,
Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave:
Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,
LORD of the living and the dead.

147

DOMINUS REGIT ME. (8.7.8.7.) Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.



'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.'

f THE King of Love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

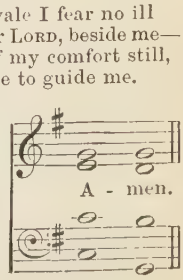
2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

p 3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
cr And home rejoicing brought me.

p 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear LORD, beside me—
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

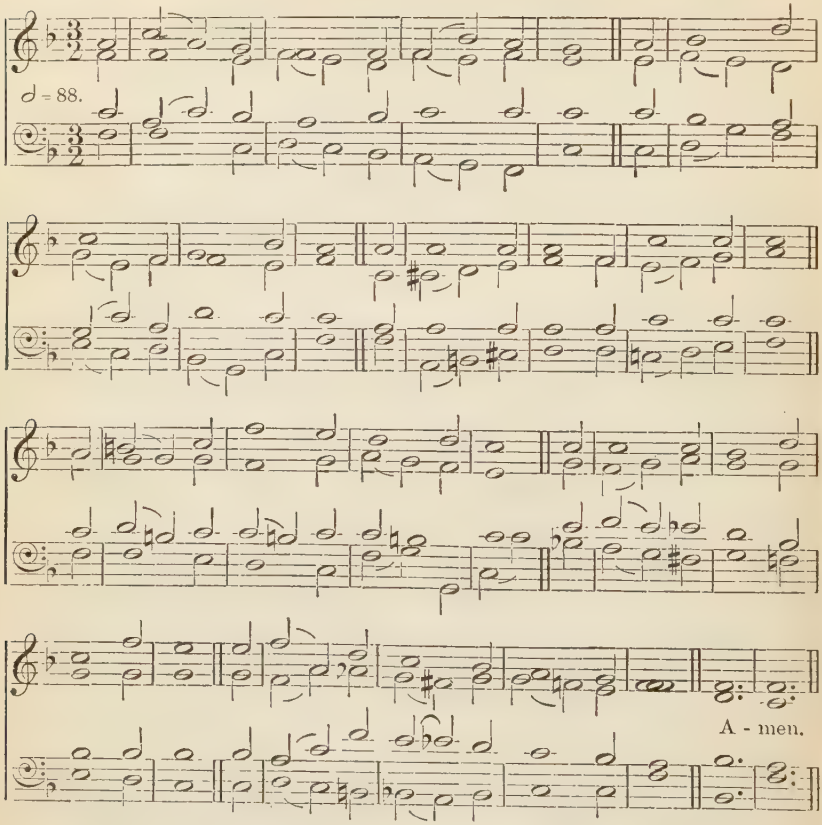
f 5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth.

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.



148

BYLAND ABBEY. (S.S.S.S.S.S.) E. G. MONK, MUS.D.



'The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.'

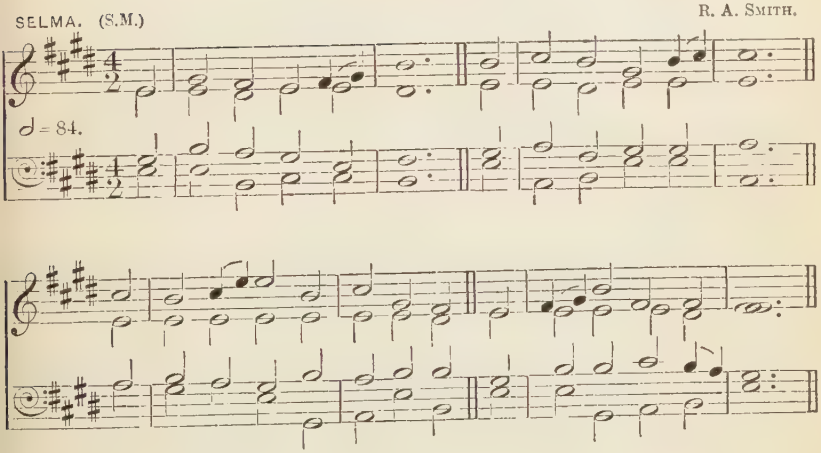
f O THOU, before the world began
Ordained a sacrifice for man,
And by th' Eternal SPIRIT made
An offering in the sinner's stead:
Our everlasting Priest art Thou,
Pleading Thy death for sinners now.

2 Thy offering still continues new
Before the righteous FATHER'S view;
Thyself the LAMB for ever slain,
Thy priesthood doth unchanged remain:
Thy years, O GOD, can never fail,
Nor Thy blest work within the veil.

3 O that our faith may never move
But stand unshaken as Thy love,
Sure evidence of things unseen!
Now let it pass the years between,
And view Thee bleeding on the tree—
My LORD, my GOD, that diest for me.

149

SELMA. (S.M.) R. A. SMITH.



'They thirsted not when He led them.'

f HE that hath led will lead
All through the wilderness;
He that hath fed will ever feed,
He that hath blessed will bless.

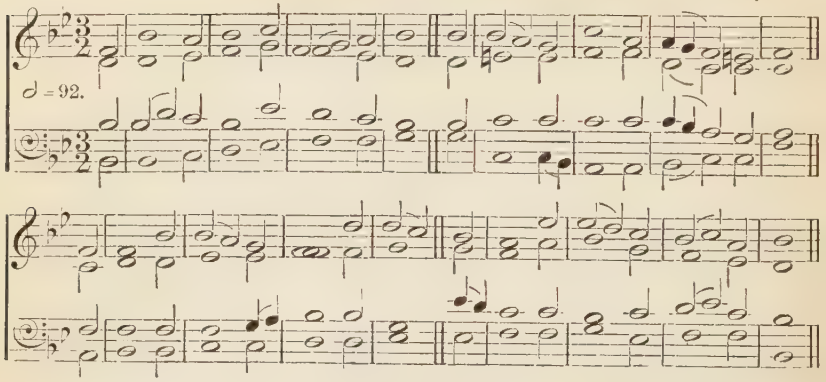
2 He that hath heard thy cry
Will never close His ear;
He that hath marked thy faintest sigh
Will not forget thy tear.

3 He that hath made thee nigh
Will draw thee nearer still;
He that hath given the first supply
Will satisfy and fill.

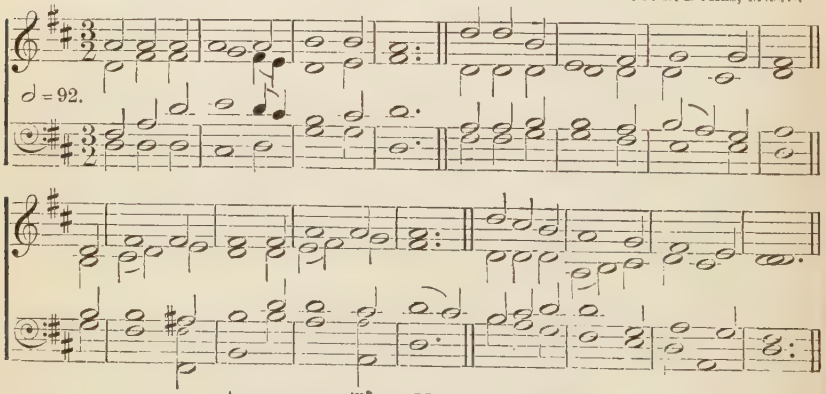
4 He that hath given thee grace
Yet more and more will send;
He that hath set thee in the race
Will speed thee to the end.

150

WALTON. (L.M.) FIRST TUNE WILLIAM GARDINER'S *Sacred Melodies*, 1815.



RIVAULX. (L.M.) SECOND TUNE Rev. J. B. DYKES, MUS.D.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, MARYTON, No. 324.

'To me to live is Christ.'

f JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts,
Thou fount of life, Thou light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

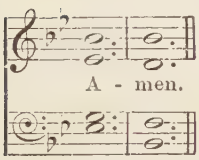
2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good:
To them that find Thee, All in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

p 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast:
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

f 5 O JESUS, ever with us stay.
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

FIRST TUNE.

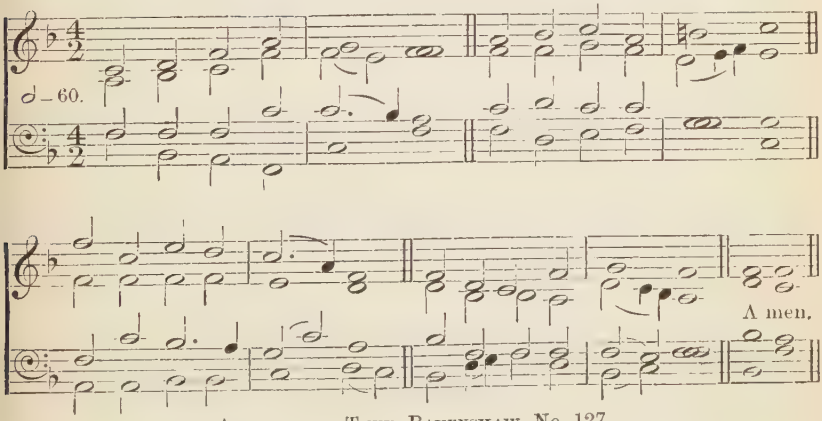


SECOND TUNE.

151

OATLANDS. (6.6.6.6.)

Rev. A. W. WOTHERSPOON, M.A.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, RAVENSHAW, No. 127.

'The bright and morning star.'

f JESUS, Star of morning,
Through the darkness guide us;
Shine upon our pathway
That no ill betide us.

2 JESUS, Door of heaven,
In Thy grace supernal,
Give us there an entrance
Into life eternal.

p 3 Now a veil divides us,
But the night is wearing:
cr Soon will come the brightness
Of Thy blest appearing.

4 King and LORD of glory,
When the veil is riven,
Grant that we may see Thee
Face to face in heaven.

152

I NEED THEE. (6.4.6.4. and refrain.) REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

'*The God of all comfort.*'

p I NEED Thee every hour,
Most gracious LORD;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

cr *I need Thee, O I need Thee,*
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to Thee.

p 2 I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

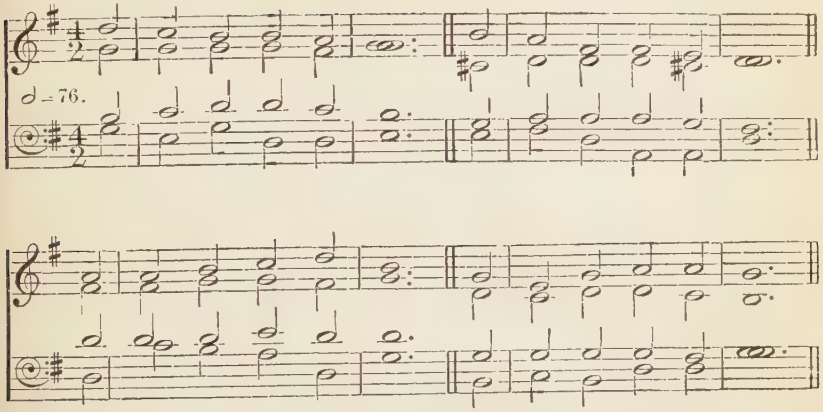
3 I need Thee every hour
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour,
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

153

ST. CECILIA. (6.6.6.6.)

Rev. L. G. HAYNE, Mus.D.



'*My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh longeth for Thee.*'

f I HUNGER and I thirst—
JESUS, my manna be.
Ye living waters, burst
Out of the rock for me.

p 2 Thou bruised and broken Bread,
My life-long wants supply;
As living souls are fed,
O feed me or I die.

f 3 Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove;
Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.

p 4 Rough paths my feet have trod
Since first their course began:
cr Feed me, Thou Bread of GOD;
Help me, Thou Son of Man

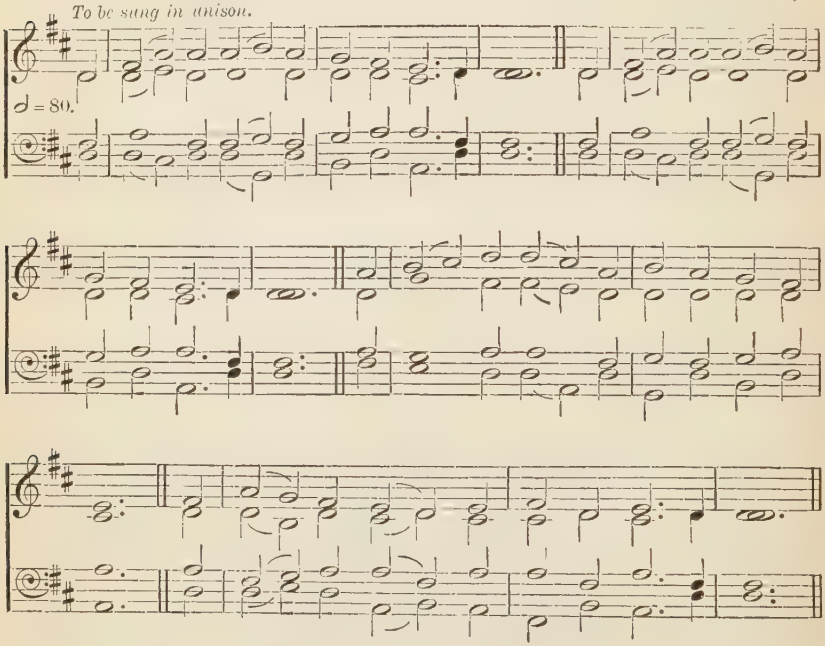
5 For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before;
f O living waters, rise
Within me evermore.

154

ADORO TE. (10.10.10.10.)

Plain Chant Melody
(from the Solesmes Version).

To be sung in unison.



'*I am the Resurrection.*'

p THINE was the night of sorrows: Thou alone
The cup of death—the awful cross—hast known;
cr And Thou hast conquered in the mortal fight,
And brought immortal life and joy to light.

f 2 First-fruits of them that slept, our Life to be,
Within the grave Thy FATHER quickened Thee;
And Thou in flesh the steps of light hast trod,
From dust and ashes to the Throne of GOD.

cr 3 In Thee, our glorified exalted Head,
Our flesh is buried and our sins are dead:
In Thee we rise to seek the things above;
And who shall part us from Thy wondrous love?

155

VOM HIMMEL HOCH. (L.M.)
This tune may be sung in unison.

Melody by MARTIN LUTHER.
Harmonized by J. S. BACH.

NOTE.—*Where possible the bass should be strengthened throughout by the addition of the lower octave on the instrument.*

'One thing is needful.'

f JESUS, engrave it on my heart
That Thou the one thing needful art;
I would from all things parted be
But never, never, LORD, from Thee.

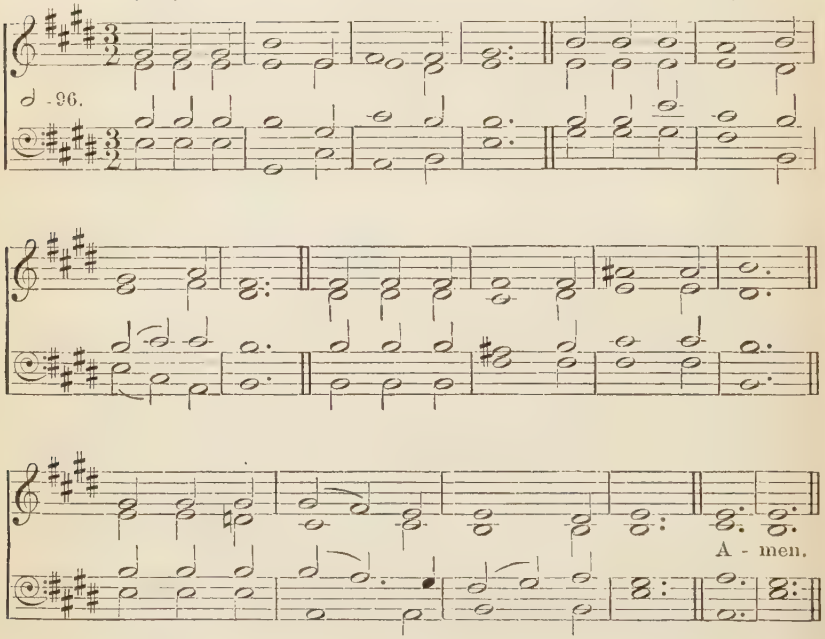
cr 2 Needful Thy presence, dearest LORD,
True peace and comfort to afford;
Needful Thy promise to impart
Fresh life and vigour to my heart.

dim 3 Needful art Thou to be my stay
Through all life's dark and thorny way;
Nor less in death Thou'lt needful be
To bring my spirit home to Thee.

cr 4 Then needful still, my GOD and KING,
Thy name eternally I'll sing,
Glory and praise be ever His;
The one thing needful JESUS is.

156

HESPERUS. (L.M.) FIRST TUNE HENRY BAKER, Mus.B.



[*Copyright of* W. GARRETT HORDER.]

'*Where I am there shall also My servant be.*'

p LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My SAVIOUR, my eternal Rest;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

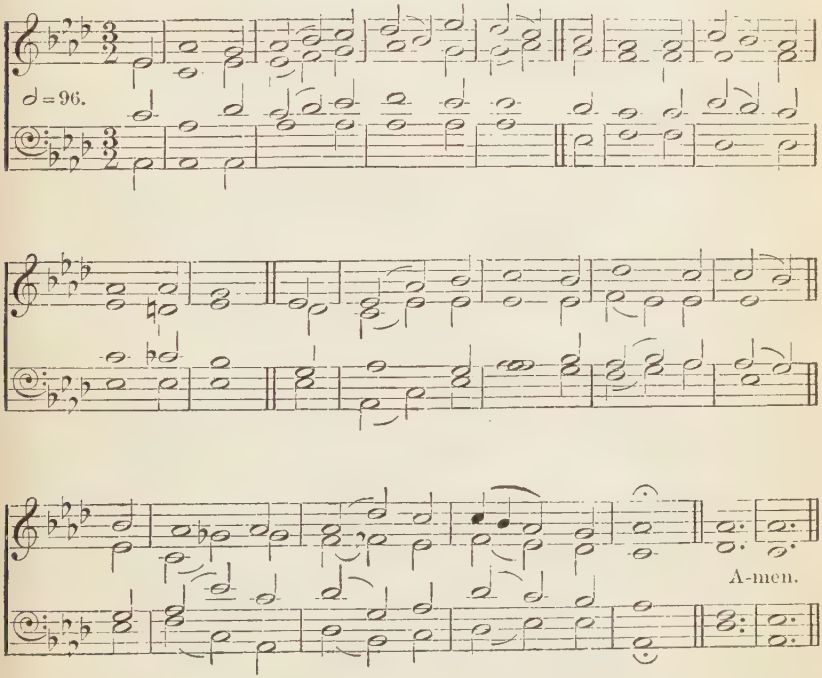
cr 2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be faithless, treacherous, cold.

156

SECOND TUNE

ELSTOW. (L.M.)

From MENDELSSOHN.
Adapted by W. HAYNES.



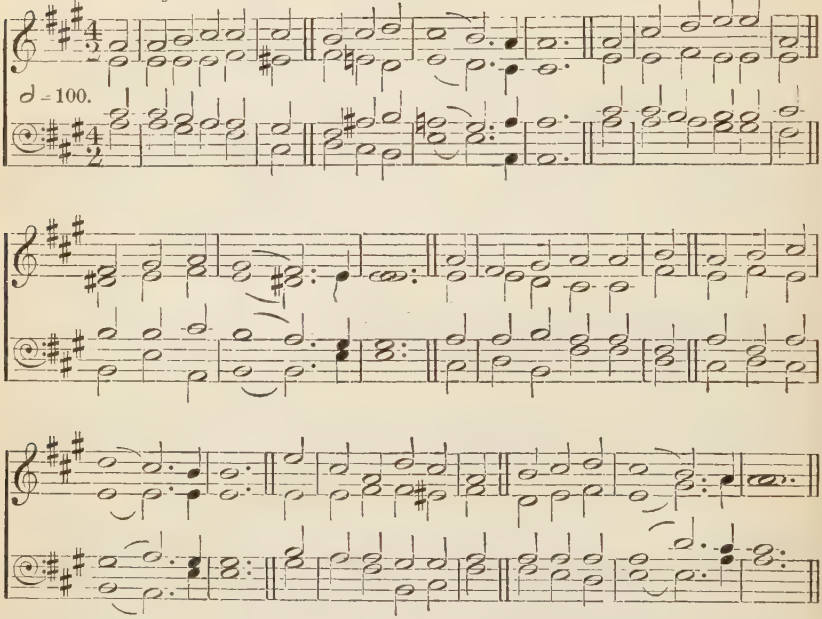
f 3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die—where none remove:
cr Where life nor death my soul can part
From Thy blest presence and Thy love.

157

ANNUE, CHRISTE. (6.6.6.6.D.)
To be sung in unison.

From La Feillée,
Méthode du plain-chant, 1782.



Alternative Tunes, Hawarden, No. 173, and The Blessed Home, Scottish Hymnal, No. 265, and Church Hymnary, No. 330.

'*They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.*'

f THERE is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come
Nor tears of sorrow flow:
Where faith is lost in sight
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

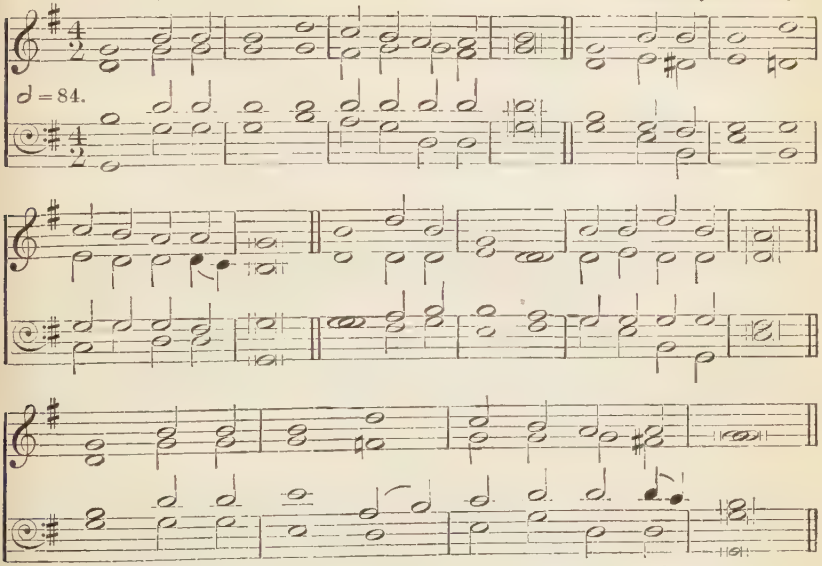
2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
cr Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father one,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond!
To see the Lamb who died,
p And count each sacred wound
In hands and feet and side:
cr To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

f 4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
cr Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

158

FFIGYSBREN. (10.10.10.10.) Welsh Hymn Melody.



Alternative Tune, St. Agnes, Scottish Hymnal, No. 320, and Church Hymnary, No. 415.

'Come ye yourselves apart, . . . and rest awhile.'

f COME ye yourselves apart and rest awhile,
Weary, I know it, of the press and throng;
Wipe from your brow the sweat and dust of toil,
And in My quiet strength again be strong.

2 Come ye aside from all the world holds dear,
For converse which the world has never known,
Alone with Me and with My Father here—
With Me and with My Father not alone.

3 Come, tell Me all that ye have said and done—
Your victories and failures, hopes and fears.
p I know how hardly souls are wooed and won:
My choicest wreaths are always wet with tears.

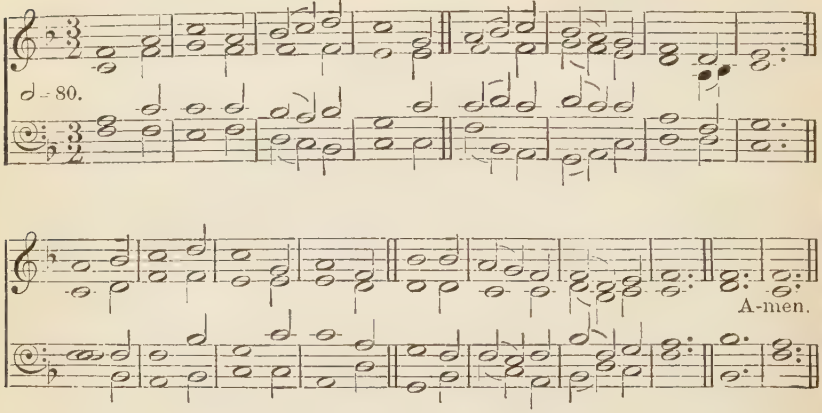
4 Come ye and rest: the journey is too great
And ye will faint beside the way, and sink;
cr The bread of life is here for you to eat
And here for you the wine of love to drink.

5 Then, fresh from converse with your Lord, return
And work till daylight softens into even:
The brief hours are not lost in which ye learn
More of your Master and His rest in heaven.

159

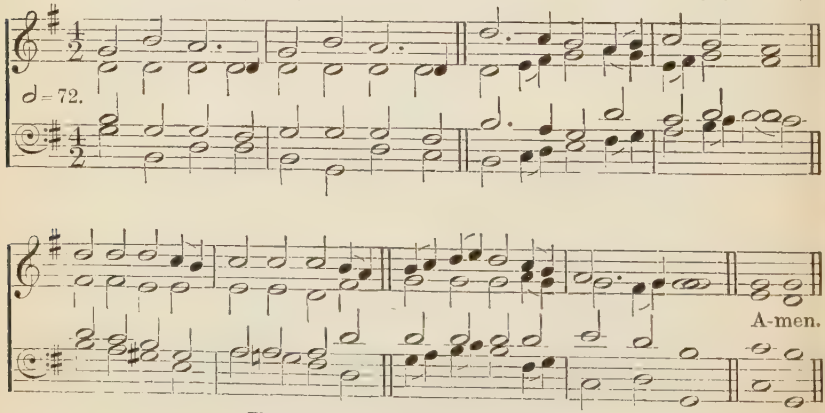
QUEM PASTORES LAUDAVERE. (8.7.8.7.) FIRST TUNE

Latin melody of the 14th century.



GOTT WILL'S MACHEN. (8.7.8.7.) SECOND TUNE

J. L. STEINER.



These tunes may both be sung in unison.

'Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ.'

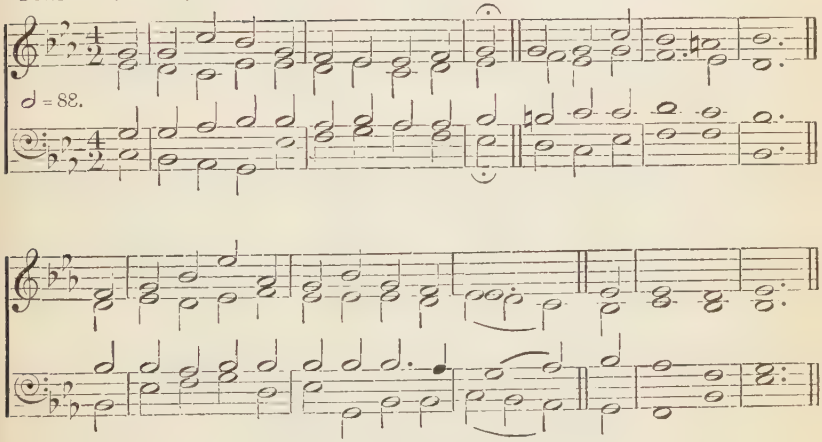
ALL unseen the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side;
cr Comfortable words He speaketh,
While His hands uphold and guide.

2 Grief nor pain nor any sorrow
Rends our heart, to Him unknown;
He to-day and He to-morrow
Grace sufficient gives His own.

f 3 Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,
Long endurance wins the crown:
dim When the evening shadows lengthen,
We shall lay our burdens down.

160

DORSET. (10.6.10.4.) J. T.

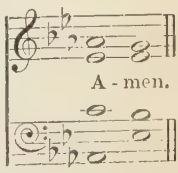


'When the doors were shut.'

p THE doors are shut: from earthly fear and strife
Thy death hath set us free;
O risen SAVIOUR, our eternal life
Is hid with Thee.

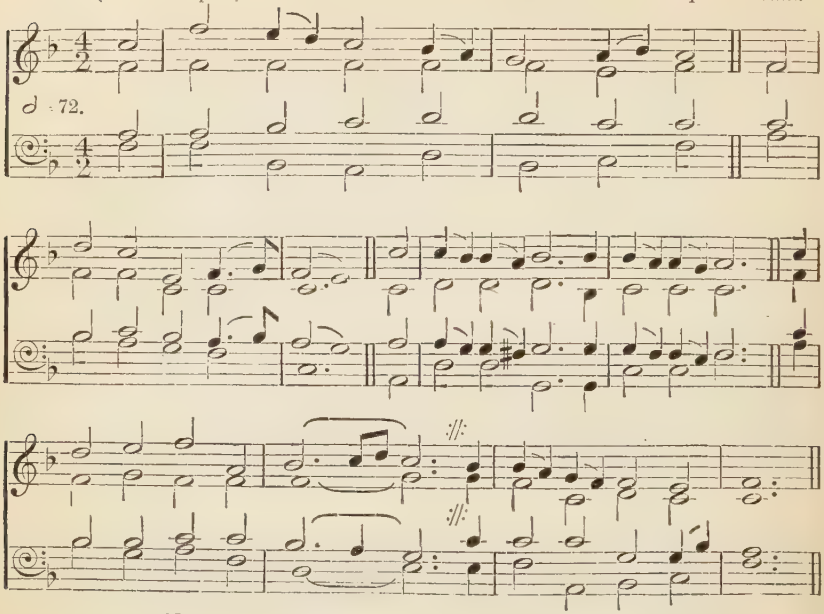
cr 2 The Bread was broken, but the FATHER'S love
Hath raised Thee from the dead;
And Thou art glorious on the throne above,
Our living Head.

f 3 Yet art Thou with us: by the HOLY GHOST
We know Thee, blessèd LORD;
And in the hearts of all Thy numbered host
Thy grace is stored.



161

ESSEX. (C.M. with repeat.) From the *European Psalmist.*



[*By permission. From* Dr. S. S. Wesley's *European Psalmist.*]

'*Jesus leadeth them up into an high mountain apart by themselves; and He was transfigured before them.*'

p WITH weary feet and saddened heart
From toil and care we flee,
And come, O dearest Lord, apart
To rest awhile with Thee.

2 The courts of heaven were lost to view,
The world had come between;
cr But here the veil is rent in two:
We see the things unseen.

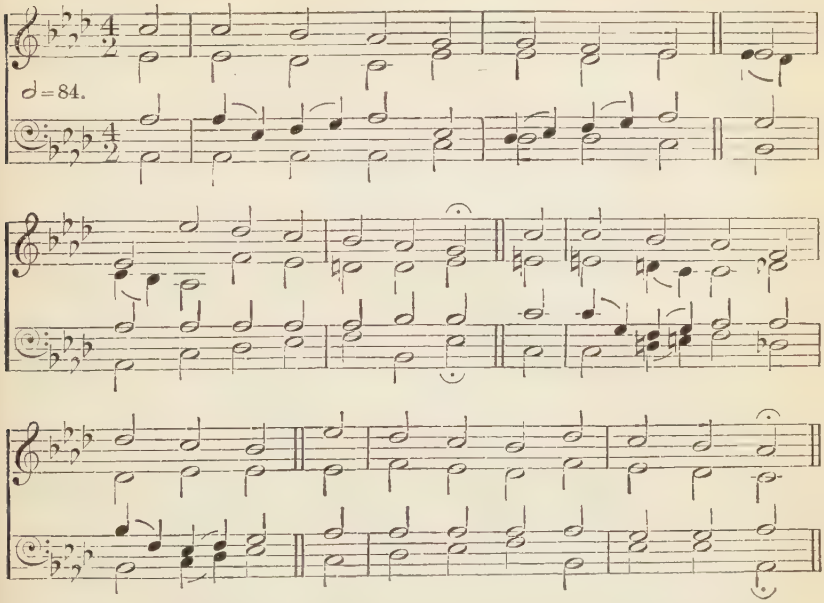
p 3 Our sins, in Thy pure light descried,
Stand out in dread array;
f But here in Love's absolving tide
Their guilt is washed away.

p 4 With strife of tongues distraught and worn
Our troublous way we trod,
cr But cast ourselves this holy morn
Into the peace of God.

f 5 And O what depth of joy, as thus
We bend the trembling knee,
To know that Thou art one with us
And we are one with Thee.

162

ST. LAWRENCE. (L.M.) Rev. L. G. HAYNE, Mus.D.



'He gave some, apostles; . . . and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ.'

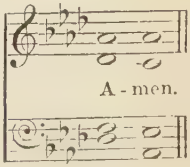
f O THOU Who makest souls to shine
With light from lighter worlds above,
p And droppest glistening dew divine
On all who seek a SAVIOUR's love:

cr 2 Do Thou Thy benediction give
On all who teach, on all who learn,
That so Thy Church may holier live
And every lamp more brightly burn.

f 3 Give those who teach pure hearts and wise,
Faith, hope and love, all warmed by prayer;
Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise their people there.

p 4 Give those who learn the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind;
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
Far better than a kingdom find.

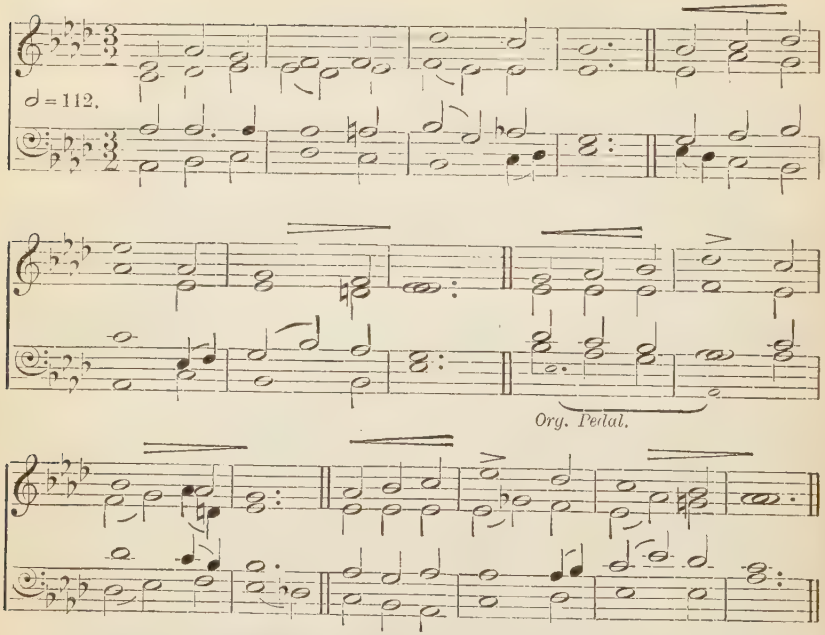
cr 5 O bless the shepherd: bless the sheep;
That guide and guided both be one—
One in the faithful watch they keep
Until this hurrying life be done.



163

ABENDS. (L.M.)

Sir Herbert S. Oakeley, Mus.D., LL.D.



Alternative Tunes, Elstow, Part 2 of this Hymn, and Rivaulx, No. 150.

'Jesus Himself drew near.'

Part 1.

p BE still, my soul! for God is near;
The great High Priest is with thee now.
The Lord of life Himself is near,
Before whose face the angels bow.

2 To make thy heart His lowly throne
Thy Saviour God in love draws nigh;
cr He gives Himself unto His own,
For whom He once came down to die.

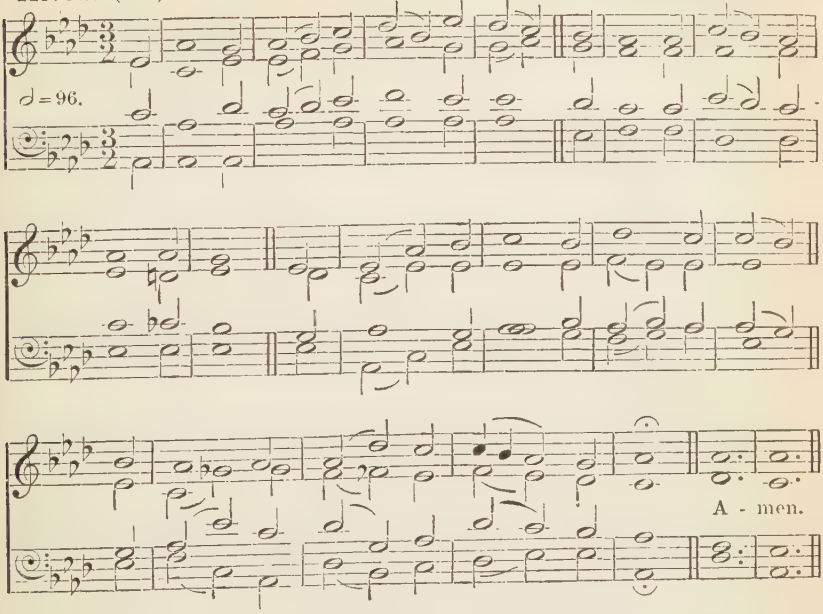
3 He pleads before the mercy-seat;
He pleads with God; He pleads for thee;
He gives thee bread from heaven to eat,
His flesh and blood in mystery.

f 4 I come, O Lord! for Thou dost call—
To blend my pleading prayer with Thine;
To Thee I give myself—my all,
And feed on Thee and make Thee mine.

163

ELSTOW. (L.M.)

From MENDELSSOHN.
Adapted by W. HAYNES.



PART 2.

O BODY broken for my sake
And dying on the awful tree,
That I from death new life should take
And live engrafted into thee:

2 O Living Bread, Who once didst die
And lay Thee down in rocky tomb,
Within my heart for ever lie
And shed Thy brightness o'er its gloom.

3 O precious Blood, so freely shed,
The pledge of pardon from above,
Speak to my heart so cold and dead
And wake it into life and love.

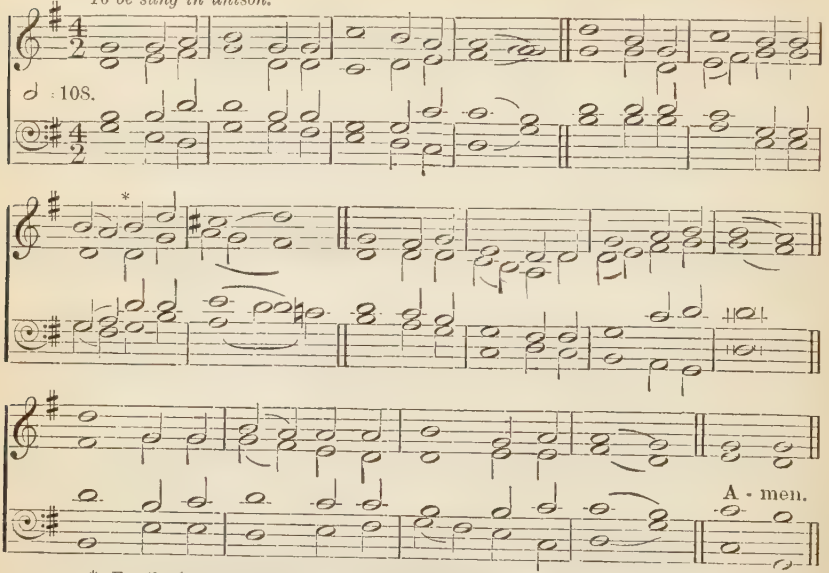
4 Speak better things than Abel's blood—
My ransom paid, my sins forgiven,
My soul restored to peace with GOD,
My place prepared for me in heaven.

5 O sacred Food, O cleansing Stream,
Fill all my soul with love divine:
O Thou Who didst my life redeem,
Dwell in my heart and make it Thine.

164

O QUANTA QUALIA. (10.10.10.10.)
To be sung in unison.

From LA FEILLÉE,
Méthode du plain-chant, 1782.



* *For the 1st verse, the slur is better over the 3rd and 4th notes of this bar.*

'There remaineth a Rest for the people of God.'

f O WHAT the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessèd ones see! [ones rest;
Crowns for the valiant, to weary
GOD shall be all and in all ever blest.

2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne? [they own?
What are the peace and the joy that
O that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!

3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore; [ne'er,
Wish and fulfilment can severed be
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring, [sing,
We the sweet anthems of Sion shall
While for Thy grace, LORD, their voices of praise
Thy blessèd people eternally raise.

cr 5 There dawns no Sabbath: no Sabbath is o'er; [no more.
Those Sabbath-keepers have one and
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

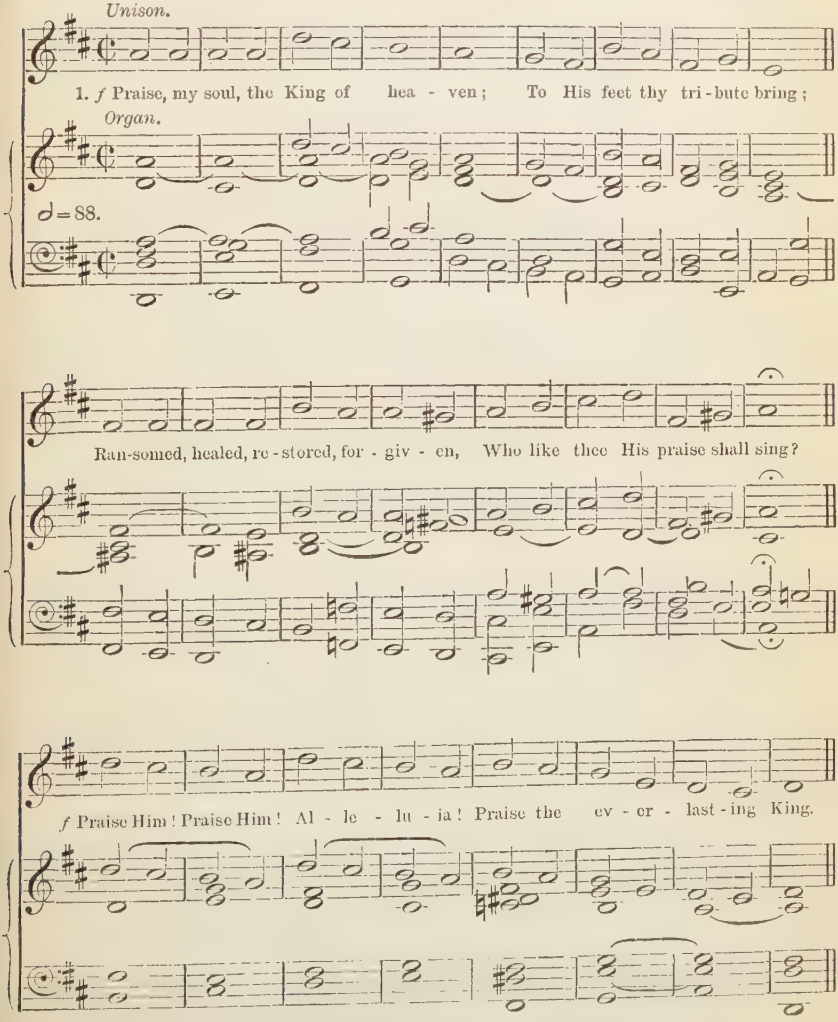
6 Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high, [must sigh,
We for that country must yearn and
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

7 Low at His feet with our praises we fall,
Of Whom and in Whom and through Whom are all:
Of Whom, the FATHER; and in Whom, the SON;
Through Whom, the SPIRIT, with Them ever one.

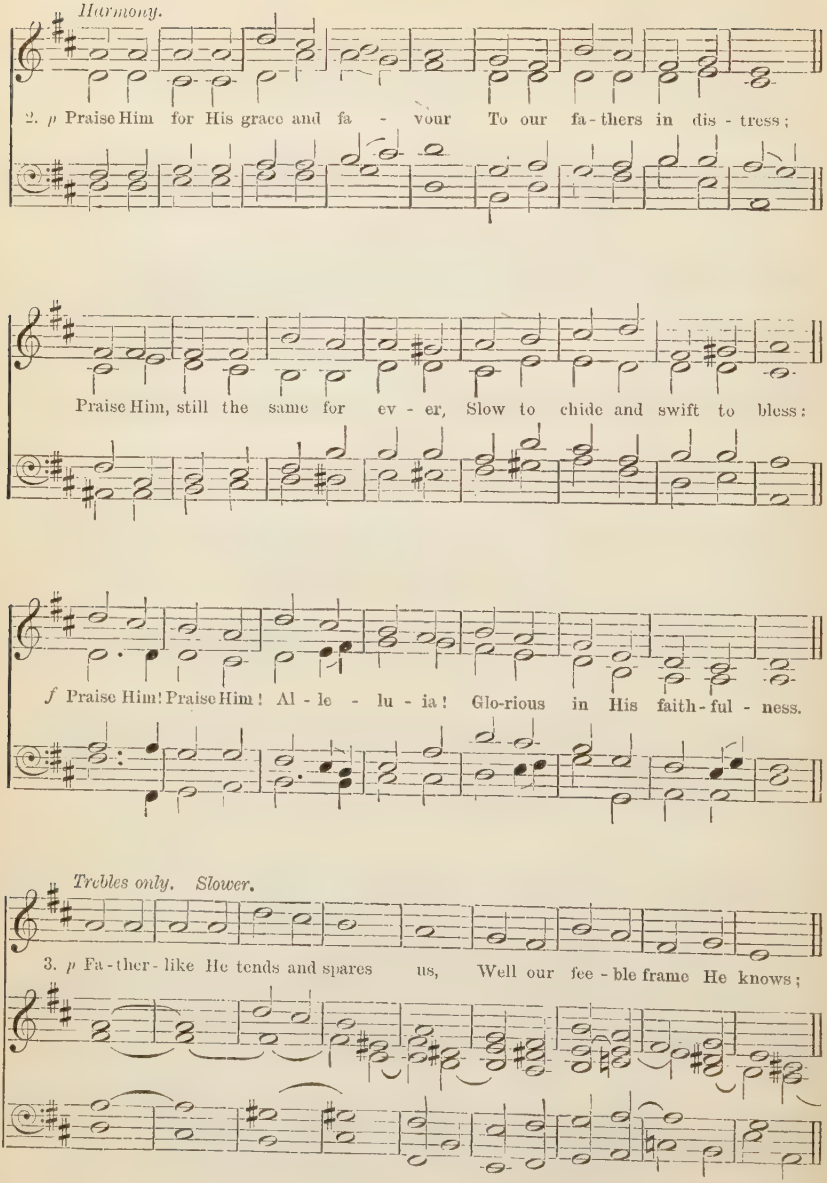
165

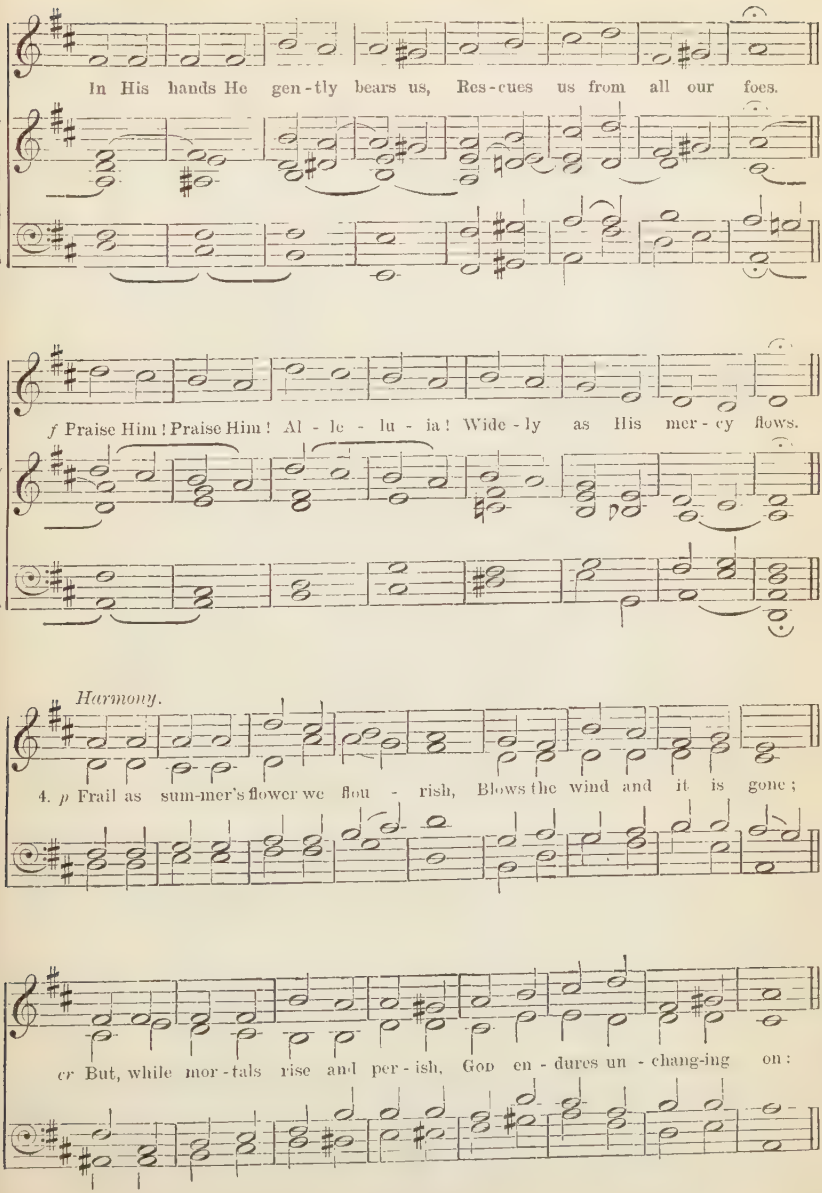
'Now, therefore, O God, we thank Thee, and praise Thy glorious name.'

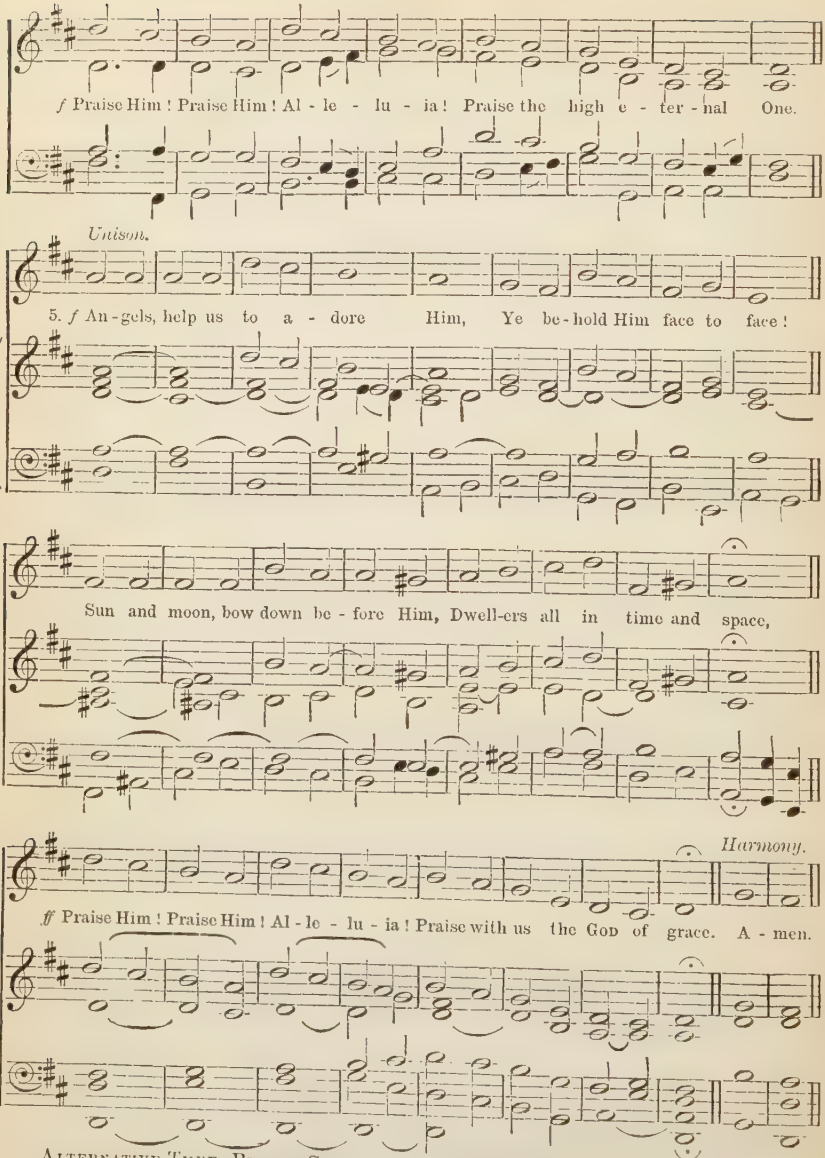
PRAISE MY SOUL.* (8.7.8.7.8.7.) Sir JOHN GOSS, MUS.D.


Unison.
1. f Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven; To His feet thy tri - bute bring;
Organ.
♩=88.
Ran-somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, Who like thee His praise shall sing?
f Praise Him! Praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.

* *If desired, the music of verse 2 may be used for the hymn throughout.*


Harmony.
2. p Praise Him for His grace and fa - vour To our fa-thers in dis - tress;
Praise Him, still the same for ev - er, Slow to chide and swift to bless:
f Praise Him! Praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! Glo-rious in His faith-ful - ness.
Trebles only. Slower.
3. p Fa-ther-like He tends and spares us, Well our fee - ble frame He knows;

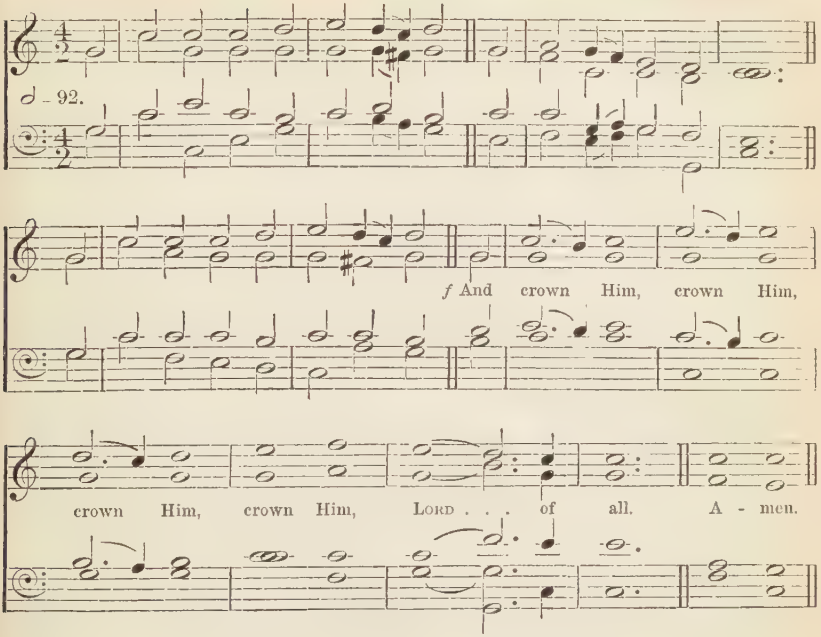

In His hands He gen - tly bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes.
f Praise Him! Praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly as His mer - cy flows.
Harmony.
4. p Frail as sum-mer's flower we flou - rish, Blows the wind and it is gone;
cr But, while mor - tals rise and per - ish, God en - dures un - chang-ing on:


f Praise Him ! Praise Him ! Al - le - lu - ia ! Praise the high e - ter - nal One.
Unison.
5. f An - gels, help us to a - dore Him, Ye be - hold Him face to face !
Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him, Dwell-ers all in time and space,
Harmony.
ff Praise Him ! Praise Him ! Al - le - lu - ia ! Praise with us the God of grace. A - men.

Alternative Tune, Regent Square, Scottish Hymnal, No. 82, and Church Hymnary, No. 10.

166

MILES LANE. (C.M.) WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.



'Thine, O Lord, is the victory.'

f ALL hail, the power of JESUS' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him LORD of all

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your GOD,
Who from His altar call;
Extol Him in whose path ye trod
And crown Him LORD of all.

3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace
And crown Him LORD of all.

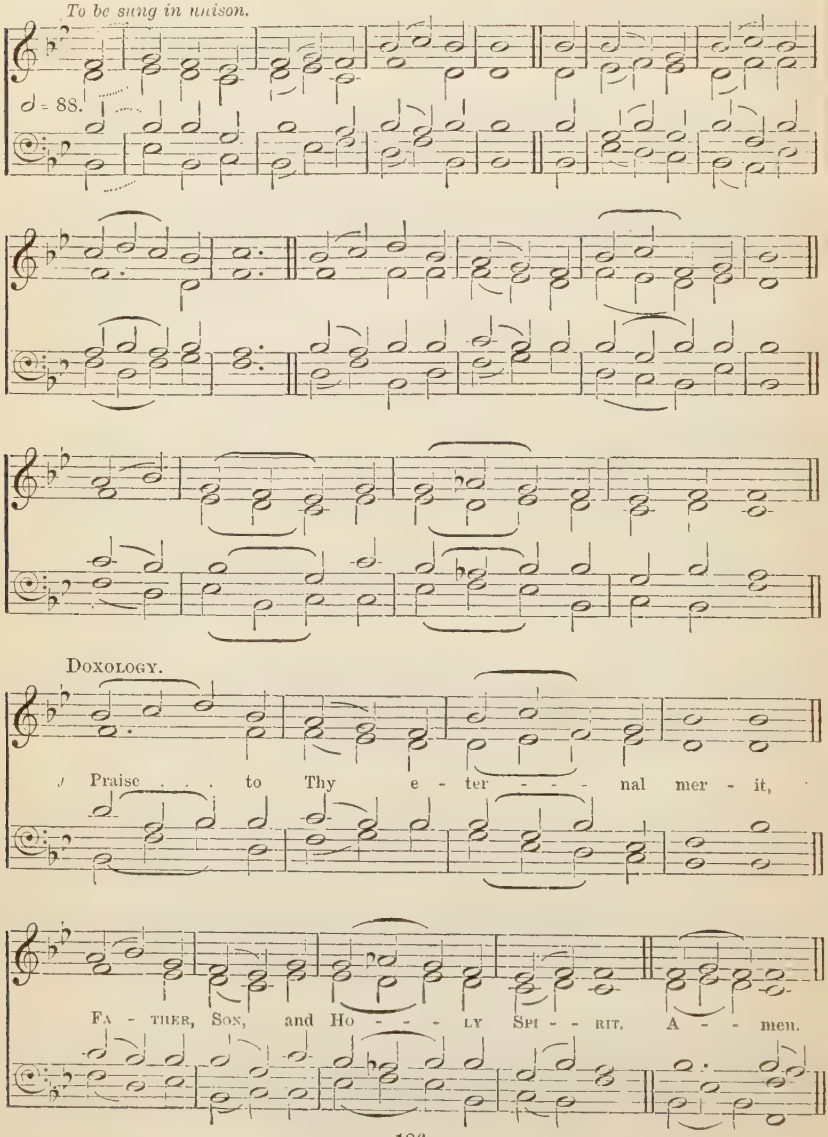
p 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
cr Go, spread your trophies at His feet
And crown Him LORD of all.

f 5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song
And crown Him LORD of all!

167

VENI CREATOR. (L.M.) FIRST TUNE Ancient Plainsong (Sarum form).

To be sung in unison.



167

VENI CREATOR. (L.M.) SECOND TUNE Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.

♩ - 88.
4th verse. That through the a - ges all a - long . . .
DOXOLOGY.
This may be our end - less song: f Praise to Thy e -
rall.
- - ter - nal mer - it, FA - THER, SON, and HO - LY SPI-RIT. A - men.

'The Comforter.'

f COME, HOLY GHOST! our souls inspire
And lighten with celestial fire.
Thou the anointing SPIRIT art
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

2 Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

p 3 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
cr Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.

4 Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,
And Thee, of both, to be but One;
That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song:
f Praise to Thy eternal merit,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT.

168

UNDE ET MEMORES. (10.10.10.10.10.10.) FIRST TUNE — W. H. MONK, MUS.D.

'In every place incense shall be offered unto My name, and a pure offering.'

p AND now, O FATHER, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's Tree,
And having with us Him that pleads above,
cr We here present, we here spread forth to Thee
f That only offering perfect in Thine eyes,
The one, true, pure, immortal sacrifice.

p 2 Look, FATHER, look on His anointed face,
And only look on us as found in Him.
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid and our faith so dim:
f For lo! between our sins and their reward
We set the Passion of Thy SON our LORD.

168

SONG I. (10,10,10,10,10,10.) SECOND TUNE ORLANDO GIBBONS.

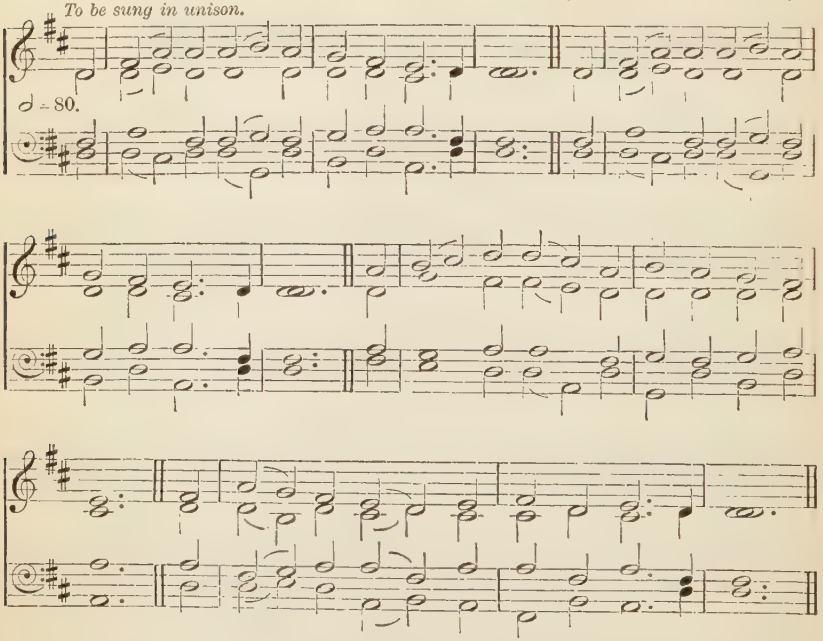
p 3 And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing presence we appeal.
cr O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast,
O do Thine utmost for their soul's true weal;
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.

p 4 And so we come: O draw us to Thy feet,
Most patient SAVIOUR, who canst love us still;
cr And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill.
f In Thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us never more to part with Thee.

169

ADORO TE. (10.10.10.10.)
To be sung in unison.

Plain Chant Melody
(from the Solesmes Version).



'Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life.'

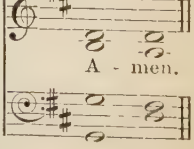
p THEE we adore, O hidden SAVIOUR, Thee
Who in Thy sacrament dost deign to be.
Both flesh and spirit at Thy presence fail,
Yet here Thy presence we devoutly hail.

f 2 O blest memorial of our dying LORD!
Thou Living Bread, who life dost here afford;
O may our souls for ever live by Thee,
And Thou to us for ever precious be.

p 3 Fountain of goodness, JESUS, LORD and GOD,
Cleanse us, unclean, with Thy most cleansing blood;
cr Make us in Thee devoutly to believe,
In Thee to hope, to Thee in love to cleave.

p 4 O CHRIST, whom now beneath a veil we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion be:
cr There in the glory of Thy dwelling-place
To gaze on Thee unveiled and see Thy face.

Harmony.

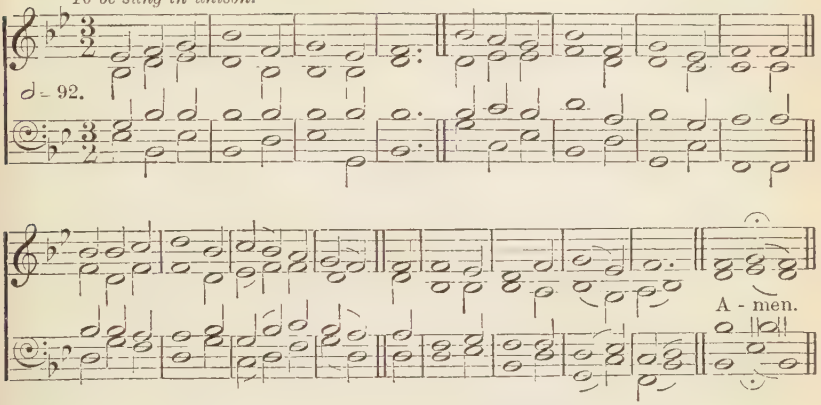


170

REDEMPTOR GENTIUM. (8.9.8.7.) FIRST TUNE

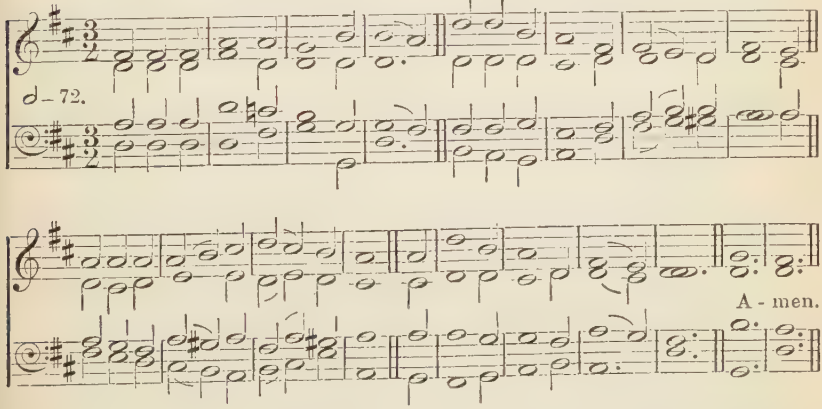
Ancient Plainsong Melody for the Epiphany.

To be sung in unison.



ST. OSWALD REX. (8.9.8.7.) SECOND TUNE

Rev. A. W. Wotherspoon, M.A.



'Ye do shew the Lord's death.'

p O CHRIST, who sinless art alone,
Our frailty and our sin who knowèst,
cr We stand in Thee before the throne
And plead the death Thou shewèst.

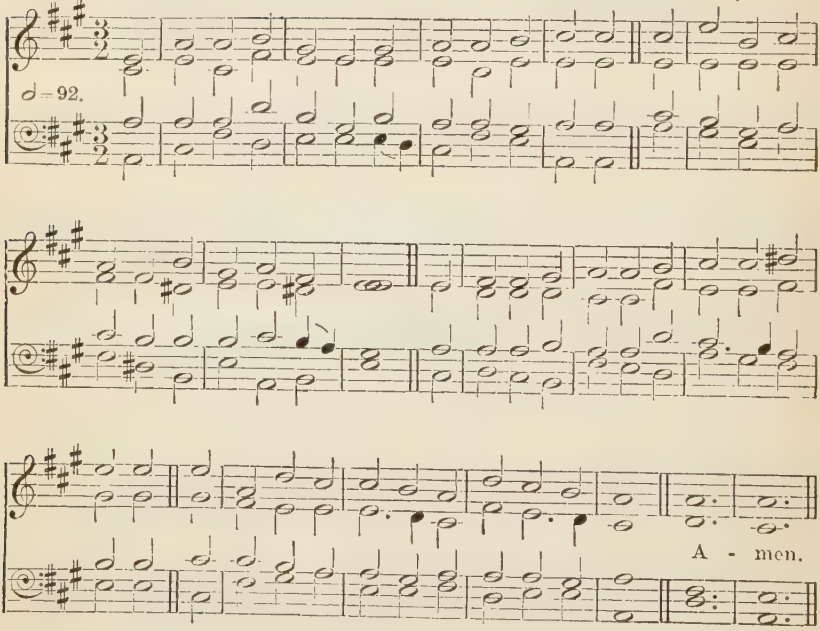
2 O Christ, our sacrifice and Priest,
Who in the glory intercedest,
We in the shadow keep the feast
And shew the death Thou pleadest.

3 To Thee in endless life enthroned,
f O Christ, eternal praise be given,
With Holy Ghost and Father owned
One God in earth and heaven.

171

DATCHET. (12.11.12.11.)

Sir GEORGE J. ELVEY, Mus.D.



'And there was Light.'

p AMIDST the thick darkness that mantled creation,
The face of the waters lay hidden from sight,
All formless and void, till the LORD of Salvation
cr Awoke the first echoes with, 'Let there be light.'

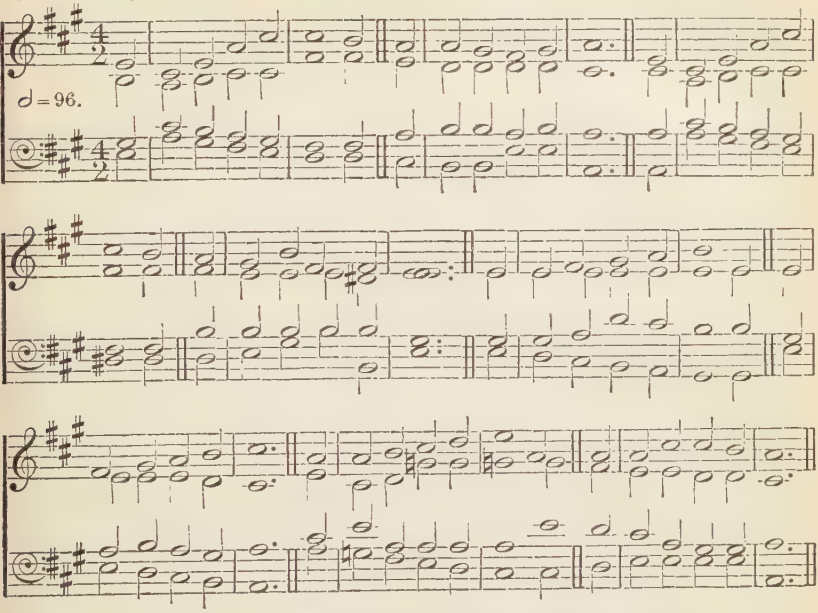
f 2 No longer the earth in dark chaos is lying,
The sun's golden rays flood the world with their light;
Yet, bathed in the glory, our brethren are dying,
dim As men who love sleep in the darkness of night.

cr 3 Great SPIRIT of GOD, from the face of creation
Once more by Thy grace put the shadows to flight:
f Vouchsafe to Thy people Thy mighty salvation—
Restore, and forgive them! O let there be light.

[*By permission of* NOVELLO & Co., Ltd.]

172

ST. CROIX. (7.6.7.6.D.) G. M. GARRETT, Mus.D.



'Stand fast in one spirit, striving together for the faith of the Gospel.

f THE call to arms is sounding,
The foemen muster strong,
While saints beneath the altar
Are crying 'LORD, how long?'
The living and the loving
CHRIST'S royal standard raise,
And marching on to conflict
Shout forth their Captain's praise.

2 No time for self-indulgence,
For resting by the way;
Repose will come at even,
But toil is for the day:
cr Work, like the blessèd JESUS,
Who from His earliest youth
Would do His FATHER'S business
And witness for the truth.

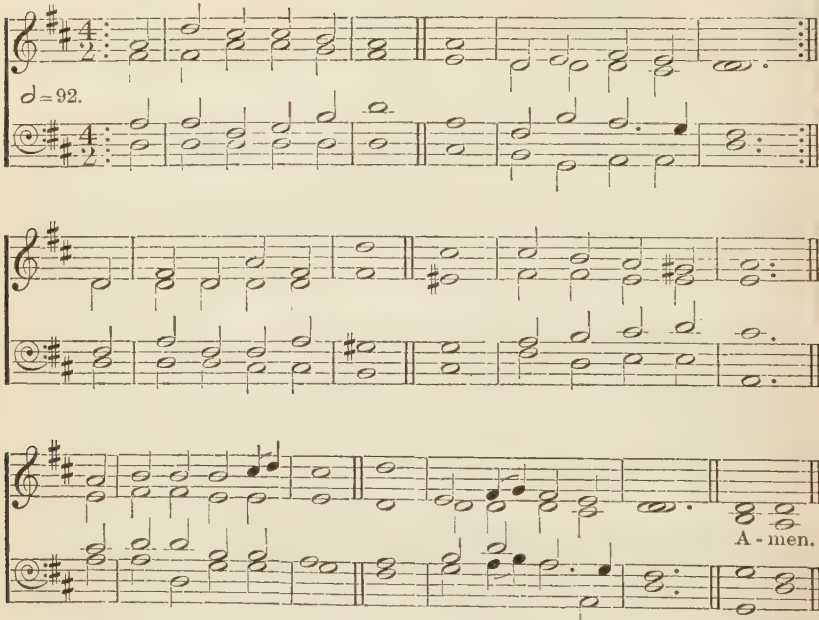
*3 For the one Faith, the true Faith,
The Faith which cannot fail;
*For the one Church, the true Church,
'Gainst which no foes prevail—
Made one with GOD Incarnate,
We in His might must win
The glory of self-conquest,
Of victory over sin.

4 O JESUS, who art waiting
Thy faithful ones to crown,
Vouchsafe to bless our conflict,
Our loving service own;
Come in each heart for ever
As King adored to reign,
Till we with saints triumphant
Uplift the victor strain.

* NOTE. *In verse* 3, *lines* 1 *and* 3, *two syllables are sung to the first note, the second and third notes being slurred.*

173

HAWARDEN. (6.6.6.6.D.) S. S. WESLEY, Mus.D.



[*By permission. From* Dr. S. S. WESLEY'S *European Psalmist.*]

TEACHERS.

'*Behold I have put My words in thy mouth.*'

f SHINE Thou upon us, LORD,
True Light of men, to-day,
And through the written word
Thy very self display,
That so from hearts which burn
With gazing on Thy face
Thy little ones may learn
The wonders of Thy grace.

2 Breathe Thou upon us, LORD,
Thy SPIRIT'S living flame,
That so with one accord
Our lips may tell Thy name.
Give Thou the hearing ear,
Fix Thou the wandering thought,
That those we teach may hear
The great things Thou hast wrought.

3 Speak Thou for us, O LORD,
In all we say of Thee,
According to Thy word
Let all our teaching be,
p That so Thy lambs may know
Their own true Shepherd's voice,
Where'er He leads them go
And in His love rejoice.

cr 4 Live Thou within us, LORD;
Thy mind and will be ours;
Be Thou beloved, adored
And served, with all our powers—
That so our lives may teach
Thy children what Thou art,
And plead by more than speech
For Thee with every heart.

ST. THEODULPH (VALET WILL ICH DIR GEBEN). (7.6.7.6.D.)

174

Melody by MELCHIOR TESCHNER, *c.* 1613. Adapted and harmonized by J. S. BACH.

Very slow and solemn. This tune may be sung in unison.

TEMPERANCE.

'The Lord hath done great things for us.'

f O THOU before whose presence
Naught evil may come in,
p Yet who dost look in mercy
Down on this world of sin:
cr O give us noble purpose
To set the sin-bound free,
And CHRIST-like tender pity
To seek the lost for Thee.

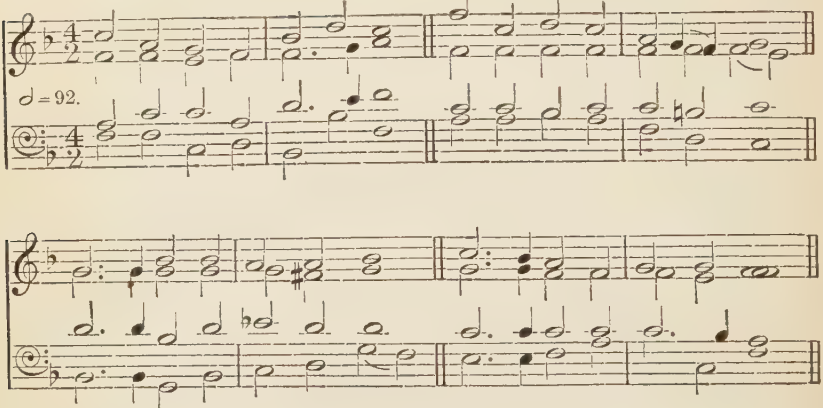
f 2 Fierce is our subtle foeman:
The forces at his hand
With woes that none can number
Despoil the pleasant land;
All they who war against them
In strife so keen and long,
Must in their SAVIOUR'S armour
Be stronger than the strong.

3 Lead on, O Love and Mercy,
O Purity and Power:
Lead on till peace eternal
Shall close this battle-hour:
Till all who prayed and struggled
To set their brethren free,
cr In triumph meet to praise Thee,
Most Holy TRINITY.

175

CRUCIS MILITES. (7.7.7.7.)

MYLES B. FOSTER.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, ORIENTIS PARTIBUS, CHURCH HYMNARY, No. 432.

HOME MISSION.

'Take . . . the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.'

f SOLDIERS of the cross, arise!
Gird you with your armour bright;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky.
Let it float there wide unfurled;
Bear it onward: lift it high.

p 3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
cr Let the SAVIOUR's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

p 4 Where the shadows deepest lie
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye
There the saving sign display.

5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease.
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

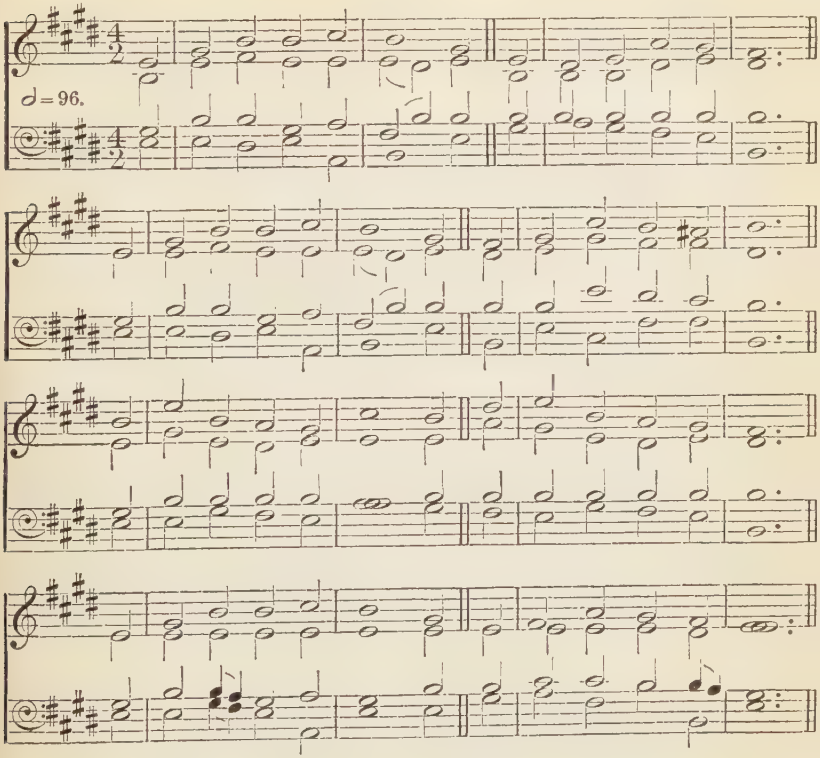
cr 6 Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles; banish grief:
In the might of GOD arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

f 7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the SPIRIT's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the LORD.

HEBER. (7.6.7.6.D.)

176

LOWELL MASON, Mus.D.



MISSIONS ABROAD.

'Come over . . . and help us.'

f FROM Greenland's icy mountains.
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand:
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

p 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of GOD are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

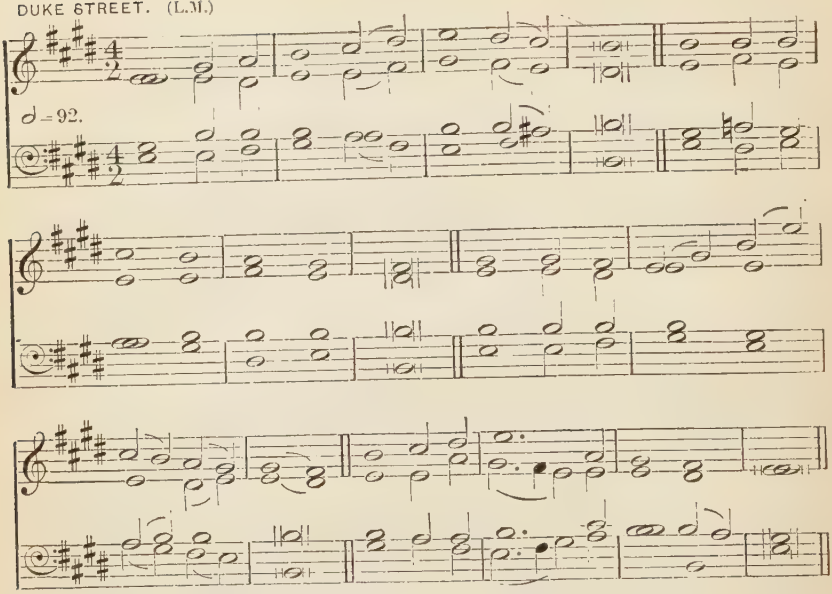
3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
cr Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt MESSIAH'S name.

f 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The LAMB for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

177

DUKE STREET. (L.M.)

JOHN HATTON.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, ELSTOW, No. 156, SECOND TUNE.

'*And He shall set up an ensign for the nations.*'

f UPLIFT the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun shall light its shining folds,
The cross on which the SAVIOUR died.

p 2 Uplift the banner! Angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love Divine.

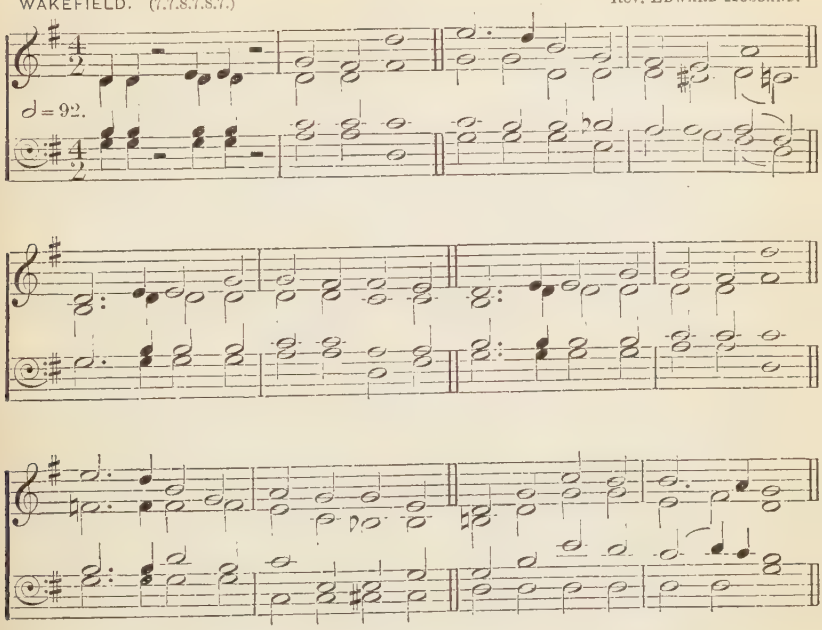
f 3 Uplift the banner! Heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, gathering at the call,
Their spirits kindle in its light.

4 Uplift the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide:
Our glory only in the cross,
Our only hope the Crucified.

5 Uplift the banner! Wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine;
Nor skill nor might nor merit ours,
We conquer only in that sign.

178

WAKEFIELD. (7.7.8.7.8.7.) Rev. EDWARD HUSBAND.



'That fly as the doves to their windows.'

f COMING, coming, yes, they are,
Coming, coming from afar:
From the wild and scorching desert
Afric's sons of colour deep;
JESUS' love has drawn and won them,
p At the cross they bow and weep.

cr 2 Coming, coming, yes, they are,
Coming, coming from afar:
From the fields and crowded cities
China gathers to His feet;
f In His love Shem's gentle children
Now have found a safe retreat.

cr 3 Coming, coming, yes, they are,
Coming, coming from afar:
From the Indies and the Ganges
Steady flows the living stream,
p To love's ocean, to His bosom,
Calvary their wondering theme.

cr 4 Coming, coming, yes, they are,
Coming, coming from afar:
From the frozen realms of midnight,
Over many a weary mile,
To exchange their soul's long winter
For the summer of His smile.

f 5 Coming, coming, yes, they are,
Coming, coming from afar;
All to meet in plains of glory,
All to sing His praises sweet—
What a chorus, what a meeting,
With the family complete.

[*From 'Redemption Songs'.*]

179

EBENEZER (TON-Y-BOTEL). (8.7.8.7.D.)

Welsh Hymn Melody.

Very slow. *This tune may be sung in unison.*

[*By permission of* W. Gwenlyn Evans, *Carnarvon.*]

Alternative Tune, Deerhurst, Scottish Hymnal, No. 112, and Church Hymnary, No. 422.

'To prove the sincerity of your love.'

f CHRIST is calling! hear His message,
As it comes across the deep,
From the lips of countless thousands
Who in chains and darkness weep.
CHRIST is asking you to help Him
With your life and with your gold;
p Listen to His tender pleading—
cr Bring the lost sheep to My fold.

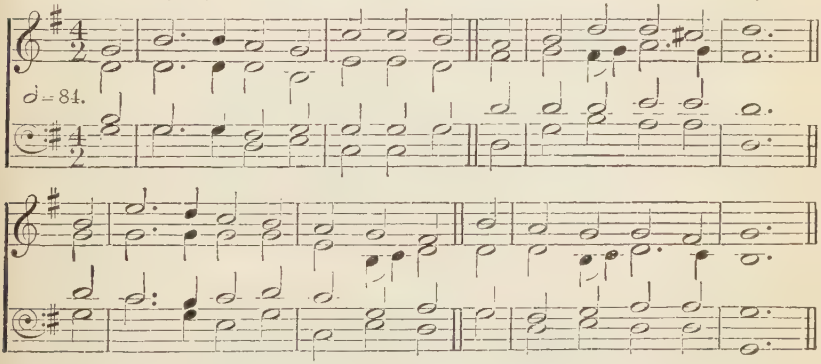
2 Say not—I am weak and weary,
I have little in my hand;
How can I, so poor and feeble,
Carry out my LORD's command?
f Lay your gift upon the altar;
Surely GOD requires a share!
Think of all His loving-kindness,
Think of all His tender care.

p 3 CHRIST is moving you to listen
To the wail of those who grope
In the midst of heathen darkness,
Waiting for the Star of Hope.
f We have CHRIST: His love transcendent [sweet:
Makes our pathway bright and
O to bring the world to JESUS;
O to lay it at His feet.

4 Listen to His dear voice speaking
From the heights of heaven above,
Pleading with us for His children
Who have never known His love.
Bring your gift, however costly,
Bring your gift, however small;
CHRIST Himself, your loving SAVIOUR,
Gifted to the world His all.

180

WINCHESTER. (C.M.) ESTE'S *Psalter*, 1592.



'For an ensign of the people: to it shall the Gentiles seek.'

f LIFT up your heads, ye gates of
Ye bars of iron, yield, [brass:
And let the King of glory pass;
The cross is in the field.

2 That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on the march and guides
from far
His servants to the fight.

3 A holy war those servants wage;
In that mysterious strife
The powers of heaven and hell engage
For more than death or life.

4 Ye armies of the living GOD,
Sworn warriors of CHRIST's host,
Where hallowed footsteps never trod,
Take your appointed post.

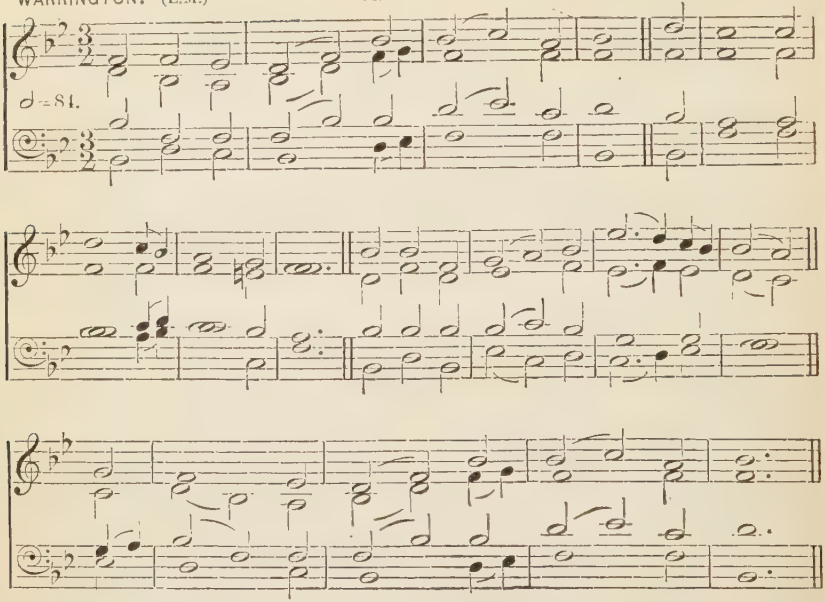
p 5 Though few and small and weak
your bands,
cr Strong in your Captain's strength,
Go to the conquest of all lands:
All must be His at length.

6 Then fear not, faint not, halt not
In JESUS' name be strong! [now;
To Him shall all the nations bow
And sing the triumph song—

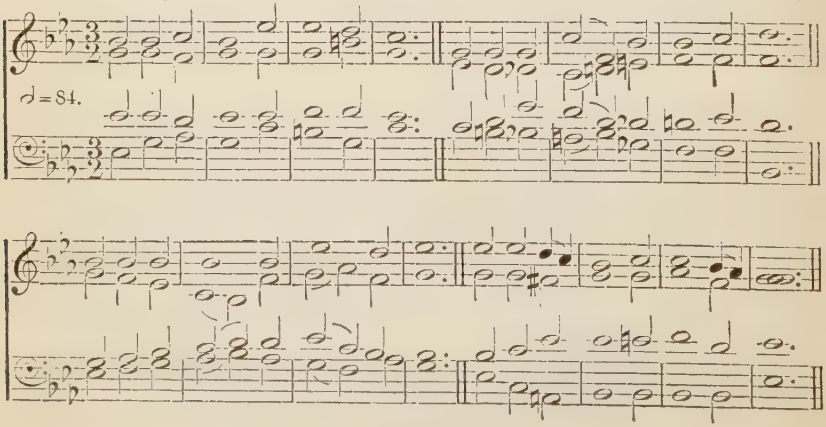
f 7 Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of glory pass;
The cross hath won the field.

181

WARRINGTON. (L.M.) FIRST TUNE R. HARRISON.



LORETTO. (L.M.) SECOND TUNE E. PIERACCINI.



'All nations shall serve Him.'

f JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

p 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

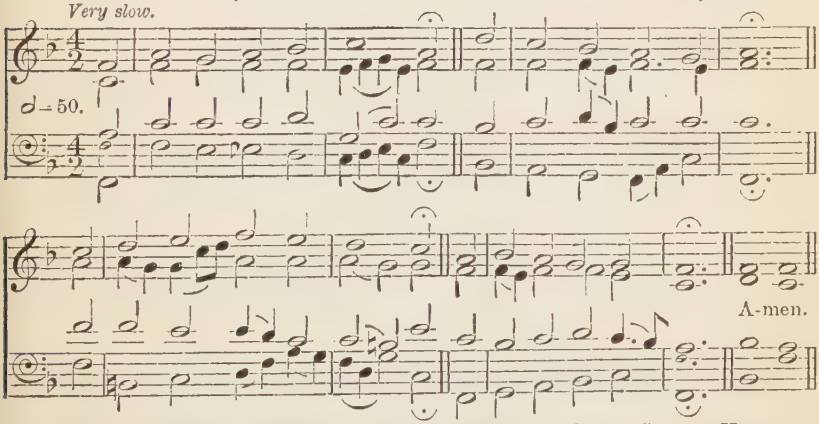
f 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

182

BREMEN. (CHRISTUS DER IST MEIN LEBEN.) (7.6.7.6.)

MELCHIOR VULPIUS.
Harmonized by J. S. BACH.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, ST. ALPHEGE, SCOTTISH HYMNAL, No. 273, AND CHURCH HYMNARY, No. 332.

'Lo, I am with you alway.'

f SHEW mercy, CHRIST, shew mercy
To all that trust in Thee,
For Thou art GOD in glory
To all eternity.

2 Beyond our ken Thou shinest,
The everlasting Light,
Ineffable in loving,
Unthinkable in might.

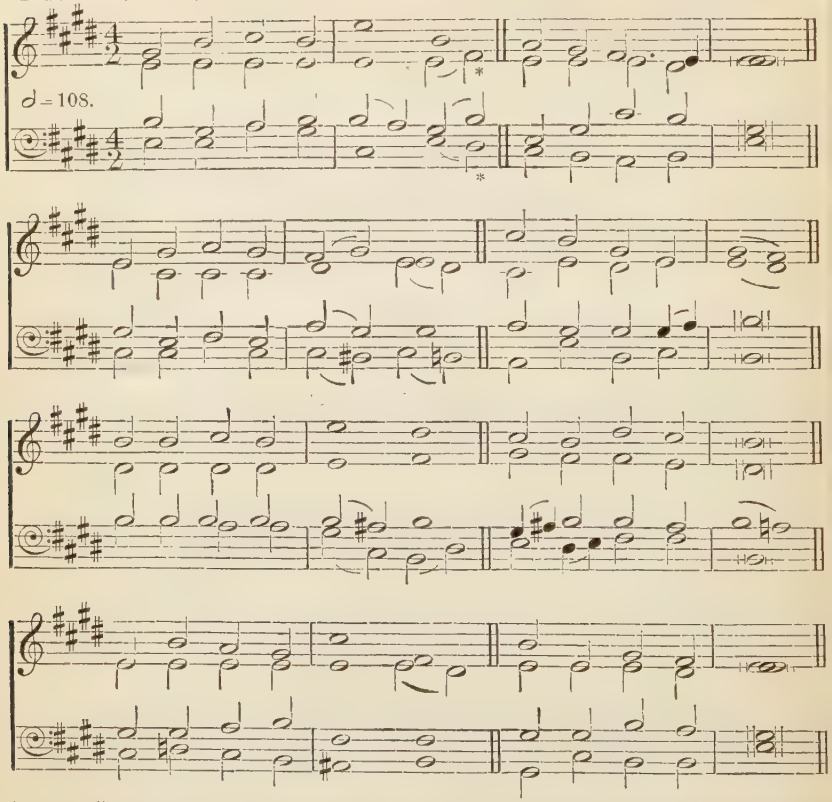
3 High in the heavenly Sion
Thou reignest GOD adored;
And in the coming glory
Thou shalt be Sovereign LORD.

p 4 O GOD, make speed to save us
In life's abounding throes;
O LORD, make haste to help us
In all our toils and woes.

or 5 We go secure and blessèd
In every clime and coast,
In name of GOD the FATHER,
The SON and HOLY GHOST.

183

EVELYNS. (6.5.6.5.D.) W. H. MONK, Mus.D.



* *In verse* 5 *sing this chord to the first word of line* 2, *and divide the* 𝅝 *of the melody to the same.*

FOR GUILDS.

FOR A GUILD OF MEN.

'Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow.'

f AT the name of JESUS
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him
King of glory now;
'Tis the FATHER'S pleasure
We should call Him LORD,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty WORD.

2 At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight:
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders,
In their great array.

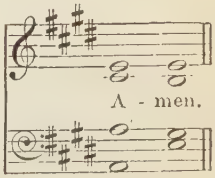
p 3 Humbled for a season,
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious
When from death He passed:

f 4 Bore it up triumphant
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures
To the central height,
To the throne of Godhead,
To the FATHER'S breast:
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.

5 Name Him, brothers, name Him
With love as strong as death,
p But with awe and wonder
And with bated breath;
He is GOD the SAVIOUR,
He is CHRIST the LORD,
cr Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted and adored.

f 6 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true.
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

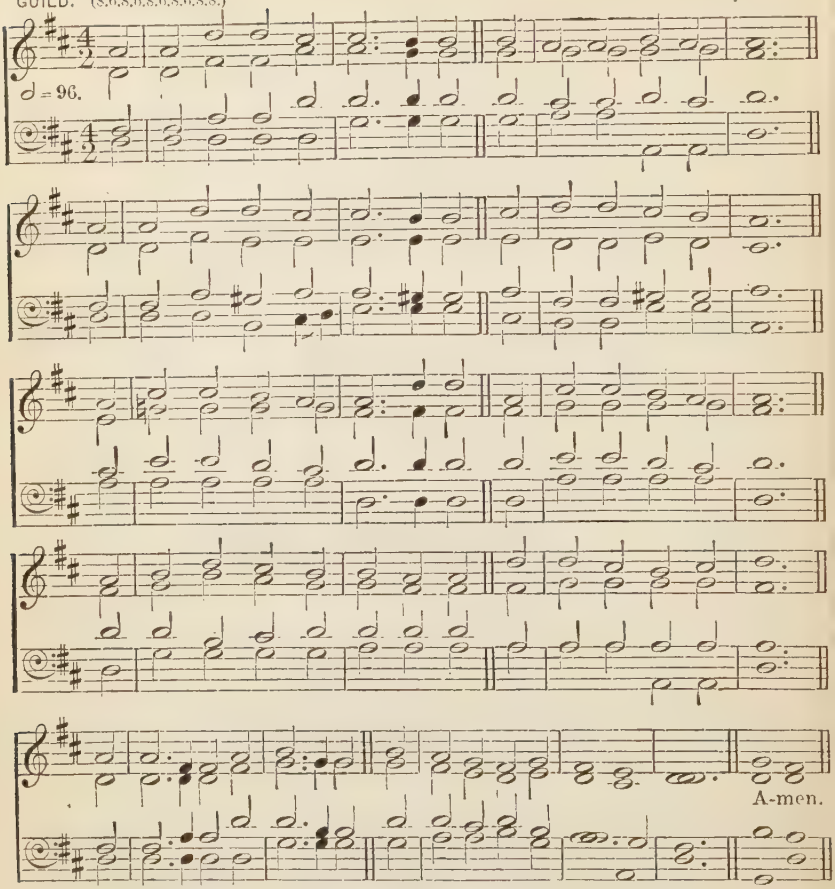
7 Brothers, this LORD JESUS
Shall return again
With His FATHER'S glory,
With His angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now.



184

GUILD. (S.6.8.6.8.6.8.6.8.)

A. L. PEACE, Mus.D.



'We have heard with our ears, and our fathers have told us.'

f BELIEVING fathers oft have told
What things by GOD were done,
When faithful men in days of old
The life-long battle won;
p And now when GOD calls us to life
And sin allures each man,
We choose our side in the mortal
cr To fight as best we can; [strife,
f Like brothers true, of one accord
To hold one faith and serve one LORD.

2 Our King has come to claim His own,
Has paid the debt we owe;
p Himself has fought the fight alone,
In straits we cannot know:
Amid the world's confused noise,
Where we but darkly see, [voice,
cr The CHRIST appeals with sweet clear
My brothers, follow Me:
f Like brothers true, of one accord
To hold one faith and serve one LORD.

f 3 His Church our shelter, He our guide,
Our strength His healing cross,
We'll range ourselves upon His side
Where none can suffer loss.
We're safe behind our SAVIOUR'S shield;
He makes us heirs of heaven.
We claim upon the embattled field
The victory CHRIST has given;
Like brothers true, of one accord
To hold one faith and serve one LORD.

p 4 And yet, O CHRIST, our SAVIOUR King,
Unless Thou keep us Thine,
Our faith will soon dry at the spring,
Our love will shrink and pine.
So by Thy SPIRIT help us. LORD,
Inspire our hearts to pray:
Our hungry souls feed with Thy word:
Teach all our Guild to say—

f True brothers we, of one accord,
We hold one faith, we serve one LORD.

f 5 We fain would do our Master's part
And help our fellow-men;
Would cheer some lonely brother's heart,
Some fallen one lift again; [home
Would serve the Church abroad, at
With hearts from self set free,
Striving to make Thy kingdom come—
O GOD, so may it be; [brothers true, with one accord
That,
We hold the faith and serve the LORD.

185

FOR A GUILD OF WOMEN.

'Women . . . which ministered unto Him of their substance.'

p O CHRIST the LORD, who died for me,
Teach me to know Thy will,
That from Thyself I too may learn
How best to serve Thee still
In daily life and hearty work,
At home, abroad, where'er
Thou callest me to follow Thee:
Be this my only care.

f And thus we too, with one accord,
May minister to CHRIST the LORD.

p 2 Once, LORD, in holy Galilee
Where walked Thy blessèd feet,
The women followed in the way
Or hastened Thee to meet.
They ministered to Thee, and now
I find an open door;
For she still giveth to the LORD
Who giveth to the poor.

f And thus we too, with one accord,
May minister to CHRIST the LORD.

p 3 Once Mary sat at Thy dear feet
And found the better part;
The one thing needful for the soul—
That one thing, LORD, Thou art;
For Thou hast taught us well to know
How willing we may be
Some earthly suffering to bear,
Some pain, or cross for Thee;

cr That so we too, with one accord,
May minister to CHRIST the LORD.

p 4 Once, LORD, before Thine awful cross
When Thou wast hanging there,
The women prayed, and wondered why
The FATHER did not spare.
They did not know the doom of sin
That on Thy head must fall:
We know it now, and worship Thee
That Thou did'st die for all.

cr And knowing this, with one accord
We minister to CHRIST the LORD.

p 5 Once, too, at early morning dawn
Upon Thy holy day,
Four women gathered at the tomb
Where the LORD silent lay.
They found it empty—Thou hadst ris'n
Unseen by mortal eyes:
O teach us, LORD, this secret too,
With Thee to live and rise.

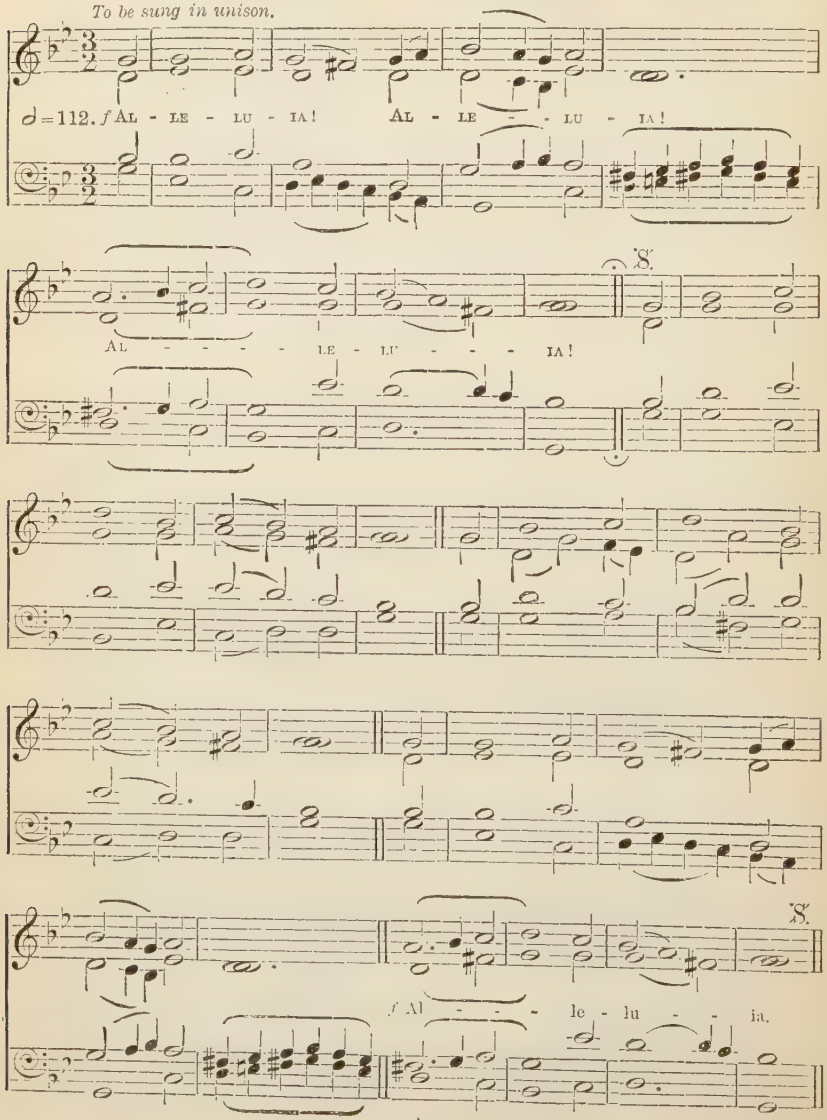
cr And we shall all with one accord
Thus minister to CHRIST the LORD.

p 6 Once, LORD, within the Upper Room
Where sad apostles prayed,
With one accord the women met,
And joined the prayers they made
Till the great morn of Pentecost
Should come. O let us now
Behold the FATHER'S word fulfilled,
The SPIRIT'S fulness know.

f And we shall all with one accord
Then minister to CHRIST the LORD.

186

O FILII ET FILIAE. (S.S.S. and Alleluias.) Melody from WEBBE's *Motetts and Antiphons*, 1792.



'Women . . . which followed Jesus from Galilee, ministering unto Him.'

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

f O DAUGHTERS blest of Galilee,
With JESUS chose ye well to be,
Thrice happy, holy company.
Alleluia.

2 O joy, to see that Master dear!
O joy, to live with Him so near!
O joy, that gentle voice to hear!
Alleluia.

3 O more than joy, to that dear LORD,
In purest deepest love adored,
dim All lowly service to afford.
Alleluia.

cr 4 Yea, happy was your lot to bring
In loyal homage to your King
Each free and gracious offering.
Alleluia.

p *5 With wondering ear, as He drew nigh,
Ye heard Him tell how He must die
On that dread cross of Calvary.
Alleluia.

*6 And there, beneath the shrouded skies,
Standing far off, with awe-struck eyes
Ye watched the mighty Sacrifice.
Alleluia.

*7 Ye brought sweet spices to the tomb,
cr And joy broke o'er your night of gloom,
And withered hopes burst forth in bloom.
Alleluia.

f *8 For, lo! upon your startled ear
Thrilled forth the heavenly message clear—
Your LORD is risen: He is not here.
Alleluia.

9 O JESUS, throned above the height,
Adoring troops of angels bright
Wait on Thy bidding day and night:
Alleluia.

p 10 Thy sacred form we cannot see,
Yet, LORD, these hands may render Thee
Each lowly act of charity:
Alleluia.

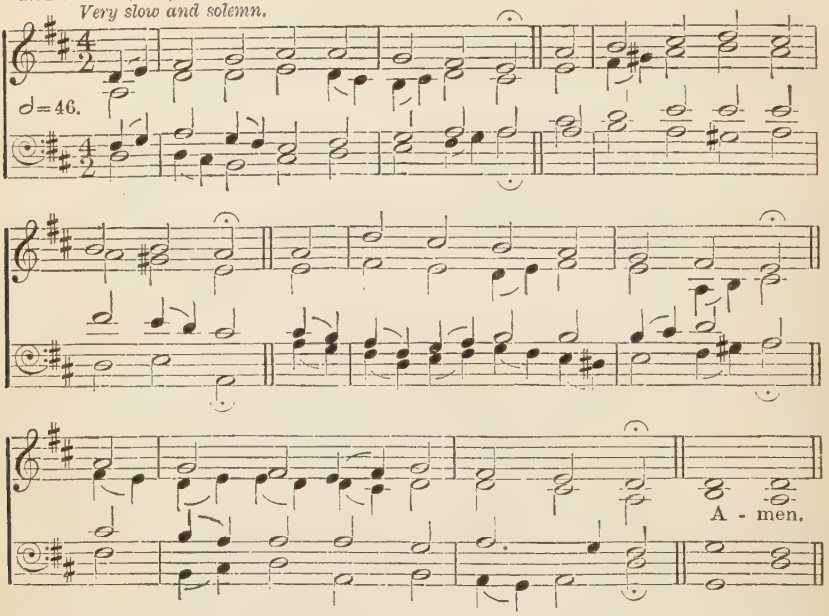
11 For while 'mid want and woe we move
And tend Thy poor in gentle love,
We minister to Thee above:
Alleluia.

12 O gracious JESUS, we confess
Our poor cold love, our nothingness;
f Yet Thou wilt own and Thou wilt bless:
Alleluia.

187

EISENACH. (L.M.)
Very slow and solemn.

J. H. Schein.
Harmony by J. S. Bach.



'Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus.'

p O SAVIOUR, listen to the song
Which from our gladdened lives ascends,
And lift us by Thy Spirit strong
Above the taint of earthly ends.

2 Thy love fell warm on Mary's heart
While she sat listening at Thy feet:
Though Martha chose the lower part,
Her service still to Thee was sweet.

3 As Thou didst weep for Lazarus
Yet knowing he should rise again,
We look to Thee to pour on us
Fresh pity for our briefest pain.

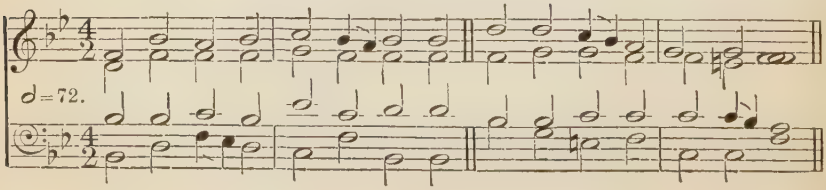
4 Lord, by the ladder of Thy love
For those three lives in Bethany,
cr With lightened steps we mount above
To knowledge and to love of Thee.

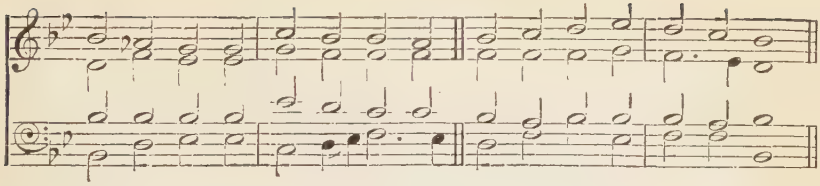
188

NORMAN. (8.7.8.7.)

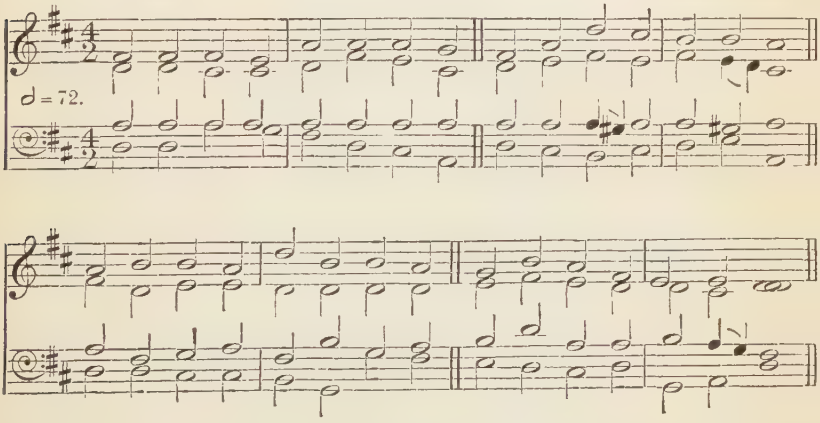
FIRST TUNE

Werner's *Choralbuch*, 1815.





GARIOCH. (8.7.8.7.) SECOND TUNE The Lady Garioch.



'Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.'

f COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble—
Trust in God, and do the right.

dim 2 Let the road be rough and dreary
And its end far out of sight:
f Foot it bravely! strong or weary,
Trust in God, and do the right.

3 Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning—
Trust in God, and do the right.

dim 4 Trust no party, sect, or faction,
Trust no leaders in the fight;
f But in every word and action
Trust in God, and do the right.

dim 5 Trust no lovely forms of passion—
Fiends may look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion—
f Trust in God, and do the right.

dim 6 Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward might:
Star upon our path abiding—
Trust in God, and do the right.

7 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight:
f Cease from man and look above thee—
Trust in God, and do the right.

189

BETHANY. (S.7.8.7.D.) HENRY SMART.

'*Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.*'

f SONS of labour, dear to JESUS,
To your homes and work again!
Go with brave hearts back to duty,
Face the peril, bear the pain.
dim Be your dwellings ne'er so lowly,
Yet remember by your bed
That the SON of GOD most holy
p Had not where to lay His head.

2 Sons of labour, think of JESUS
As you rest your homes within—
Of that sweet Babe, born of Mary
In the stable of the inn.
Think upon the sacred story:
CHRIST arose from humble grade,
And the LORD of Life and Glory
Worked with Joseph at his trade.

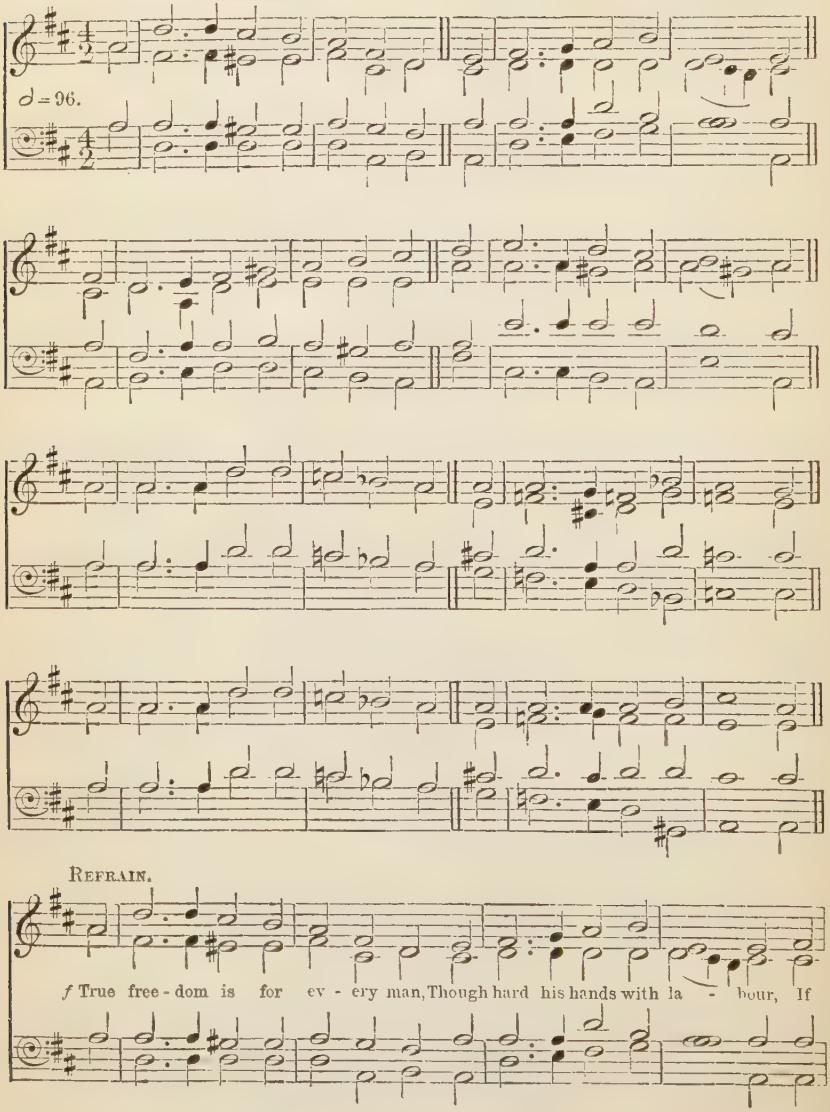
cr 3 Sons of labour, be like JESUS
Undefilèd, harmless, pure,
And, though Satan tempt you sorely,
By His grace you shall endure.
Husband, father, son and brother,
Be ye gentle, just and true;
Be ye kind to one another
As the LORD is kind to you.

p 4 Sons of labour, go to JESUS
In your sorrow, shame, and loss;
He is nearest, you are dearest,
When you bravely bear His cross:
dim Go to Him who died to save you
And is still the sinner's Friend,
And the great love which forgave you
Will forgive you to the end.

f 5 Sons of labour, live for JESUS.
Be your work your worship too:
In His name and to His glory
Do whate'er you find to do;
Till this night of sin and sorrow
Be for ever overpast,
And we see the golden morrow,
Labour ended, home at last.

190

FREEDOM. (8.7.8.7.D. and refrain.) R. D. METCALFE, Mus.B.



'If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.'

f THE man who would be truly free
From all the chains that bind him,
Must of himself the master be
And let no passion blind him.
cr True freedom is to bind ourselves,
To bear each other's burden:
By this alone her cause is served,
And this her only guerdon.
f *True freedom is for every man,*
Though hard his hands with labour,
If with his heart he serves his God
And truly loves his neighbour.

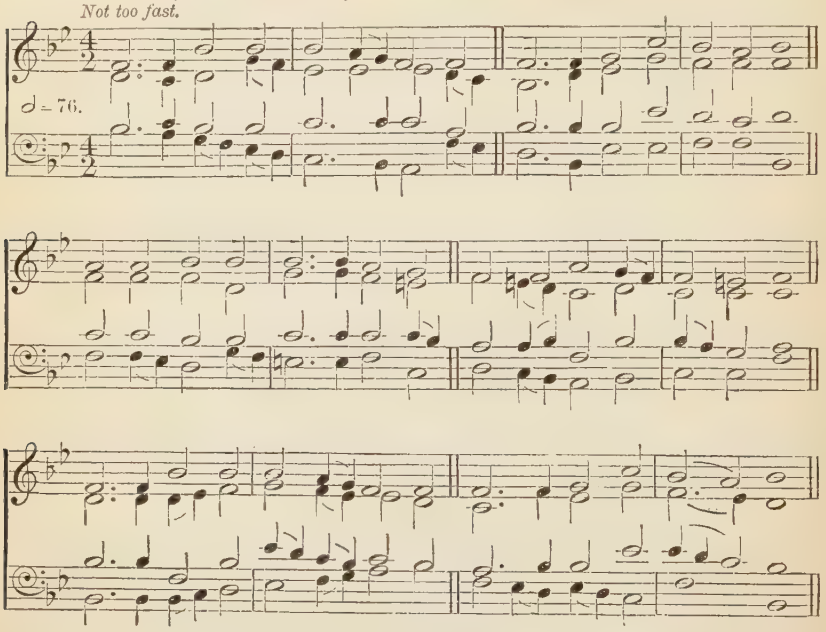
2 Man only can himself abase—
Himself his birthright barter;
'Tis not from poverty or wealth
That freedom holds her charter.
cr The only chains a man need wear,
Though high or low his station,
Are those he forges for himself
By yielding to temptation.

f 3 Man of himself the lordship holds,
And owns no power above him
Save God Himself, Who asks no more
Than we should serve and love Him.
'Tis perfect freedom Him to love,
'Tis perfect joy to serve Him:
Such service doth ennoble man
And for life's battle nerve him.

191

ROCHE ABBEY. (8.7.8.7. and Alleluias.)
Not too fast.

From BEETHOVEN. Arranged by Rev. ALEX. GALLOWAY, B.D.



'So great a cloud of witnesses.'

f HARK, my soul, the sound of voices
Chanting on a distant shore!
There they stand in sweetest sunlight,
All resplendent evermore.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia: Amen.

p 2 Hark! it is the voice of loved ones,
Calling from a better home,
Tender child and praying mother,
Still we hear them bid us come.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia: Amen.

cr 3 There by burning love transfigured,
There in dazzling purity,
Hosts adore the great Eternal,
Bowing down unceasingly.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia: Amen.

4 There the LAMB, the WORD Incarnate, [light:
Reigns in realms of beauteous
There with hosts of sinless angels
Stand the sin-cleansed robed in white.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia: Amen.

f 5 O the beauty, O the greatness
Of that life so full and free! [ness
While the SPIRIT's love and sweet-
Circles round them like a sea.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia: Amen.

Unison.

6 Come then, brothers, through life's shadows
Let us seek that blessèd home:
Ever praying, bravely striving,
Till we join them at the throne.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia: Amen.

192

VATER UNSER. (8.8.8.8.8.8.)
This tune may be sung in unison.

Melody from SCHUMANN'S *Gesangbuch*, 1539.
Harmony by J. S. BACH.

ALTERNATIVE TUNE, VENI CITO, SCOTTISH HYMNAL, No. 88, CHURCH HYMNARY, No. 119.

'He . . . saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.'

f O QUICKLY come, dread Judge of all;
p For, awful though Thine advent be,
cr All shadows from the truth will fall
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee.
f O quickly come: for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

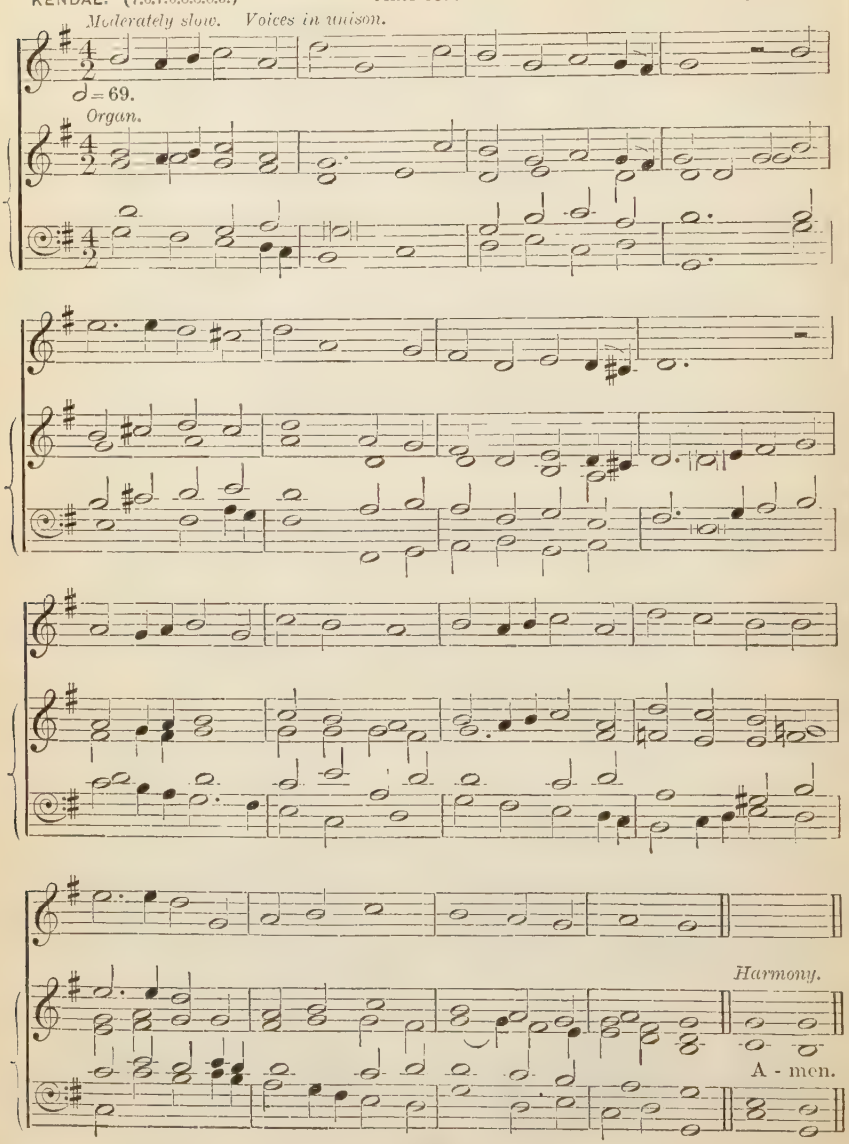
2 O quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us and within.
p Let sin no more our souls enthral,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin.
cr O quickly come: for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

p 3 O quickly come, true Life of all,
For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found.
cr O quickly come: for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

p 4 O quickly come, sure Light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day.
cr O quickly come: for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

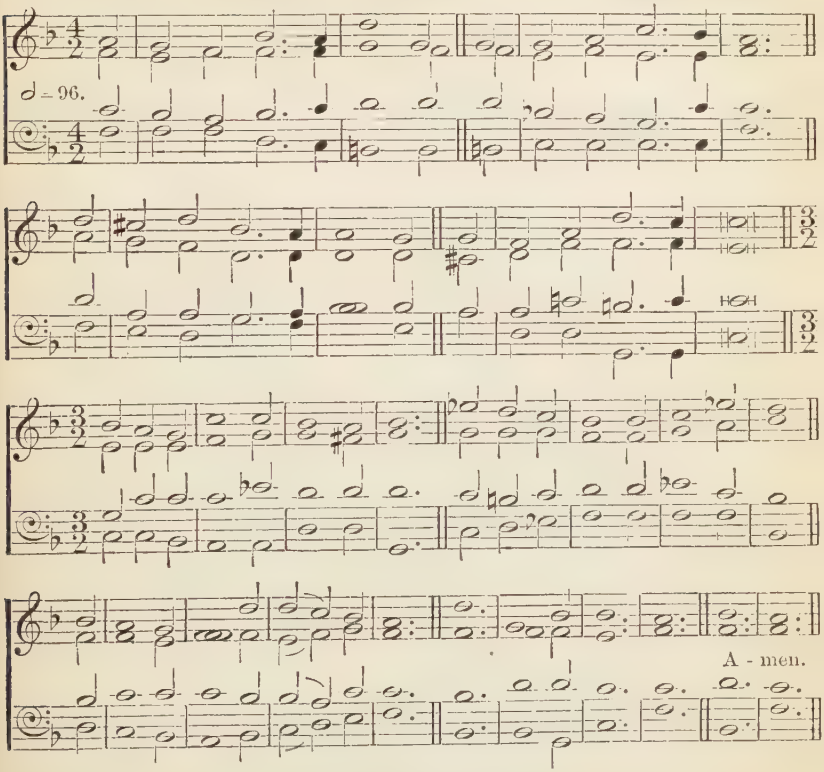
193

KENDAL. (7.6.7.6.8.8.8.5.) FIRST TUNE A. SOMERVELL, MUS.D.



193

REIPUBLICAE SALUS. (7.6.7.6.8.8.8.5.) SECOND TUNE — EBENEZER PROUT, Mus.D.



'As sheep having no shepherd.'

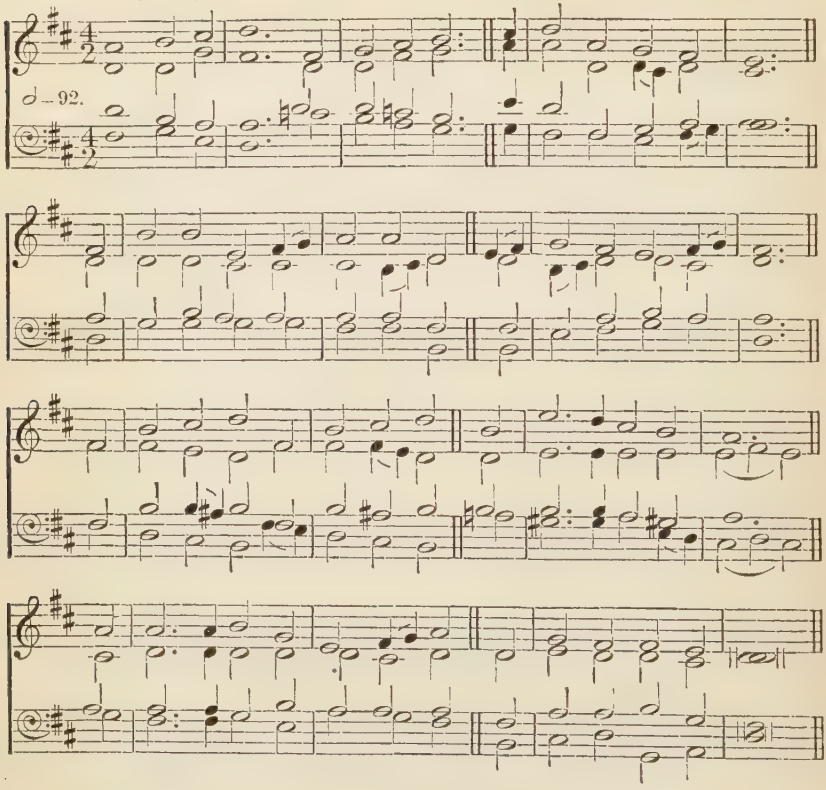
f WHEN wilt Thou save the people,
O GOD of mercy, when?
The toilers of the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of Thy heart, O GOD, are they; [away—
dim. Let them not pass, like weeds,
Their heritage a sunless day:
f GOD save the people.

p 2 Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
'Tis not Thy will, O FATHER,
That man should toil for wrong.
cr 'No,' say Thy mountains; 'No,' Thy skies;
f Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs ascend instead of sighs:
GOD save the people.

f 3 When wilt Thou save the people,
O GOD of mercy, when?
The toiling weary people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men.
GOD save the people: Thine they are,
Thy children, as Thine angels fair;
From vice, oppression and despair,
GOD save the people.

194

KNIGHTON. (D.C.M.) W. H. Monk, Mus.D.



'My Lord and my God.'

f JESUS is God! the solid earth,
The ocean broad and bright,
The countless stars, like golden dust,
That strow the skies at night,
The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,
The pleasant, wholesome air,
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,
His own creations were.

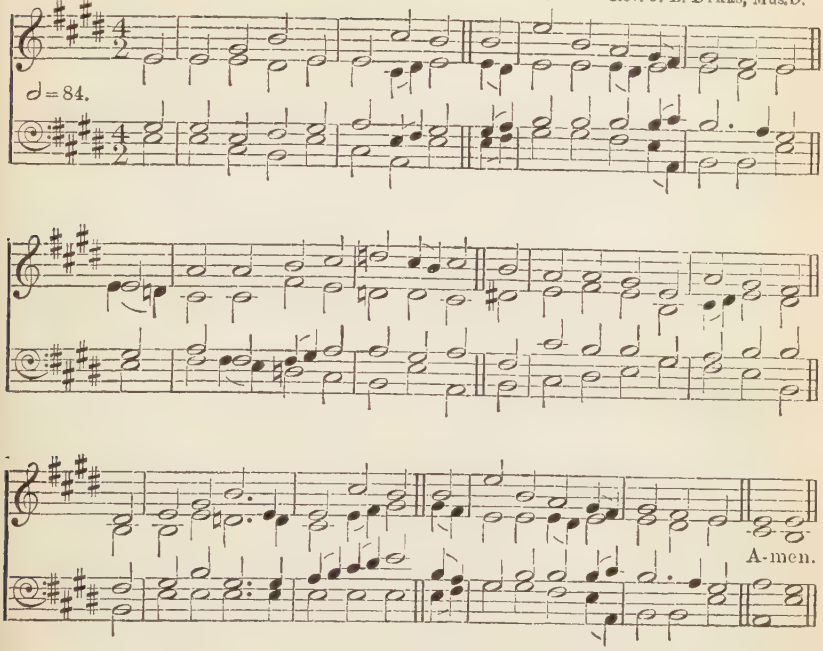
2 Jesus is God! the glorious bands
Of golden angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to Him,
Their Maker and their King.
He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
On Calvary's cross true God:
He who in heaven eternal reigned,
In time on earth abode.

dim 3 Jesus is God! let sorrow come
And pain and every ill;
All are worth while, for all are means
His glory to fulfil;
or And what to us the single end
Of this life's mortal span,
Except to glorify the God
Who for our sakes was Man?

195

ST. WERBERGH. (8.8.8.8.8.8.)

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.



'*The Faith once delivered to the saints.*'

f FAITH of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

p 2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's fate
If we, like them, could die for thee.
cr Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

f 3 Faith of our fathers! faith and prayer
Shall keep our country true to thee;
And through the truth that comes from GOD
Our land shall then indeed be free.
ff Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

196

MORLAIX. (7.6.7.6.D.)

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.

'We have a strong city: salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks.'

f O SON of GOD most blessèd,
The Church's Head and King,
Thy saving grace we honour,
Thy love and power we sing;
cr Shed on us now the SPIRIT
As here we meet with Thee,
And grant the open vision
f Thy sacred face to see.

2 For Christian hope and calling,
For light, for Sabbath rest,
For freedom thus to serve Thee,
Thy name be ever blest:
For home and friends and kindred
Than life itself more dear,
Which Thou alone who givest
Canst shield from harm and fear.

3 O SAVIOUR, guard Thy servants
As in a city strong
With Thee, of whose great Advent
Thy saints cry 'LORD, how long?'
And when in might and judgment
Thou comest back to reign,
Grant us Thy joy and blessing
In fulness to obtain.

LUX BENIGNA. (10.4.10.4.10.10.) **197** Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.

'I am the light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.'

f LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on. [see
dim Keep Thou my feet: I do not ask to
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

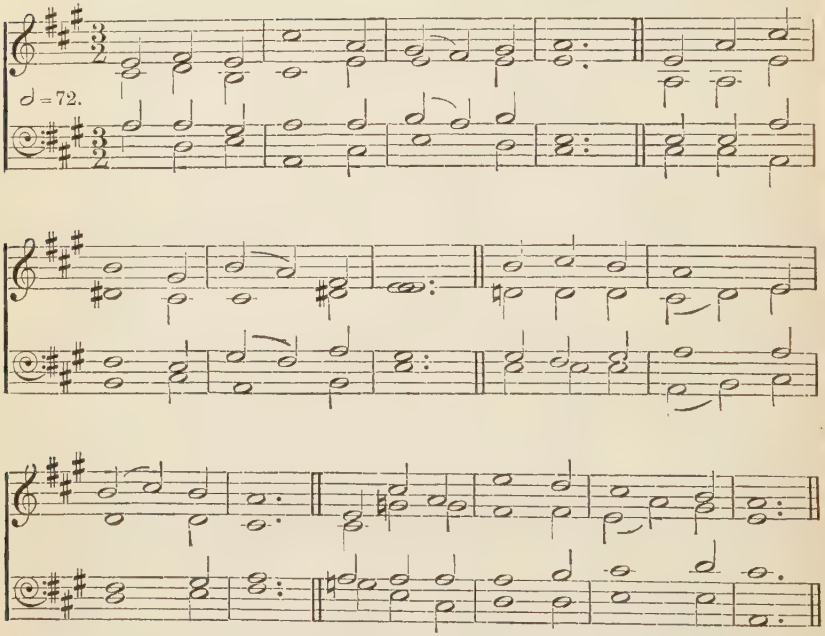
2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on; [fears,
I loved the garish day and, spite of
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

f 3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
cr And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

198

NOTRE DAME. (L.M.)

As 'O Salutaris'.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, VERBUM SUPERNUM, No. 265, SECOND TUNE.

'Who loved me and gave Himself for me.'

IN birth our brother CHRIST became:
At board Himself as food He gives.
p To ransom us He died in shame:
As our reward in bliss, He lives.

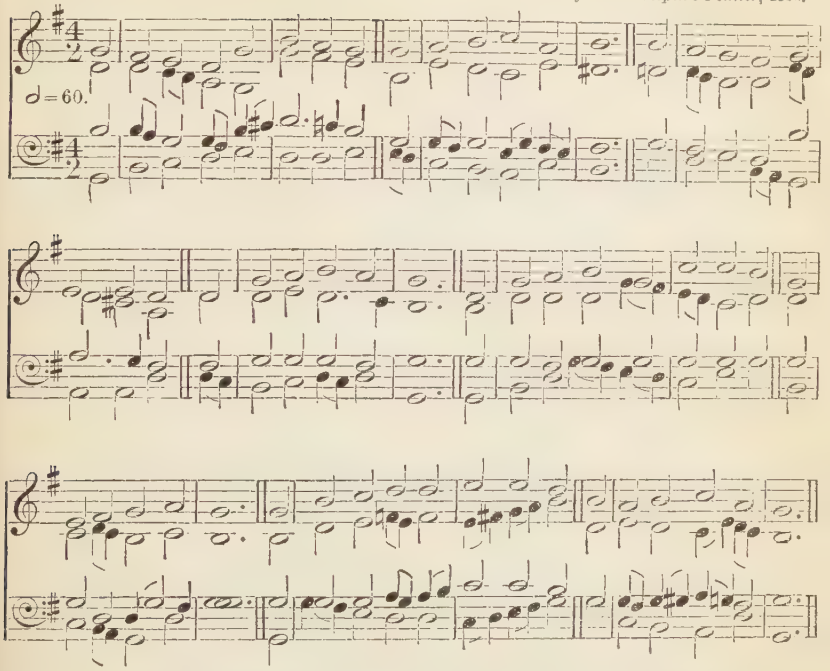
2 O saving Victim, opening wide
The gate of heaven to man below,
cr Our foes press in from every side,
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

f 3 All praise and thanks to Thee ascend
For evermore, blest ONE in THREE.
O grant us life that shall not end
In our true native land with Thee.

199

OLD 137TH. (D.C.M.)

Melody from *Crespin's Psalter*, 1556.



'These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.'

f THE SON of GOD goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
cr Who follows in His train?
p Who now can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
f He follows in His train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky
And called on Him to save—
p Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the SPIRIT came, [knew
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mocked the cross and flame;
cr They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks, the death to feel:
Who follows in their train? [

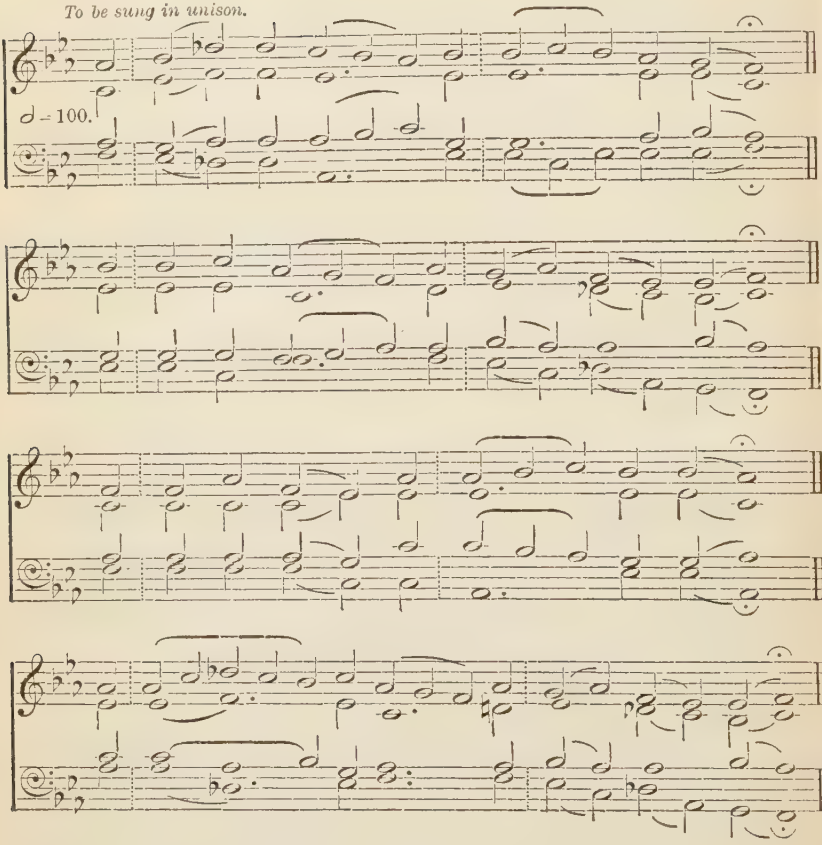
Unison.

f 4 A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the SAVIOUR'S throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed; [heaven
They climbed the steep ascent of
Through peril, toil, and pain:
p O GOD, to us may grace be given
cr To follow in their train.

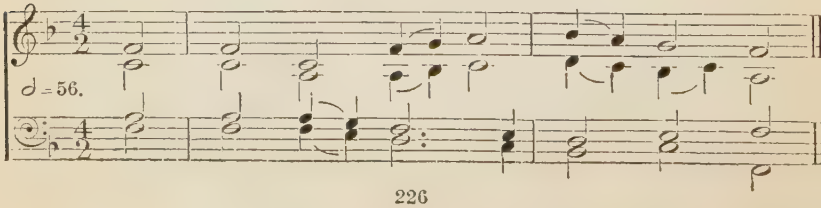
200

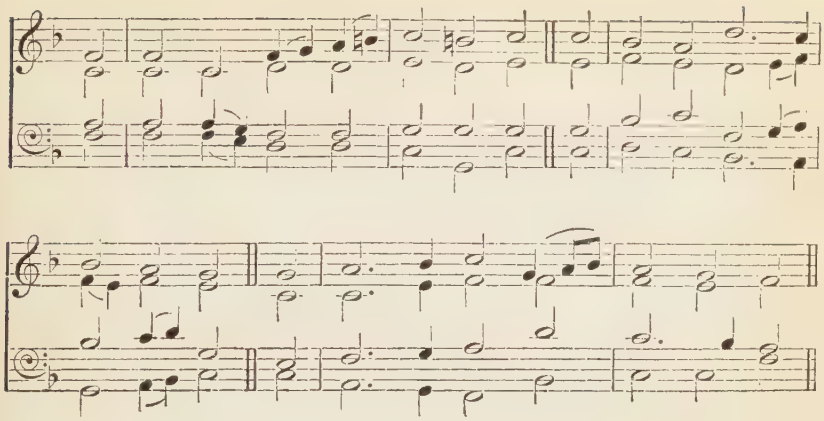
VEXILLA REGIS. (L.M.) FIRST TUNE Ancient Plainsong (Sarum form).

To be sung in unison.



ILLSLEY. (L.M.) SECOND TUNE JOHN BISHOP.





ALTERNATIVE TUNE, MELCOMBE, No. 75.

'God reigneth over the heathen.'

f THE Royal banners forward go,
The cross shines forth in mystic glow:
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

2 Fulfilled is now what David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How GOD the heathen's King should be:
For GOD is reigning from the Tree.

3 O Tree of beauty, Tree of light,
O Tree with royal purple dight,
Elect on whose triumphal breast
These sacred limbs should find their rest.

dim 4 Upon its arms like balance true
He weighed the price for sinners due,
The price which none but He could pay,
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

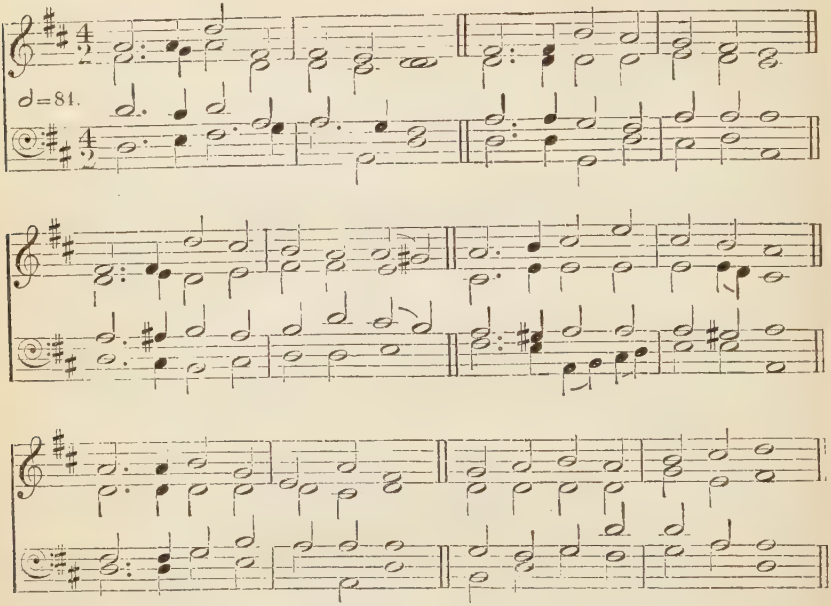
Unison. *f* 5 To Thee, Eternal THREE in ONE,
Let homage meet by all be done.
As by the cross Thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore.

201

MORNING. (7.7.7.7.7.7.)

FIRST TUNE

W. H. MONK, MUS.D.

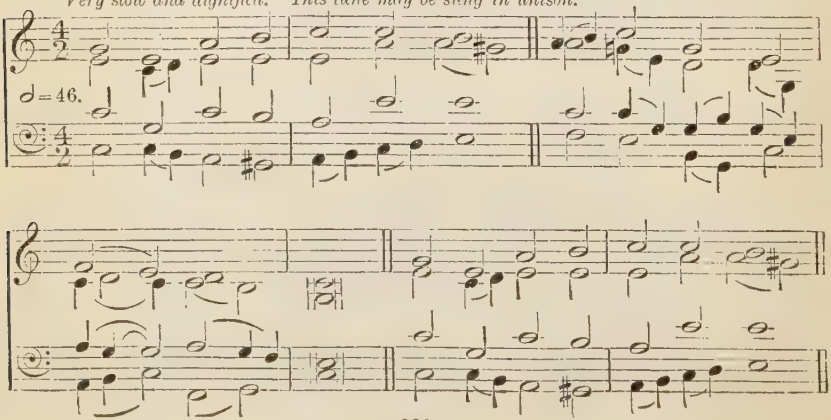


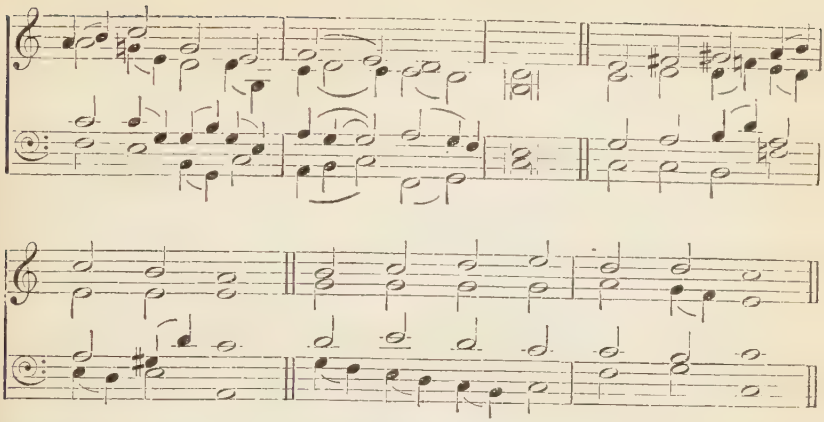
SECOND TUNE

JESU, MEINE ZUVERSICHT. (7.7.7.7.7.7.)

JOHANN CRÜGER.
Harmonized by J. S. BACH.

Very slow and dignified. *This tune may be sung in unison.*





'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'

f JESUS, my Redeemer, lives:
CHRIST, my trust, is dead no more.
In the strength this knowledge gives,
Shall not all my fears be o'er?
p Though the night of death be fraught
Still with many an anxious thought.

2 JESUS, my Redeemer, lives,
And His life I yet shall see:
cr Bright the hope this promise gives,
Where He is, I too shall be.
f Shall I fear, then? can the Head
Rise and leave the members dead?

3 I shall see Him with these eyes,
Him whom I shall surely know;
Not another shall I rise,
With His love this heart shall glow.
cr There alone shall disappear
Weakness in and round me here

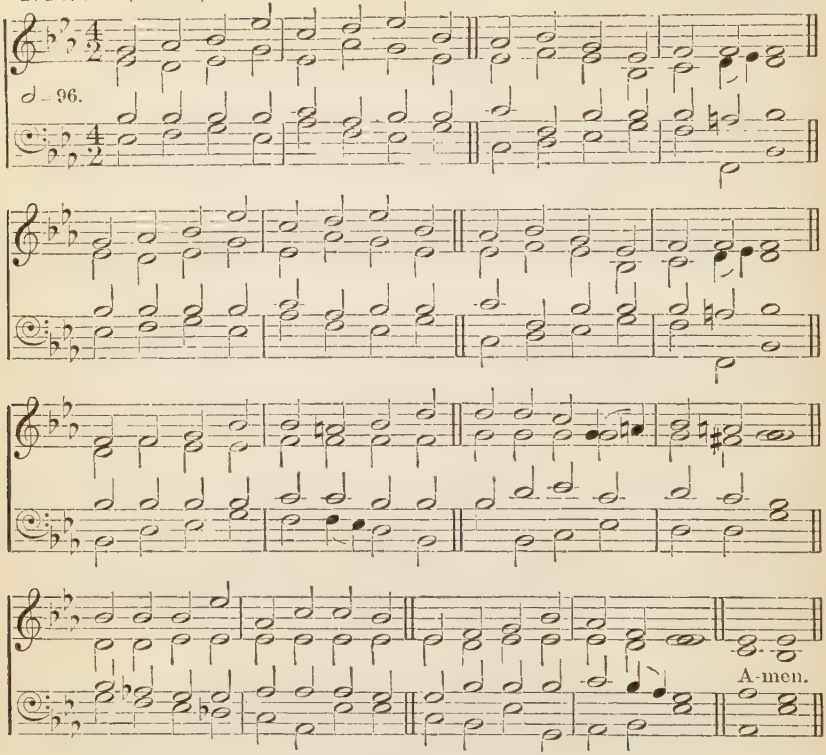
p 4 Body, be thou of good cheer:
In thy SAVIOUR'S care rejoice;
cr Give not place to gloom and fear,
Quick or dead, thou'lt know His voice,
f When the final trump is heard
And the deaf, cold grave is stirred.

p 5 Only see you that your heart
Rise betimes from earthly lust:
cr Would ye there with Him have part,
Here obey your LORD and trust:
f Fix your heart beyond the skies,
Whither ye yourselves would rise.

EVERTON. (8.7.8.7.D.)

202

HENRY SMART.



'He is risen, as He said.'

f ALLELUIA! Alleluia!
Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
Sing to GOD a hymn of gladness,
Sing to GOD a hymn of praise.
p He Who on the cross a victim
For the world's salvation bled,
f JESUS CHRIST, the King of glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

2 CHRIST is risen, CHRIST the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

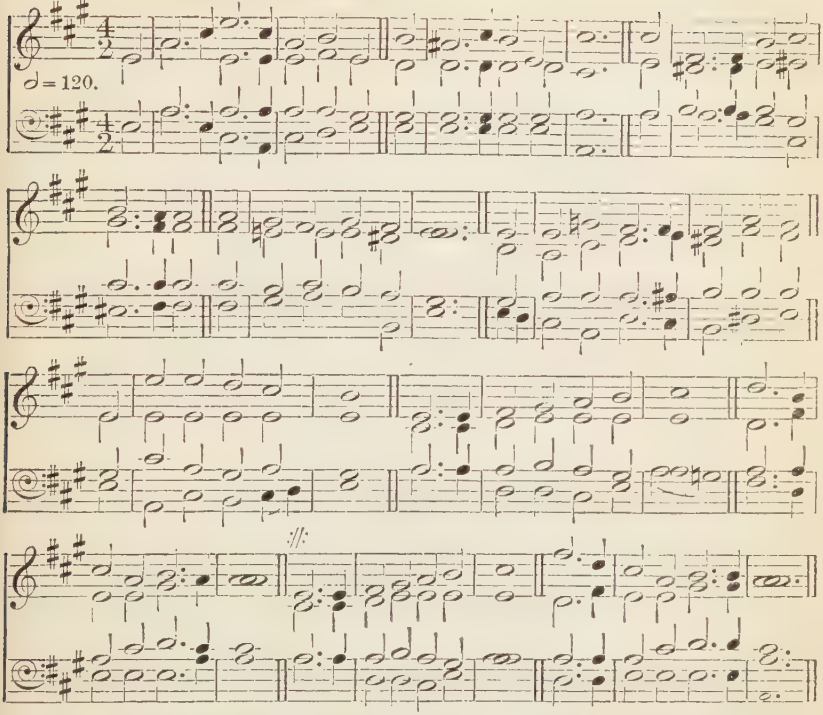
3 CHRIST is risen, we are risen;
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
cr Rain and dew, and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face;
f That we, with our hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered
And be ever, LORD, with Thee.

Unison.

ff 4 Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glory be to GOD on high;
Alleluia to the SAVIOUR,
Who hath gained the victory;
Alleluia to the SPIRIT,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
To the TRIUNE Majesty.

203

FRATERNITY. (8.6.8.6.8.6.7.7. and repeat.) J. JONES.



NOTE.—*The last two lines of each verse are repeated. This Hymn may be sung as a Solo, the repeated lines of each verse being sung in four parts if desired.*

'One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren.'

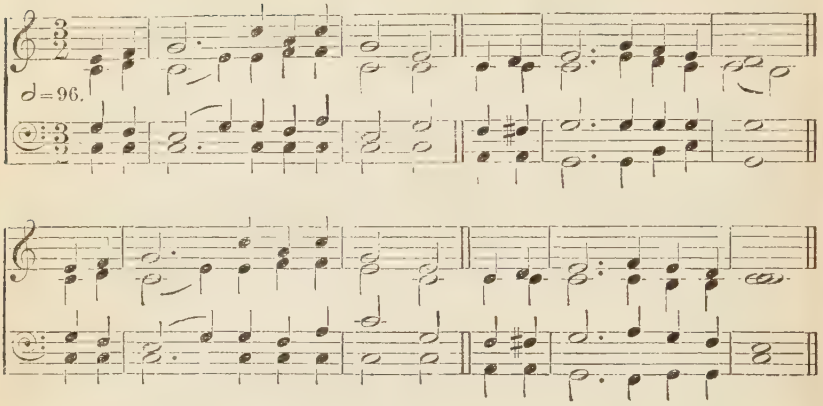
f NOW sound ye forth with trumpet
Let all the nations fear. [tone,
Speak to the world the thrilling words
That tyrants quail to hear;
And write them bold on freedom's flag,
And wave it in the van—
'Tis the Fatherhood of GOD,
And the brotherhood of man.

2 Too long the night of ignorance
Has brooded o'er the mind;
Too long the love of wealth and power,
And not the love of kind;
Now let the blessèd truth be flashed
To earth's remotest span,
Of the Fatherhood of GOD,
And the brotherhood of man.

3 Upon the sunny mountain brow,
Among the busy throng,
Proclaim the day for which our hearts
Have prayed and waited long.
ff The grandest words that men have heard
Since ere the world began,
Are the Fatherhood of GOD
And the brotherhood of man.

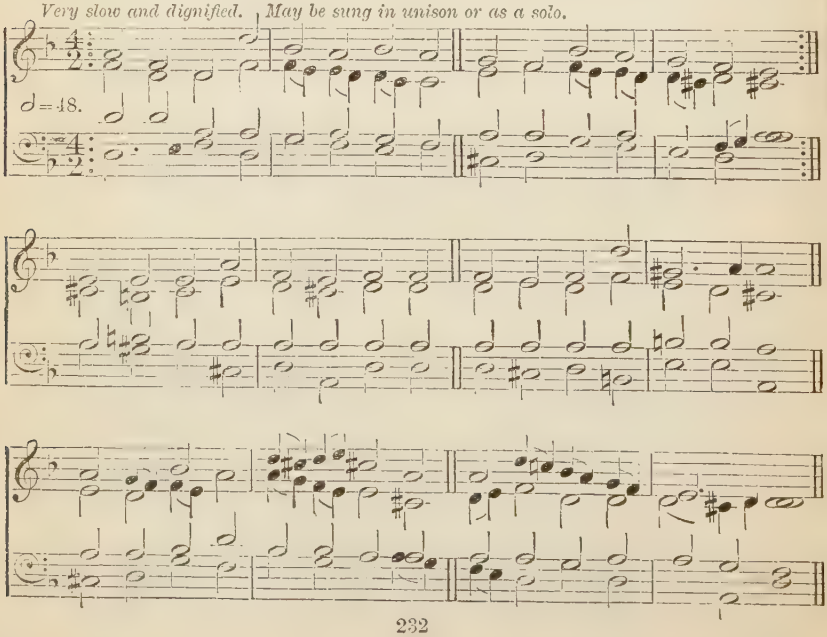
204

SAMARIA. (8.7.8.7.) FIRST TUNE Rev. E. W. BULLINGER, D.D.



ZUM FRIEDEN. (8.7.8.7.D.) SECOND TUNE From SCHEMELLI'S *Gesangbuch*, 1736. Arranged by J. S. BACH.

Very slow and dignified. *May be sung in unison or as a solo.*



'I came not to judge the world, but to save the world.'

p SOULS of men, why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

2 Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the SAVIOUR Who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?

f 3 There 's a wideness in GOD's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There 's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

dim 4 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

5 There is plentiful redemption
In the Blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

f 6 For the love of GOD is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

cr 7 Pining souls, come nearer JESUS,
And O come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His great tenderness for us.

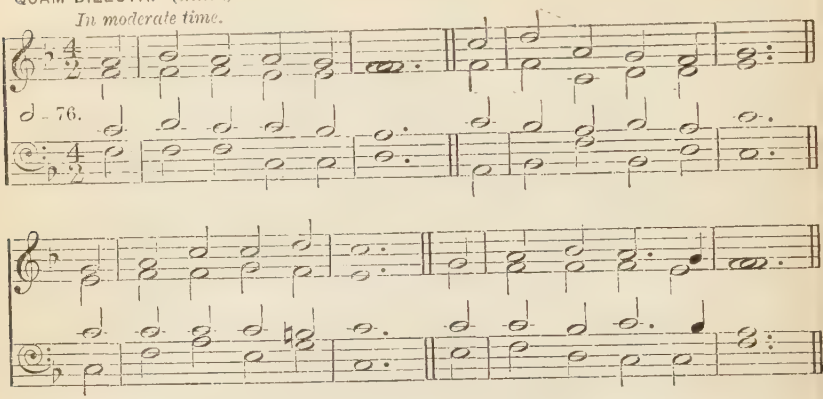
f 8 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our LORD.

205

QUAM DILECTA. (6.6.6.6.)

Bishop H. L. JENNER.

In moderate time.



'Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house; and the place where Thine honour dwelleth.'

f WE love the place, O GOD,
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

p 2 We love the house of prayer
Wherein Thy servants meet,
And Thou, O LORD, art there
Thy chosen flock to greet.

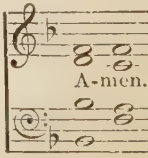
3 We love the sacred font:
For there the Holy Dove
To pour is ever wont
His blessing from above.

4 We love Thine altar, LORD:
O what on earth so dear?
For there, in faith adored,
We find Thy presence near.

cr 5 We love the word of life,
The word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife
And joys that never cease.

6 We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
f But O we long to know
The triumph-song of heaven.

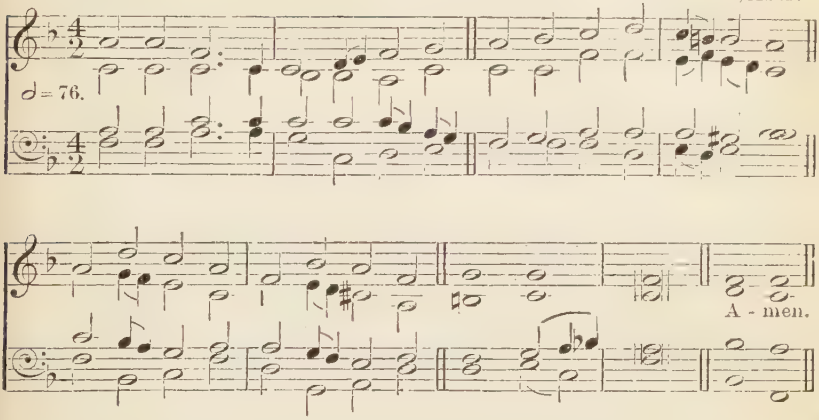
p 7 LORD JESUS, give us grace
On earth to love Thee more,
cr In heaven to see Thy face,
And with Thy saints adore.



206

RESURRECTIO. (8.7.8.3.)

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.



'I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness.'

f ON the Resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again:
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain!

p 2 Here awhile they must be parted
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapt in sleep.

3 For a while the wearied body
Lies with feet towards the morn,
cr Till the last and brightest Easter
Day be born;

4 But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong,
Bursting at the Resurrection
Into song.

f 5 Soul and body reunited
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in CHRIST'S own likeness
Satisfied.

6 O the beauty, O the gladness
Of that Resurrection day,
Which shall not through endless ages
Pass away!

7 On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore;
Father, sister, child, and mother
Meet once more.

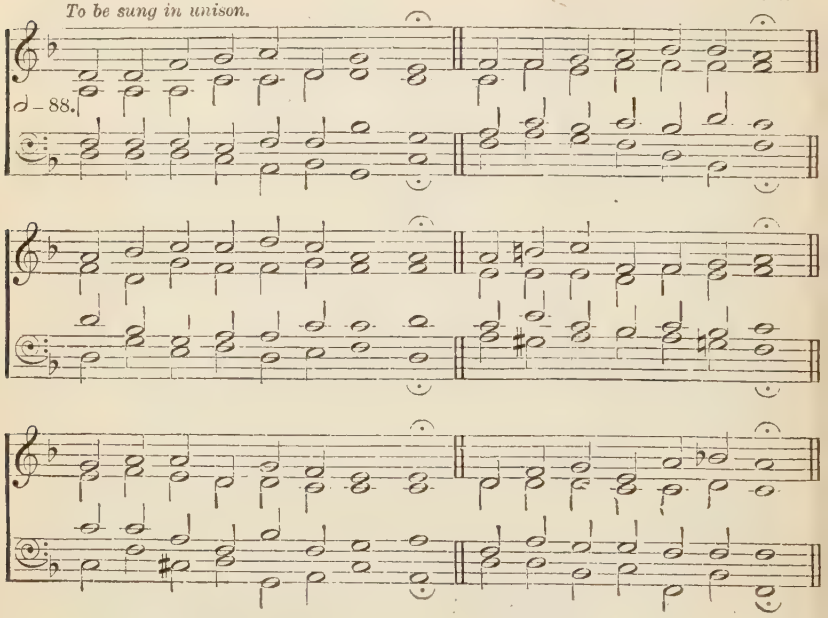
8 To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, JESUS CHRIST, at last,
By Thy cross, through death and judgment,
Holding fast.

207

FIRST TUNE

AD PERENNIS VITAE FONTEM. (8.7.8.7.8.7.) From the *Breviarium Turinense*?

To be sung in unison.

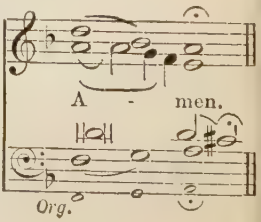


'The glory which I had with Thee before the world was.'

p JESUS, LORD of Life eternal,
Taking those He loved the best,
Stood upon the Mount of Olives
And His own once more He blest:
Then, although He ne'er had left it,
Sought again His FATHER'S breast.

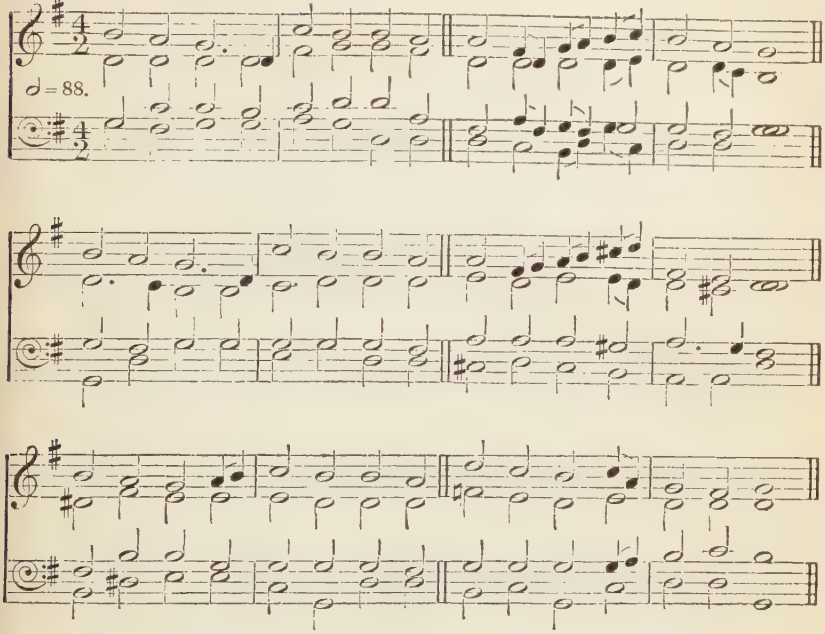
2 Knit is now our flesh to Godhead,
Knit in everlasting bands:
cr Call the world to highest festal;
Floods and oceans, clap your hands.
f Angels, raise the song of triumph;
Make response, ye distant lands.

p 3 Blessèd JESUS, LORD and Master,
By whose bonds Thine own are free,
Heavenly FATHER, Love Eternal,
On our knees we worship Thee,
With the HOLY GHOST, adoring
f GOD Almighty, ONE in THREE.



207

CONFIDENCE. (8.7.8.7.8.7.) SECOND TUNE Rev. THOMAS KELLY.



'*The glory which I had with Thee before the world was.*'

p JESUS, LORD of Life eternal,
Taking those He loved the best,
Stood upon the Mount of Olives
And His own once more He blest:
Then, although He ne'er had left it,
Sought again His FATHER'S breast.

2 Knit is now our flesh to Godhead,
Knit in everlasting bands:
cr Call the world to highest festal;
Floods and oceans, clap your hands.
f Angels, raise the song of triumph;
Make response, ye distant lands.

p 3 Blessèd JESUS, LORD and Master,
By whose bonds Thine own are free,
Heavenly FATHER, Love Eternal,
On our knees we worship Thee,
With the HOLY GHOST, adoring
f GOD Almighty, ONE in THREE.

208

ST. JOHN DAMASCENE. (6.5.6.5.D.) FIRST TUNE ELIZABETH RAYMOND BARKER.

FOR A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT FORM OF THIS TUNE SEE CHURCH HYMNARY, No. 309.

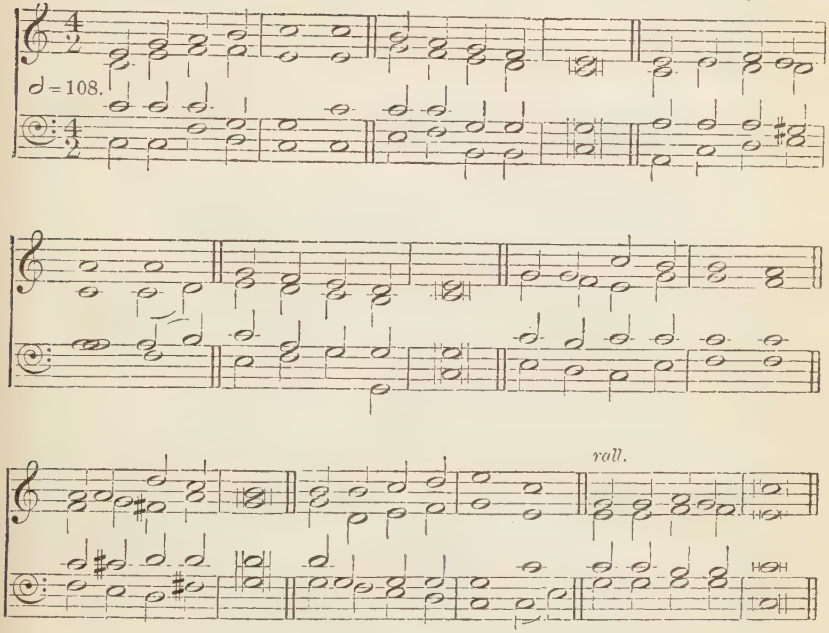
'He that overcometh shall inherit all things.'

p THOSE eternal bowers
Man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers
Round the throne of GOD:
Who may hope to gain them
After weary fight,
Who at length attain them,
Clad in robes of white?

cr 2 He who gladly barters
All on earthly ground,
He who, like the martyrs,
Says, 'I will be crowned,'
He whose one oblation
Is a life of love:
He shall win salvation
With the blest above.

208

COLYTON. (6.5.6.5.D.) SECOND TUNE W. H. MONK, MUS.D.



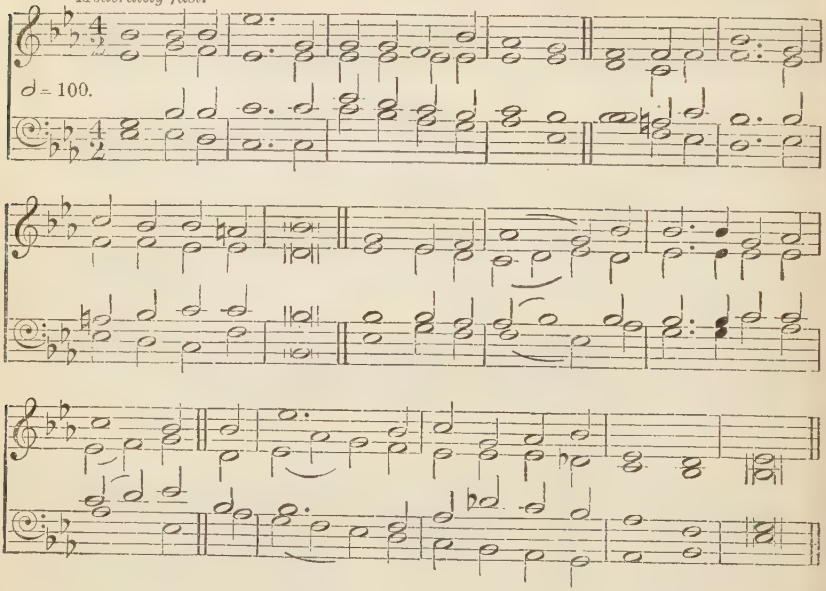
p 3 Shame upon you, legions
Of the heavenly King,
Denizens of regions
Past imagining!
What! with pipe and tabor
Fool away the light,
When He bids you labour,
cr When He tells you, 'Fight!'

4 While I do my duty,
Struggling through the tide,
Whisper Thou of beauty
On the other side.
p Tell who will the story
Of our now distress,
f O the future glory,
O the loveliness!

209

HABEMUS AD DOMINUM. (11.10.11.10.) FIRST TUNE — Rev. GEORGE BELL, M.A., Mus.D.

Moderately fast.



'Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.'

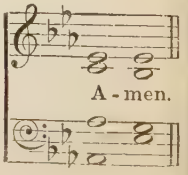
f 'LIFT up your hearts': I hear the summons pealing
Forth from the golden altar where He stands—
Our great High Priest, the FATHER's love revealing,
dim In priestly act, with pleading outspread hands.

f 2 'Lift up your hearts': with hearts to heaven soaring
The Church exulting makes her glad reply—
'We lift them up unto the LORD,' adoring;
Our GOD and Thine, through Thee, we glorify.

3 'Lift up your hearts': (*dim*) alas, O LORD, I cannot
p Lift up aright my burdened heart to Thee;
Thou knowest, LORD, the cares that weigh upon it,
The chains that bind it struggling to be free.

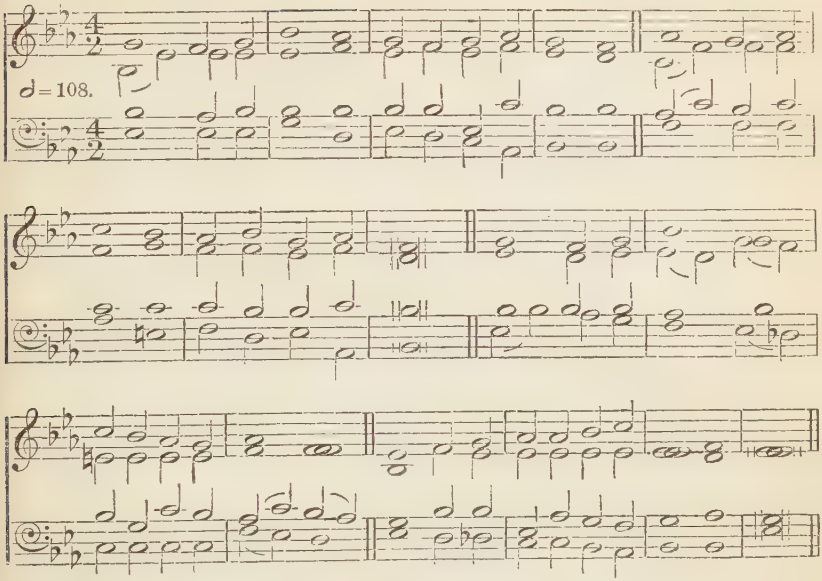
cr 4 O Love divine! Thy promise comes to cheer me,
O Voice of pity! blessing and thrice blest—
'Come unto Me, ye laden hearts and weary;
Take up My yoke, and learn: I pledge you rest.'

5 I dare not waver by such grace invited,
I yield my heart, dear LORD: I close the strife.
Lift Thou my heart until, with Thine united,
I taste anew the joy of endless life.



209

OSWESTRY. (11.10.11.10.) SECOND TUNE Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.



[*By permission of* NOVELLO & Co., Ltd.]

ALTERNATIVE TUNE, STRENGTH AND STAY, No. 267.

'Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.'

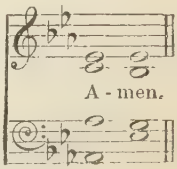
f 'LIFT up your hearts': I hear the summons pealing
Forth from the golden altar where He stands—
Our great High Priest, the FATHER'S love revealing,
dim In priestly act, with pleading outspread hands.

f 2 'Lift up your hearts': with hearts to heaven soaring
The Church exulting makes her glad reply—
'We lift them up unto the LORD,' adoring;
Our GOD and Thine, through Thee, we glorify.

3 'Lift up your hearts': (*dim*) alas, O LORD, I cannot
p Lift up aright my burdened heart to Thee;
Thou knowest, LORD, the cares that weigh upon it,
The chains that bind it struggling to be free.

cr 4 O Love divine! Thy promise comes to cheer me,
O Voice of pity! blessing and thrice blest—
'Come unto Me, ye laden hearts and weary;
Take up My yoke, and learn: I pledge you rest.'

5 I dare not waver by such grace invited,
I yield my heart, dear LORD: I close the strife.
Lift Thou my heart until, with Thine united,
I taste anew the joy of endless life.



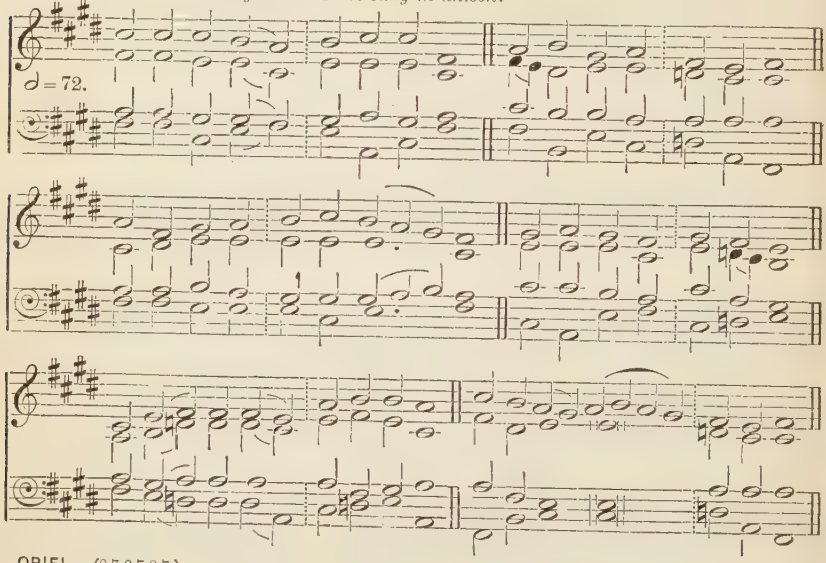
210

URBS BEATA. (8.7.8.7.8.7.)

FIRST TUNE

Ancient Plainsong (Sarum form).

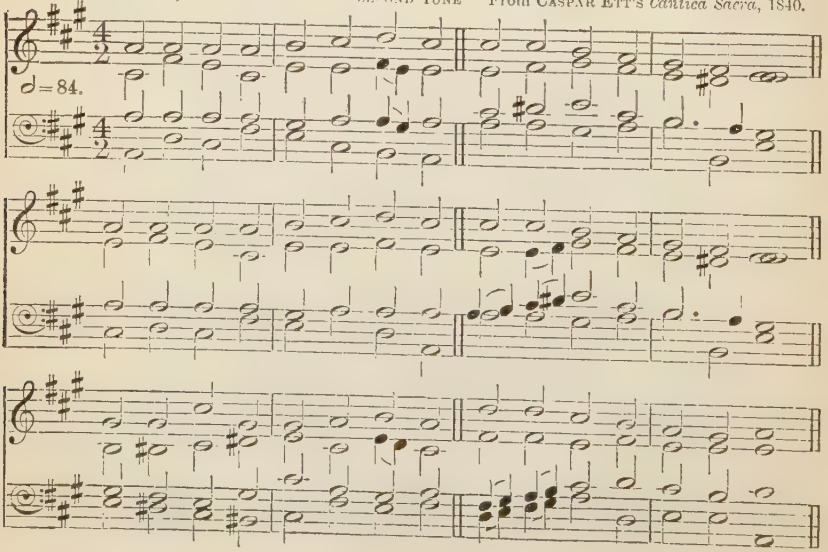
In slow and stately time. To be sung in unison.



ORIEL. (8.7.8.7.8.7.)

SECOND TUNE

From CASPAR ETT's *Cantica Sacra*, 1840.



'Ye also as lively stones are built up a spiritual house.'

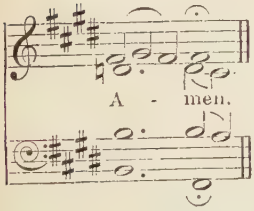
f BLESSÈD city, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who, of living stones upbuilded,
Art the joy of heaven above,
And with angel hosts encircled
As a bride to earth dost move:

2 From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round thee shed,
Meet for Him Whose love espoused thee
To thy LORD shalt thou be led:
All thy streets and all thy bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashionèd.

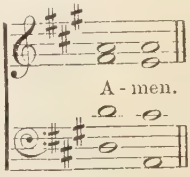
3 Bright thy gates of pearl are shining;
They are open evermore;
And by virtue of His merits
Thither faithful souls may soar,
Who, for CHRIST's dear name, in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.

p 4 Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heavenly Architect,
cr Nevermore to leave the temple
Which with them the LORD hath decked.

FIRST TUNE.



SECOND TUNE.

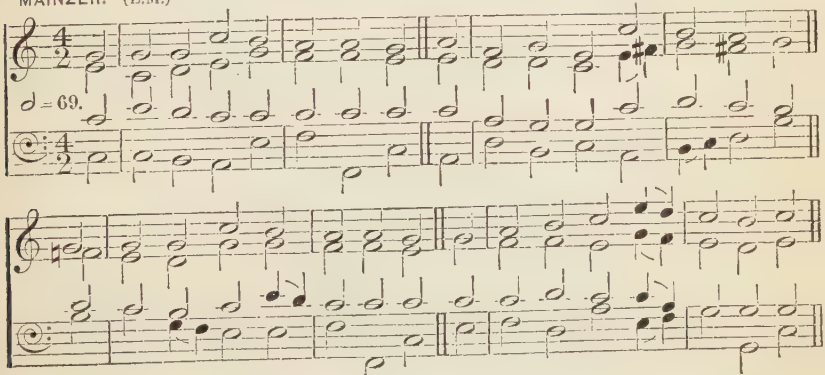


f 5 Laud and honour to the FATHER,
Laud and honour to the SON,
Laud and honour to the SPIRIT,
Ever THREE and ever ONE:
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

211

MAINZER. (L.M.)

MAINZER's *Standard Psalmody*, 1845.



'Therein abide with God.'

f HOW happy he, or born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought
And simple truth his highest skill;

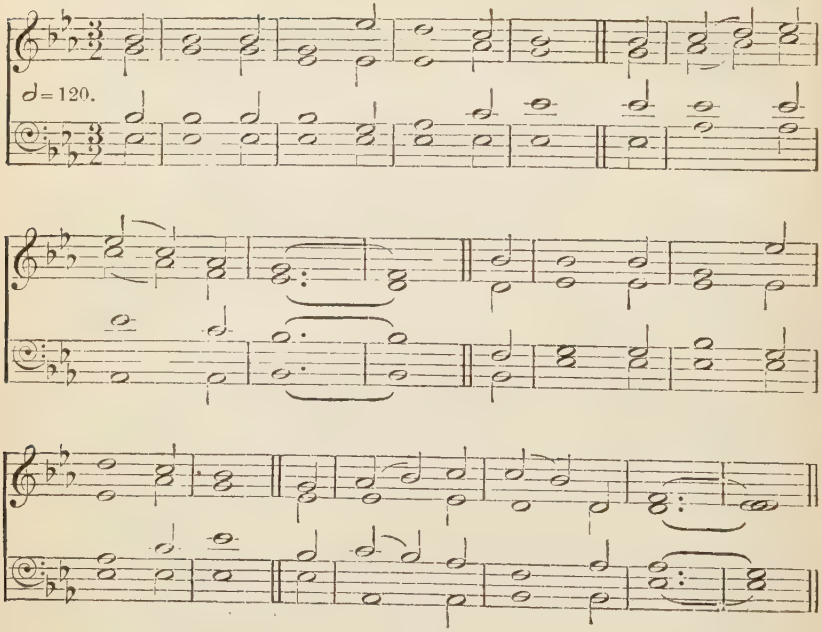
p 2 Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death:
Not tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear, or vulgar breath;

3 Who GOD doth late and early pray
More of His grace than goods to lend;
cr And walks with man from day to day
As with a brother and a friend.

4 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall—
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

212

ST. NICOLAS. (C.M.) Traditional.



'Ye serve the Lord Christ.'

p THE toil of brain, or heart, or hand
Is man's appointed lot:
He who GOD's call can understand
Will work and murmur not.

2 O GOD, who workest hitherto,
Working in all we see,
Fain would we be, and bear, and do
As best it pleaseth Thee.

cr 3 Our skill of hand, our strength of limb
Are not our own but Thine:
We link them to the work of Him
Whose life was all divine.

4 Our Brother, Friend, Thine only SON,
Shared in man's lot and strife;
And nobly shall our work be done
If moulded by His life.

213

MORNING LIGHT. (7.6.7.6.D.) GEORGE JAMES WEBB.

'Quit you like men, be strong.'

f STAND up, stand up for JESUS,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner:
It must not suffer loss.
From victory to victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And CHRIST is LORD indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for JESUS,
The trumpet call obey:
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day!
Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for JESUS,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armour,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for JESUS,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be:
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

214

MADRID. (6.6.6.6.D.) *The Spanish Hymn*, Philadelphia, 1826.

'King of kings and Lord of lords.'

f COME, children, join to sing,
Alleluia. Amen.
Loud praise to CHRIST our King,
Alleluia. Amen.
Let all with heart and voice
Before His throne rejoice;
Praise is His gracious choice,
Alleluia. Amen.

2 Come, lift your hearts on high,
Alleluia. Amen.
Let praises fill the sky,
Alleluia. Amen.
He is our guide and friend;
To us He'll condescend;
His love shall never end,
Alleluia. Amen.

3 Praise ye the LORD again,
Alleluia. Amen.
Life shall not end the strain,
Alleluia. Amen.
On heaven's blissful shore
His goodness we'll adore,
Singing for evermore,
Alleluia. Amen.

215

WHEN HE COMETH. (8.6.8.5. and refrain.) G. F. Root.

♩ = 100.
Refrain.
f Like the stars of the morn - ing, His bright crown a - dorn - ing, They shall
shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown.

'They shall be Mine, saith the Lord.'

f WHEN He cometh, when He cometh
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own,

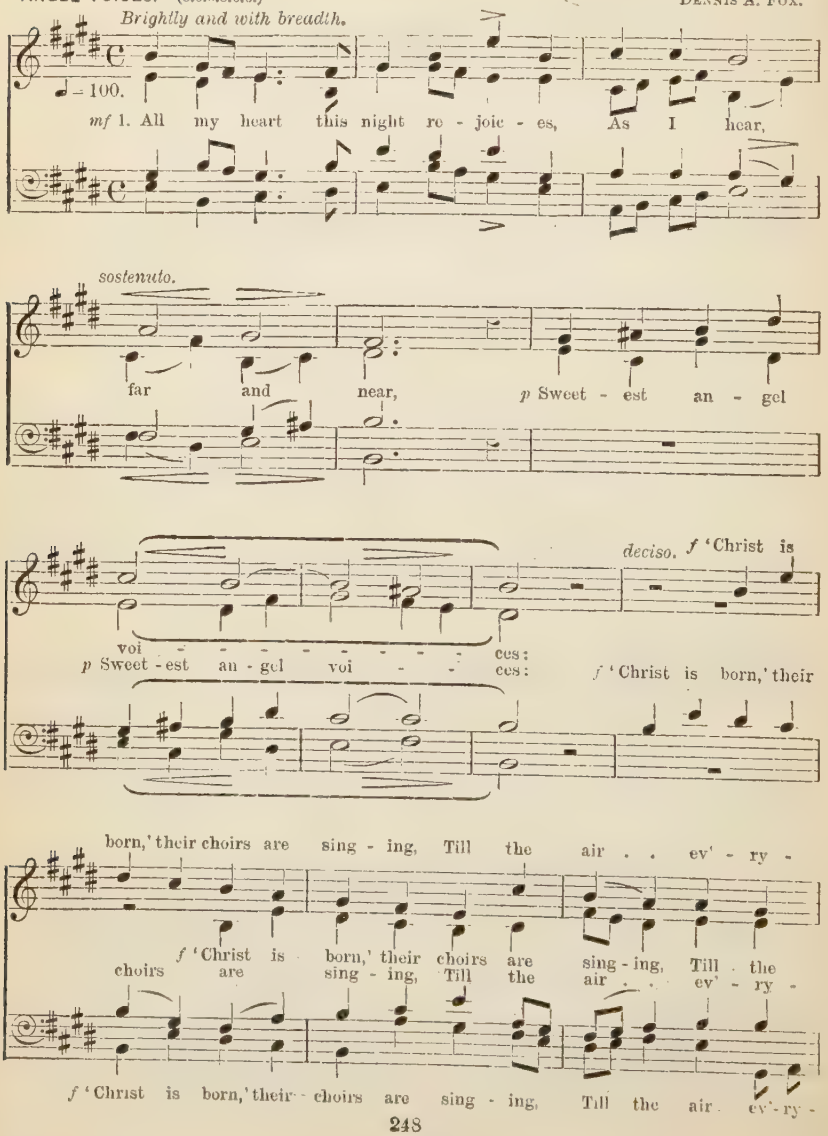
Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

p 2 He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom,
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

3 Little children, little children
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

216

ANGEL VOICES. (S.6.6.S.6.6.) DENNIS A. FOX.


Brightly and with breadth.
♩ = 100.
mf 1. All my heart this night re - joic - es, As I hear,
sostenuto.
far and near, p Sweet - est an - gel
deciso. f 'Christ is
voi - - - - - - - - ces:
p Sweet - est an - gel voi - - - ces:
f 'Christ is born,' their
born,' their choirs are sing - ing, Till the air . . ev' - ry -
f 'Christ is born,' their choirs are sing - ing, Till the
choirs are sing - ing, Till the air . . ev' - ry -
f 'Christ is born,' their choirs are sing - ing, Till the air . ev' - ry -

con forza.
rit.
- where ff Now with joy . . . is ring - - ing.
air ff Now with joy . . . is ring - - ing.
- where ff Now with joy . . . is ring - - ing.
- where ff Now with joy . . . is ring - - ing.

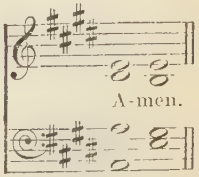
'*The Dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness.*'

ALL my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear, far and near,
Sweetest angel voices:
'CHRIST is born,' their choirs are singing,
Till the air everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.

2 Fair it dawns, the promised morrow
Of His birth, Who the earth
Rescues from her sorrow.
GOD to wear our form descendeth;
Of His grace, to our race
Here His SON He lendeth.

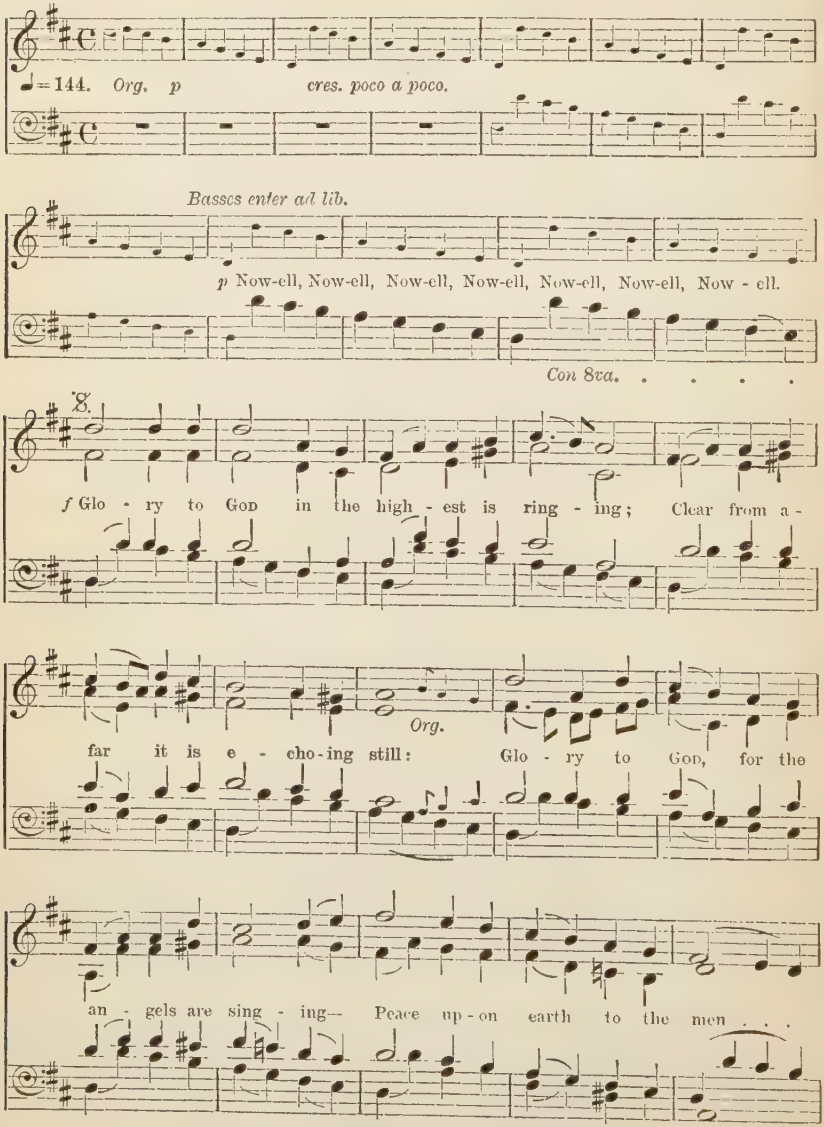
3 Hark! a Voice from yonder manger
Soft and sweet doth entreat—
Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come: from all that grieves you
You are freed; all you need
Here your SAVIOUR gives you.

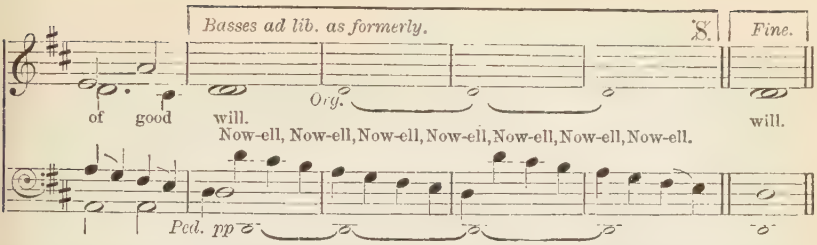
4 Come, then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder.
Love Him, Who with love is yearning;
Hail the star that from far
Bright with hope is burning.



217

CHRISTMAS BELLS. (11.10.11.10. and Nowell.) Adapted from Rev. R. F. Smith.


♩=144. Org. p
cres. poco a poco.
Basses enter ad lib.
p Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Now - ell.
Con 8va.
f Glo - ry to God in the high - est is ring - ing; Clear from a -
Org.
far it is e - cho-ing still: Glo - ry to God, for the
an - gels are sing - ing— Peace up - on earth to the men



[*Adapted from Tune by* Rev. R. F. Smith, *in* '*Carols for use in Church*', *edited by* Rev. R. R. Chope, M.A., *by permission of* William Clowes & Sons, Ltd.]

'*Unto us a Child is born.*'

f GLORY to God in the highest is ringing;
Clear from afar it is echoing still:
Glory to God, for the angels are singing—
Peace upon earth to the men of goodwill.
Nowell, Nowell.

2 Glory to God, as the prophets foretold it;
Over the ages the promise is cast.
Paradise heard it and now we behold it:
Seed of the woman, we hail Thee at last.

3 Glory to God, for as dews of the morning
Songs of Thy birthday are filling the air;
Shepherds of Bethlehem give us the warning—
Child of the Virgin, we welcome Thee there.

ff 4 Glory to God: let the glad exultation
Sound through the world, bringing peace to the wise.
Joy for all people—Desire of all nations!
Echo the tidings in songs of the skies.

218

CHILDREN'S SONG. (Irregular.) FIRST TUNE HERBERT WALTON.

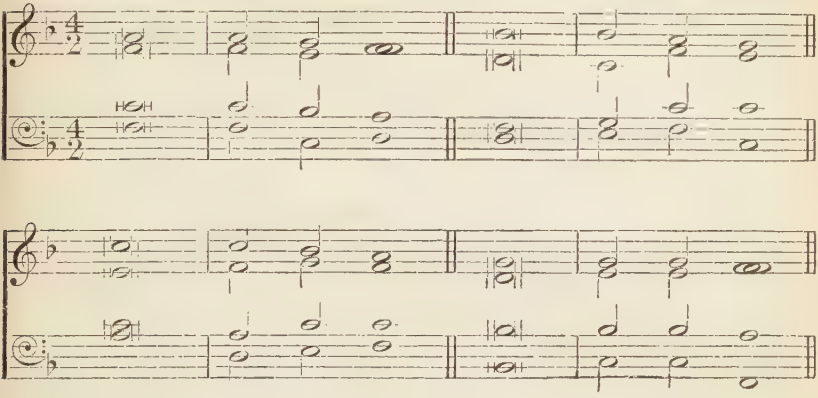
♩. = 60.
f 1. There came a lit - tle Child to earth long a - go; . And the
f 2. Far a - way in a good - ly land, . fair and bright, Chil -
dim. 3. They sing how the LORD of that world so fair a Child was born; p And, that
f 4. He hath put on king - ly ap - par - el now in that good - ly land, And He
angels of GOD pro - claimed His birth . high and low. . p Out
dren with crowns of glo - ry stand . robed in white,— In
they might His crown of glo - ry share, wore a crown of thorn; And in
leads to where foun-tains of wa - ter flow His cho - sen band. . And for
in the night so calm and still their song was heard; cr For they
white more pure than the spot - less snow, while their tongues u - nite . . In the
mor - tal weakness, in want and pain, came forth to die, . cr That the
ev - er - more, in their robes so fair and un - de - filed, . . Those
knew that the Child on Beth-lehem's hill was CHRIST the LORD.
psalm which the angels sang long a - go on Christ - mas night.
chil - dren of earth might in glo - ry reign with Him on high.
ran - somed children His praise de - clare Who was once a Child. A - men.

218

SECOND TUNE

TROYTE'S CHANT, No. 2. (Words Irregular.)

WILLIAM HAYES, Mus.D.
Abridged by A. H. D. TROYTE.



'Unto us a Son is given.'

f THERE came a little Child to éarth | long ago ;‖
And the angels of GOD proclaimed His bírth | high and low,‖
p Out in the night so calm and stíll their | song was heard ;‖
cr For they knew that the Child on Bethlehem's híll was | CHRIST the LORD.‖

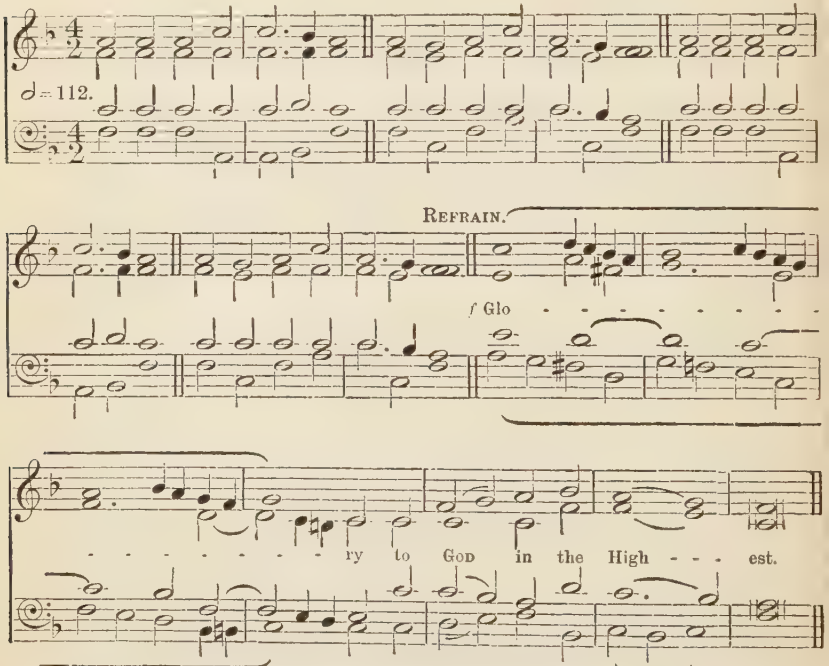
f 2 Far away in a goodly lánd, | fair and bright,‖
Children with crowns of glory stánd | robed in white,‖
In white more pure than the spotless snów, while their | tongues u-nite‖
In the psalm which the angels sang long agó on | Christ-mas night.‖

dim 3 They sing how the LORD of that world so fáir a | Child was born ;‖
p And, that they might His crown of glory sháre, wore a | crown of thorn ;‖
And in mortal weakness, in want and páin, came | forth to die,‖
cr That the children of earth might in glory réign with | Him on high.‖

f 4 He hath put on kingly apparel nów in that | good-ly land,‖
And He leads to where fountains of water flów His | chos-en band.‖
And for evermore, in their robes so fáir and | un-de-filed,‖
Those ransomed children His praise decláre Who was | once a Child.‖

219

SHEPHERDS WATCHING. (7.7.7.7. and refrain.) French Noël.



This hymn may be sung as a Solo, in which case the Refrain may with advantage be sung in four parts.

'Let us now go even unto Bethlehem.'

SHEPHERDS watching o'er your flocks
As the darkness steals around,
Hark, what melody divine
Floods the air with wondrous sound:
f *Glory to God in the Highest.*

2 Lift your wondering eyes to heaven;
Choirs of angels gathered there
In the solemn midnight hour
Break the stillness of the air:

3 Stay not on the bleak hill-side,
Hasten, shepherds, to obey;
To adore yon infant Child
Angels beckon you away:

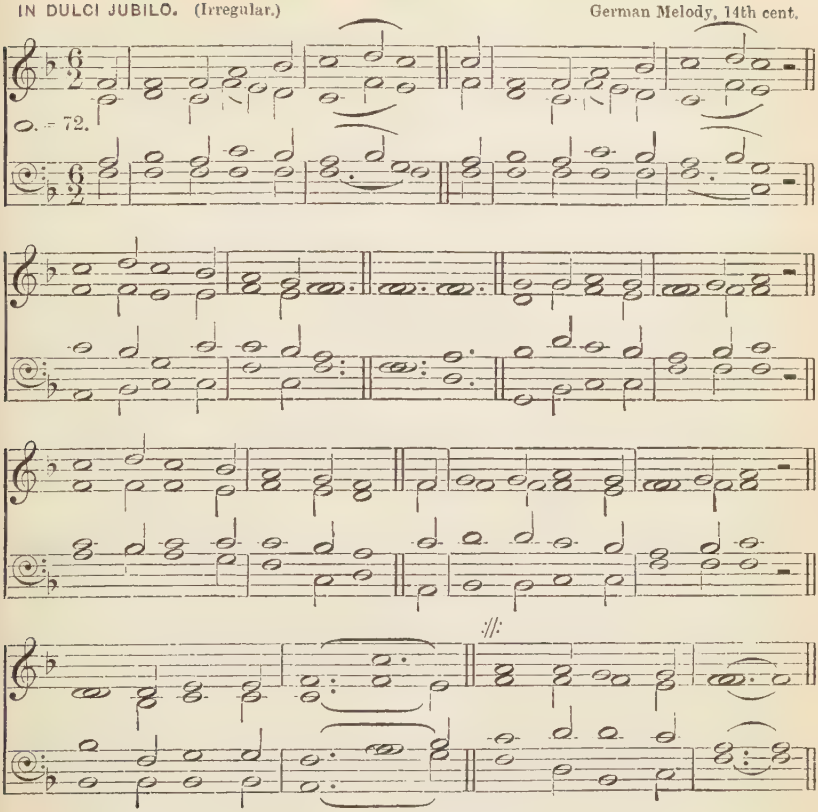
4 Where the ox and ass are stalled,
There a Babe in swaddling bands.
You to greet and you to bless,
Lifts His tiny infant hands.

p 5 Kneel down, shepherds, bow your heads—
Deep the mystery of love;
He is God and He is Man:
Here on earth, in heaven above.

f 6 Let us then with gladsome voice
Join the angel choir on high;
Make heaven's highest arches ring
Through the deep dark midnight sky:

220

IN DULCI JUBILO. (Irregular.) German Melody, 14th cent.



'Unto you is born this day a Saviour.'

f GOOD Christian men, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice!
Give ye heed to what we say:
News! news!
JESUS CHRIST is born to-day.
p Ox and ass before Him bow,
And He is in the manger now:
cr CHRIST is born to-day.

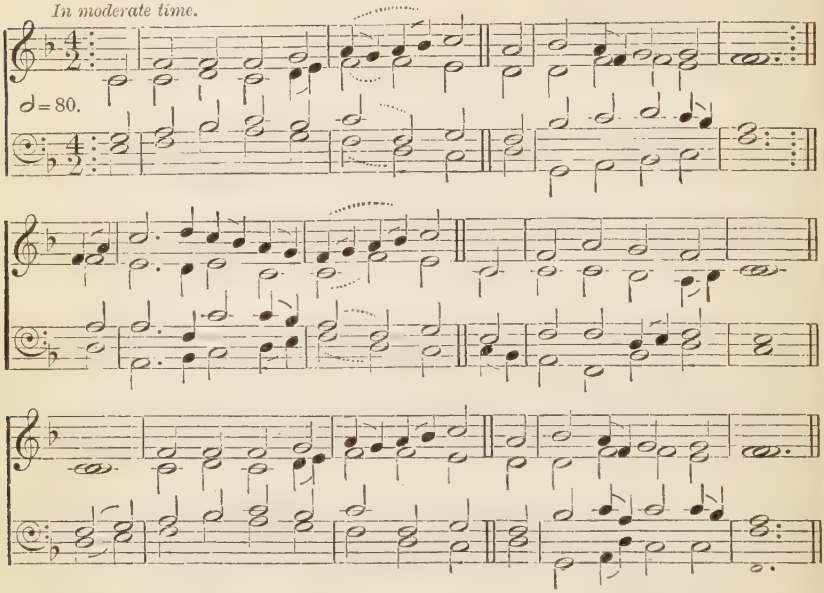
2 Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice!
Now ye hear of endless bliss:
f Joy! joy!
JESUS CHRIST was born for this.
He hath ope'd the heavenly door,
And man is blessed for evermore.
CHRIST was born for this.

3 Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice!
Now ye need not fear the grave:
p Peace! peace!
JESUS CHRIST was born to save;
Calls you one and calls you all
To gain His everlasting hall.
f CHRIST was born to save.

221

FOREST GREEN. (D.C.M. Words irregular.) English Traditional Melody.

In moderate time.



Alternative Tune, Bethlehem Ephratah, Church Hymnary, No. 33.

'Immanuel . . . God with us.'

p O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
cr Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light—
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

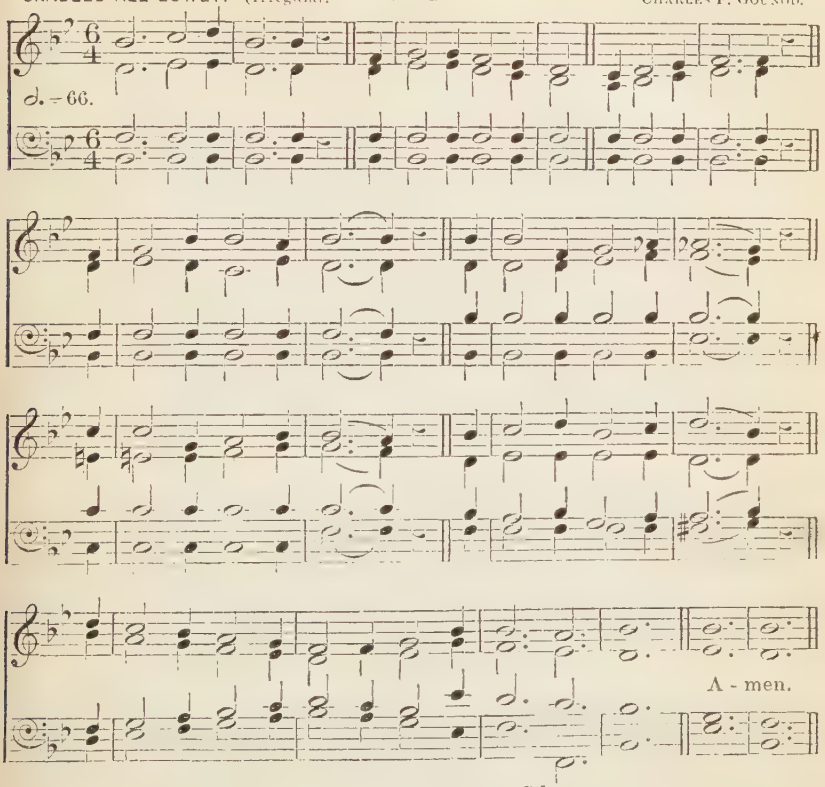
2 For Christ is born of Mary;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

f O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

dim 3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
p No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive
Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

cr 4 O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in:
Be born in us to-day.
f We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell:
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel.

CRADLED ALL LOWLY. (Irregular.) **222** CHARLES F. GOUNOD.



This hymn may be sung as a Solo.

'The desire of all nations.'

p CRADLED all lowly,
Behold the SAVIOUR child,
A Being holy
In dwelling rude and wild!

cr Ne'er yet was regal state
Of monarch proud and great,
Who grasped a nation's fate,
So glorious as the manger bed of Bethlehem.

2 No longer sorrow
As without hope, O earth!
A brighter morrow
Dawned with that infant's birth.

p Our sins were great and sore,

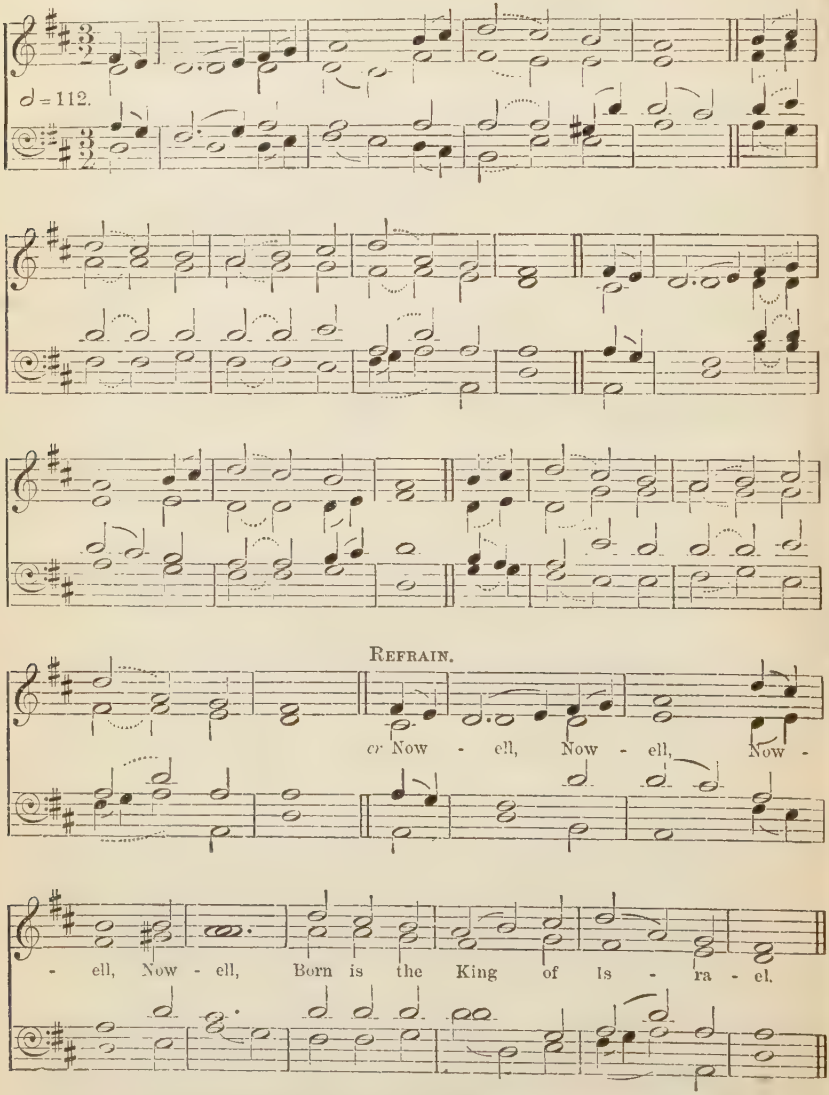
cr But these the SAVIOUR bore,
And GOD was wroth no more—
His own SON was the child that lay in Bethlehem.

p 3 Babe, weak and wailing
In lowly village stall,
Thy glory veiling,
Thou cam'st to die for all.

f The sacrifice is done,
The world's atonement won
Till time its course hath run,
O JESUS, SAVIOUR! Morning Star of Bethlehem!

223

THE FIRST NOWELL. (Irregular.) W. SANDYS's *Christmas Carols*, 1833.



This hymn may be sung as a Solo, the Refrain being sung in four parts.

'The star stood over where the young Child was.'

f THE first Nowell the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay:
In fields where they lay akeeping their sheep
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
cr *Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,*
Born is the King of Israel.

f 2 They lookèd up and saw a star,
Shining in the east, beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light
And so it continued both day and night.

3 And by the light of that same star,
Three wise men came from country far;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.

4 This star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay
Right over the place where JESUS lay.

p 5 Then entered in those wise men three,
Fell reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in His presence
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.

f 6 Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our Heavenly LORD,
That hath made heaven and earth of naught,
And with His blood mankind hath bought.

224

ANGELS' JOY. (7.7.7.7. and refrain.) Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.

f
p
♩ = 80.
On the birth-day of the LORD An-gels joy in
f
glad ac-cord, And they sing in sweet-est tone—
ff
Glo-ry be to GOD a-lone, Glo-ry be to
REFRAIN. dim.
GOD a-lone. GOD is born of maid-en fair: Ma-

'*A Saviour which is Christ the Lord.*'

ON the birthday of the Lord
Angels joy in glad accord,
And they sing in sweetest tone—
Glory be to God alone.
God is born of maiden fair:
Mary doth the Saviour bear,
Jesus Christ the Lord.

2 These good news an angel told
To the shepherds by their fold,
Told them of the Saviour's birth,
Told them of the joy for earth.

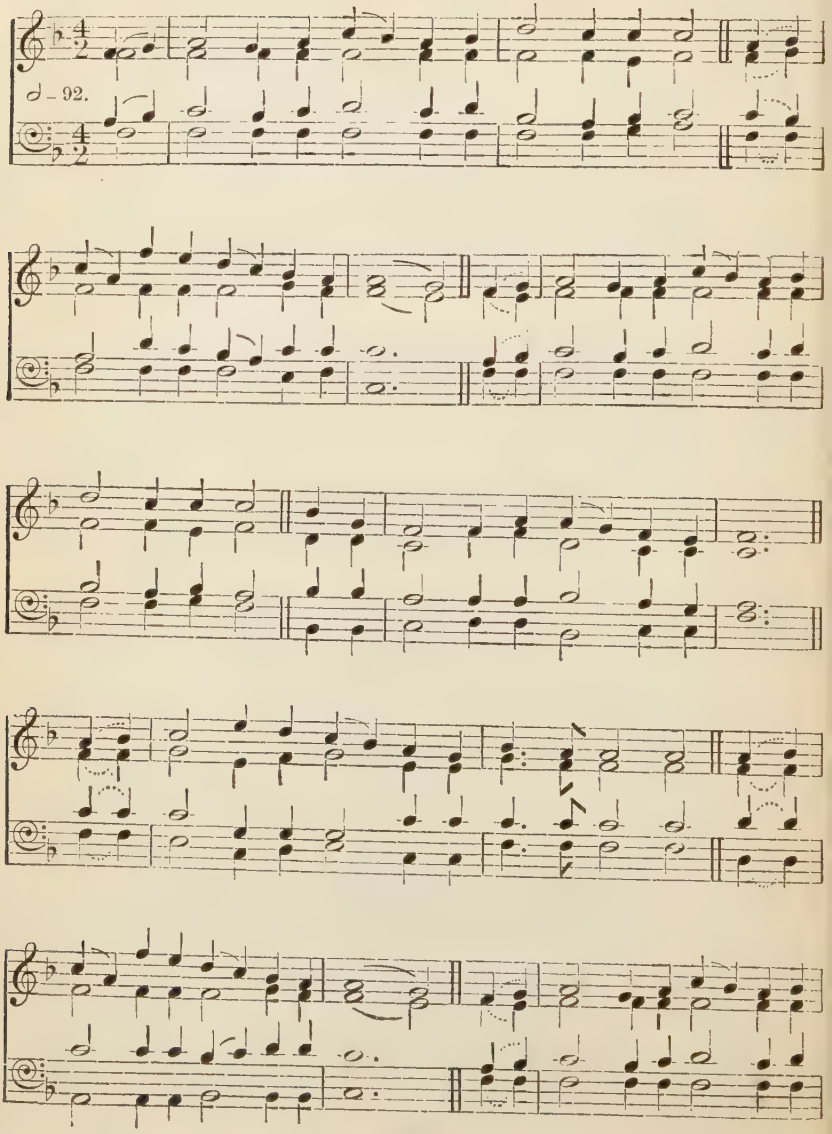
3 Born is now Immanuel;
He, announced by Gabriel,
He, whom prophets old attest,
Cometh from His Father's breast.

4 Born to-day is Christ the Child,
Born of Mary undefiled,
Born the King and Lord we own:
Glory be to God alone.

225

SALAMIS. (Irregular.)

Greek Air.



'He took them up in His arms.'

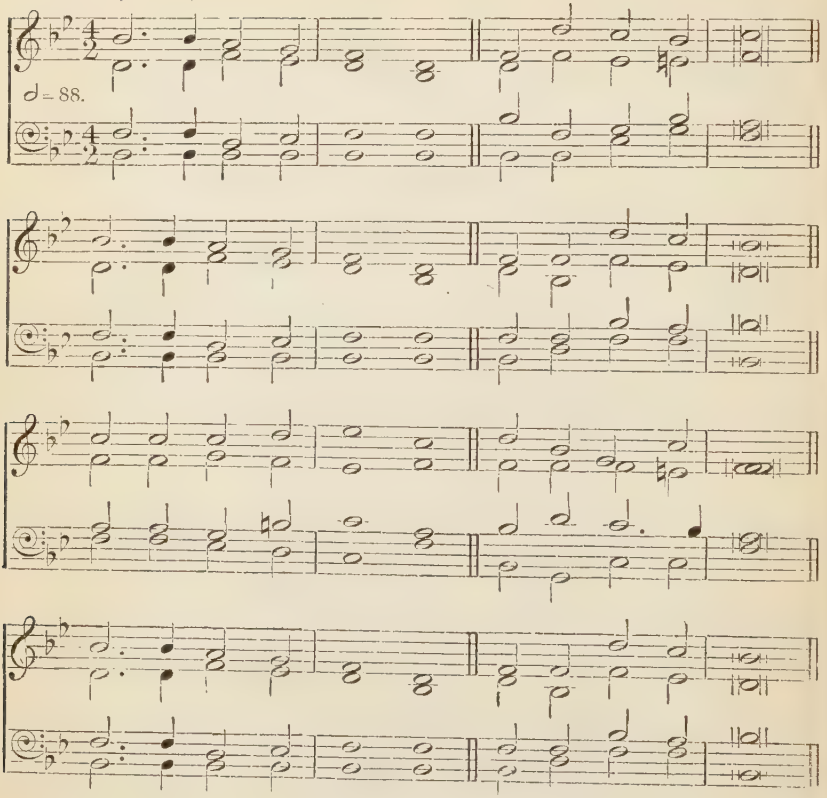
f I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When JESUS was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold:
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me;
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
'Let the little ones come unto Me.'

p 2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above:
In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
cr And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

p 3 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all
And that JESUS has bid them to come.
f I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

226

GOSHEN. (6.5.6.5.D.) Miss DAVIS.



'The Lord is my Shepherd.'

f JESUS is our Shepherd:
Well we know His voice.
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice!
dim Even when He chideth,
Tender is its tone:
cr None but He shall guide us,
We are His alone.

2 JESUS is our Shepherd:
p For the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood He shed.
Then on each He setteth
His own secret sign—
cr 'They that have My SPIRIT,
These,' saith He, 'are Mine.'

3 JESUS is our Shepherd:
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm;
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

227

ELLACOMBE. (7.6.7.6.D.)

XAVIER LUDWIG HARTIG'S
Vollständige Sammlung, c. 1820.

'If these should hold their peace.'

f HOSANNA, loud hosanna,
The little children sang;
Through pillared court and temple
The joyful anthem rang;
To JESUS, who had blessed them
Close folded to His breast,
The children sang their praises,
The simplest and the best.

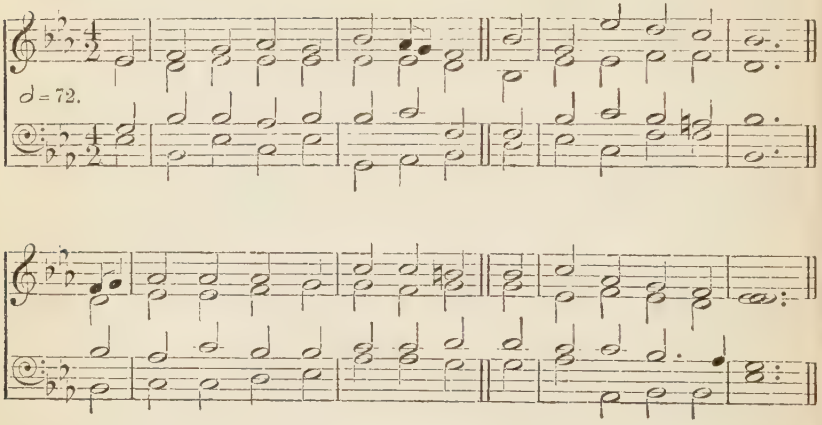
2 From Olivet they followed
'Mid an exultant crowd,
The victor palm-branch waving,
And chanting clear and loud;
Bright angels joined the chorus,
Beyond the cloudless sky—
Hosanna in the highest!
Glory to GOD on high!

p 3 Fair leaves of silvery olive
They strewed upon the ground,
While Salem's circling mountains
Echoed the joyful sound;
The LORD of men and angels
Rode on in lowly state,
Nor scorned that little children
Should on His bidding wait.

f 4 Hosanna in the highest!
That ancient song we sing;
For CHRIST is our Redeemer,
The LORD of heaven our King.
O may we ever praise Him
With heart and life and voice,
And in His blissful presence
Eternally rejoice.

228

HORSLEY. (C.M.) WILLIAM HORSLEY.



'There they crucified Him.'

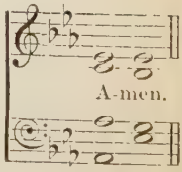
p THERE is a green hill far away
Without a city wall,
Where the dear LORD was crucified
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

cr 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

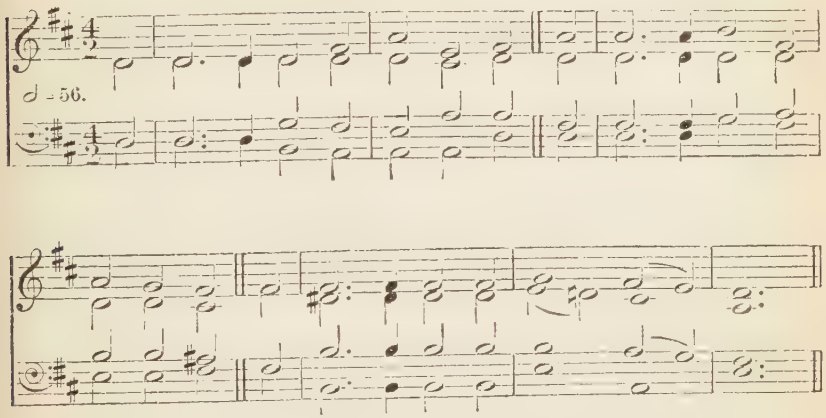
4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.



229

HOLY SEPULCHRE. (S.S.S.) FIRST TUNE E. H. THORNE.



'*Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Joses beheld where He was laid.*'

p BY JESUS' grave on either hand,
While night is brooding o'er the land,
The sad and silent mourners stand.

pp 2 At last the weary life is o'er,
The agony and conflict sore
Of Him Who all our sufferings bore.

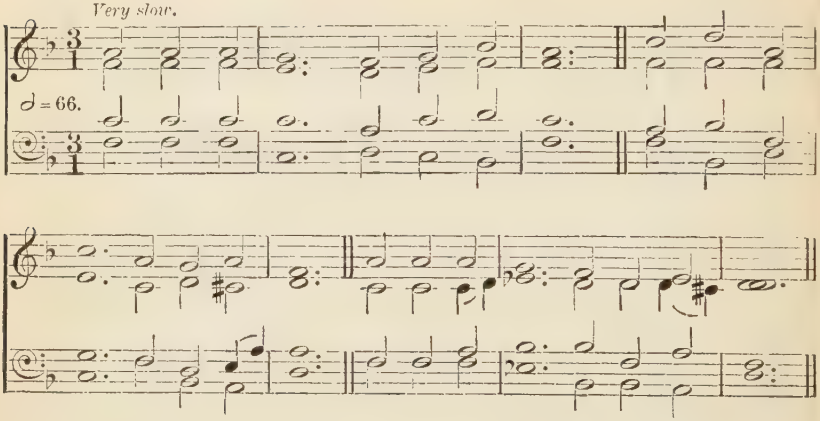
p 3 Deep in the rock's sepulchral shade
The LORD, by whom the worlds were made,
The SAVIOUR of mankind, is laid.

4 O hearts bereaved and sore distressed,
Here is for you a place of rest,
pp Here leave your griefs on JESUS' breast.

229

O MENSCH SIEH. (8.8.8.) SECOND TUNE

Bohemian Brethren
'Gesangbuch', 1566.



'Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Joses beheld where He was laid.'

p BY JESUS' grave on either hand,
While night is brooding o'er the land,
The sad and silent mourners stand.

pp 2 At last the weary life is o'er,
The agony and conflict sore
Of Him Who all our sufferings bore.

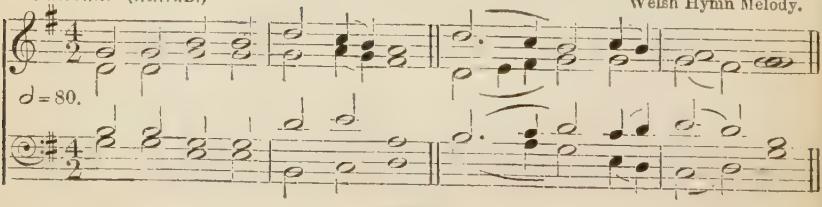
p 3 Deep in the rock's sepulchral shade
The LORD, by whom the worlds were made,
The SAVIOUR of mankind, is laid.

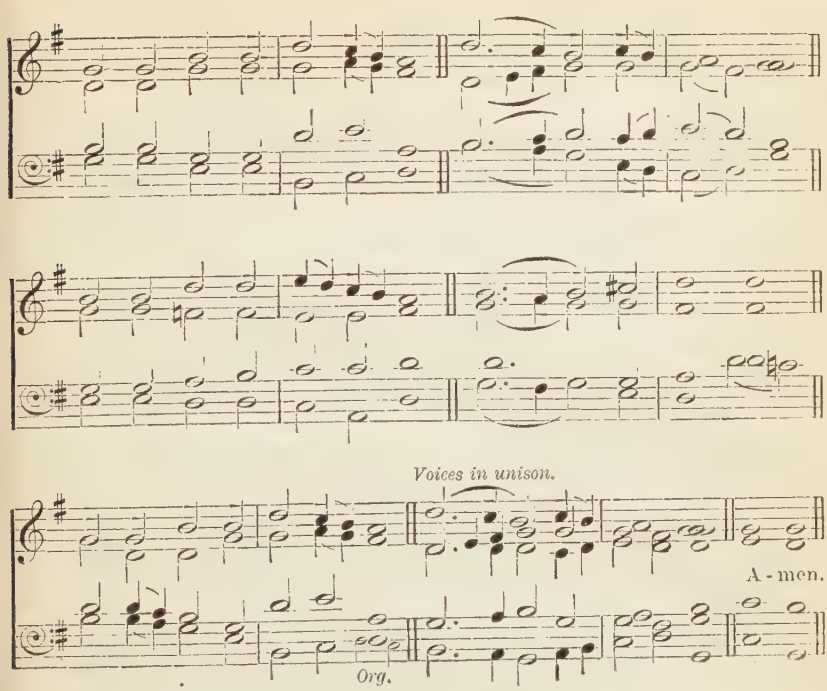
4 O hearts bereaved and sore distressed,
Here is for you a place of rest,
p Here leave your griefs on JESUS' breast.

230

LLANFAIR. (7.4.7.4.D.)

Welsh Hymn Melody.





'He is not here: He is risen.'

f HAIL to Thee, our risen King!
Alleluia.
Joyfully Thy praise we sing,
Alleluia.
For, the mighty conflict o'er,
Alleluia.
Now Thou livest evermore.
Alleluia.

p 2 Thou within the tomb hast slept:
Alleluia.
Angel-guards Thy vigil kept:
Alleluia.
'Twas their word to Mary brought
Alleluia.
Tidings of the LORD she sought—
Alleluia.

cr 3 'Seek Him not among the dead;
Alleluia.
He is risen, as He said.'
Alleluia.
Gladdened by the angelic word,
Alleluia.
Turning, she beheld her LORD.
Alleluia.

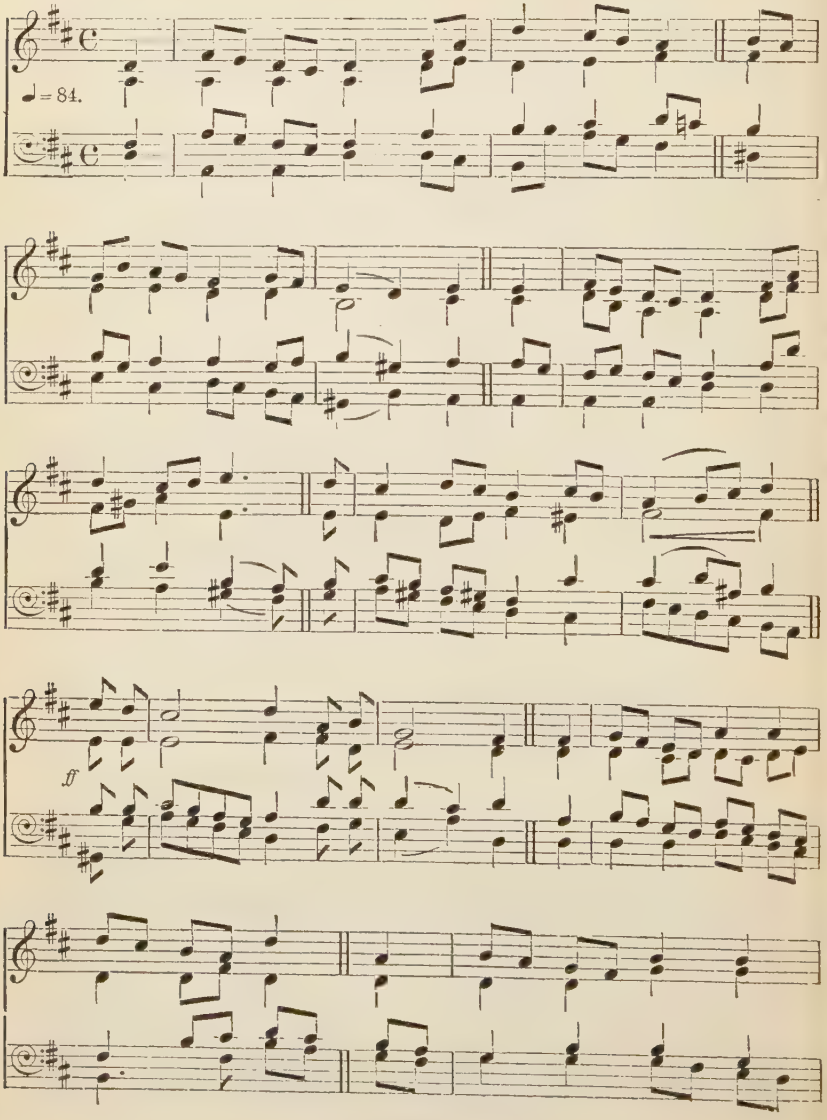
4 Fain, like Mary, LORD, would we
Alleluia.
In Thy glorious presence be;
Alleluia.
Hear Thy voice, behold Thy face,
Alleluia.
Praise Thee for Thy wondrous grace.
Alleluia.

Unison.

f 5 Blessèd SAVIOUR, Victor, King,
Alleluia.
Hear us now Thy triumphs sing,
Alleluia.
While we celebrate Thy praise,
Alleluia,
And our Alleluias raise.
Alleluia.

231

THE THREE MARYS. (8.7.8.7.8.8. and Alleluia.) Rev. R. F. Smith.



[*From 'Carols for use in Church', edited by the* Rev. R. R. Chope, M.A., *by permission of* William Clowes & Sons, Ltd.]

'The first day of the week came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary.'

p THERE stood three Marys by the tomb
On Easter morning early,
When day had scarcely chased the gloom
And dew was white and pearly:
Alleluia, Alleluia!
With loving but with erring mind,
They came the Prince of Life to find:
Alleluia, Alleluia!

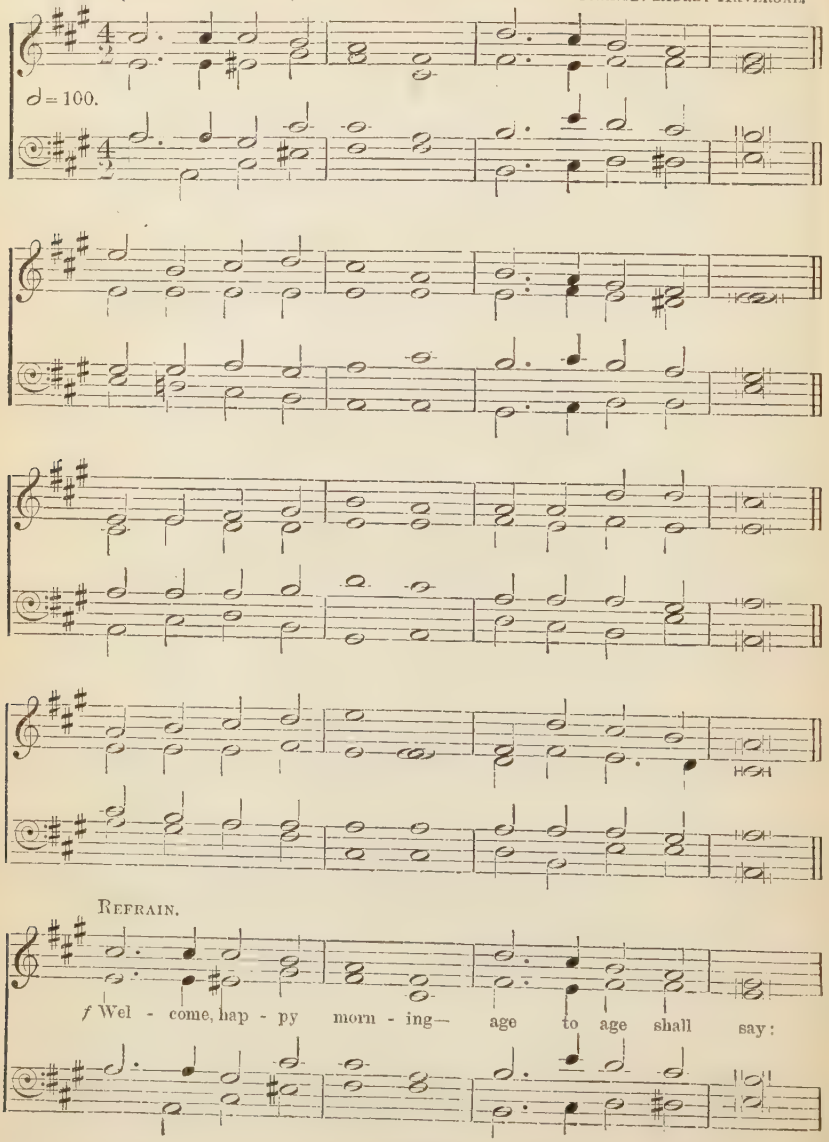
cr 2 But earlier still the angel sped,
His news of comfort giving;
f And 'Why', he said, 'among the dead
Thus seek ye for the Living?'
Alleluia, Alleluia!
'Go, tell them all, and make them blest;
Tell Peter first, and then the rest.'
Alleluia, Alleluia!

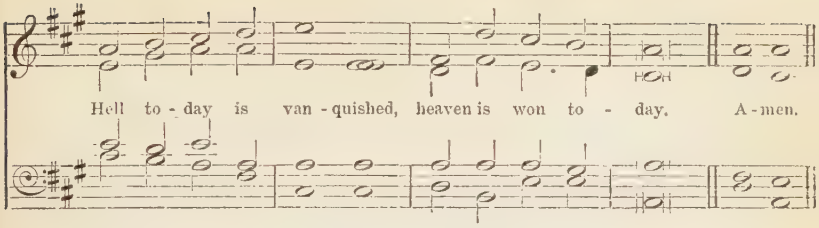
p 3 But one, and one alone, remained,
With love that could not vary;
cr And thus a joy past joy she gained,
That sometime sinner, Mary:
Alleluia, Alleluia!
The first the dear, dear form to see
Of Him that hung upon the tree:
Alleluia, Alleluia!

232

HERMAS. (6.5.6.5.D. and refrain.)

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.





'They departed from the sepulchre with great joy.'

f WELCOME, happy morning—age to age shall say:
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.
Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore;
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore.
Welcome, happy morning—age to age shall say:
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts return with her returning King;
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.

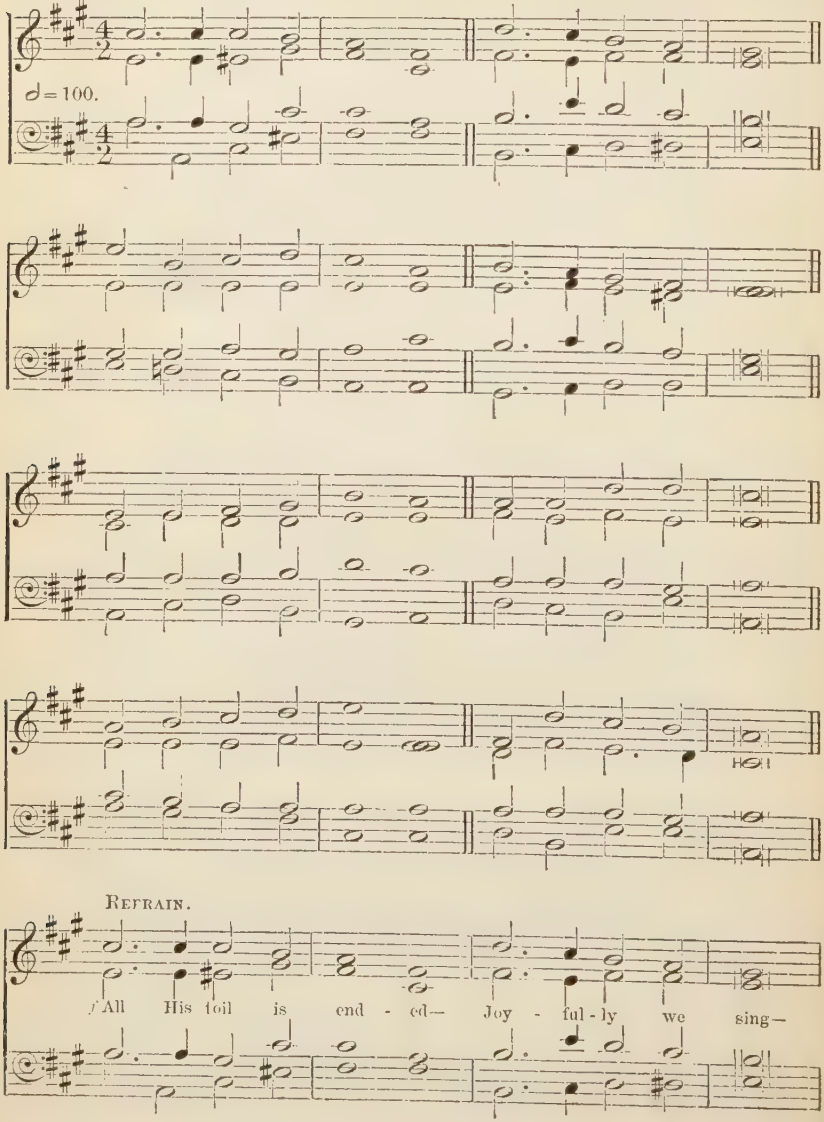
3 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding man's abasing fall,
Of the eternal Father true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.

4 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee.

233

HERMAS. (6.5.6.5.D. and refrain.)

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

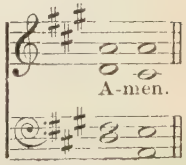


'*Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour.*'

f GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King.
JESUS, King of Glory,
JESUS, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.
All His toil is ended—
Joyfully we sing—
Jesus hath ascended;
Glory to our King!

p 2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
cr Now is crowned with glory
At His FATHER'S side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
CHRIST, the King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.

cr 3 Praying for His children
In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace:
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you,
f JESUS ever liveth,
Ever loveth too

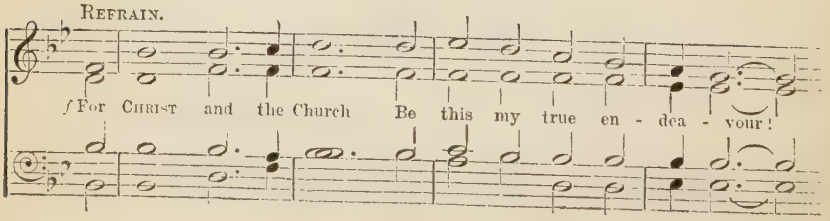


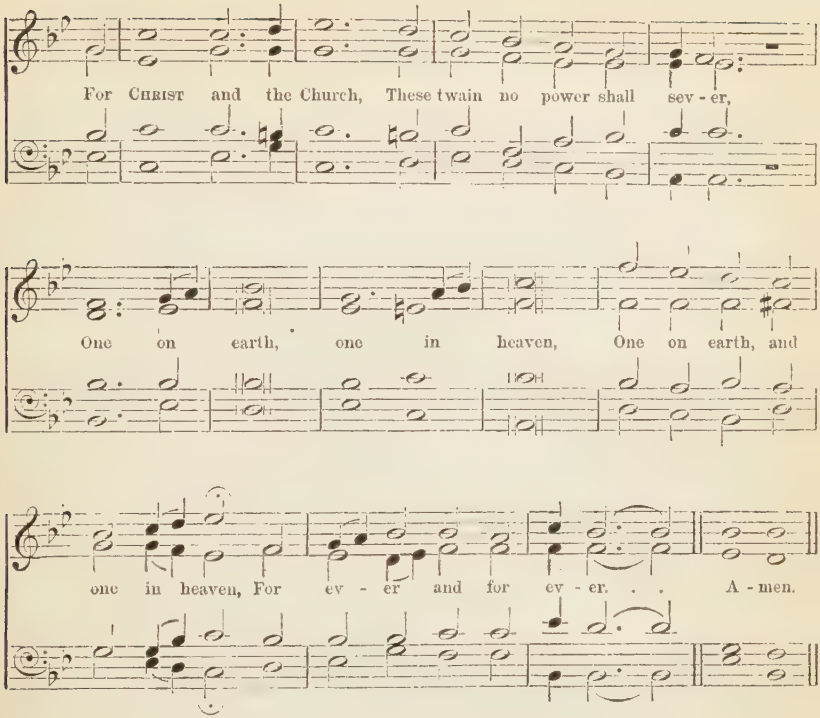
234

ENDEAVOUR. (8.6.8.6.D. and refrain.) Rev. JOHN POLLOCK.

Marching time.

REFRAIN.




For Christ and the Church, These twain no power shall sev - er,
One on earth, one in heaven, One on earth, and
one in heaven, For ev - er and for ev - er. . . A - men.

'The church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth.'

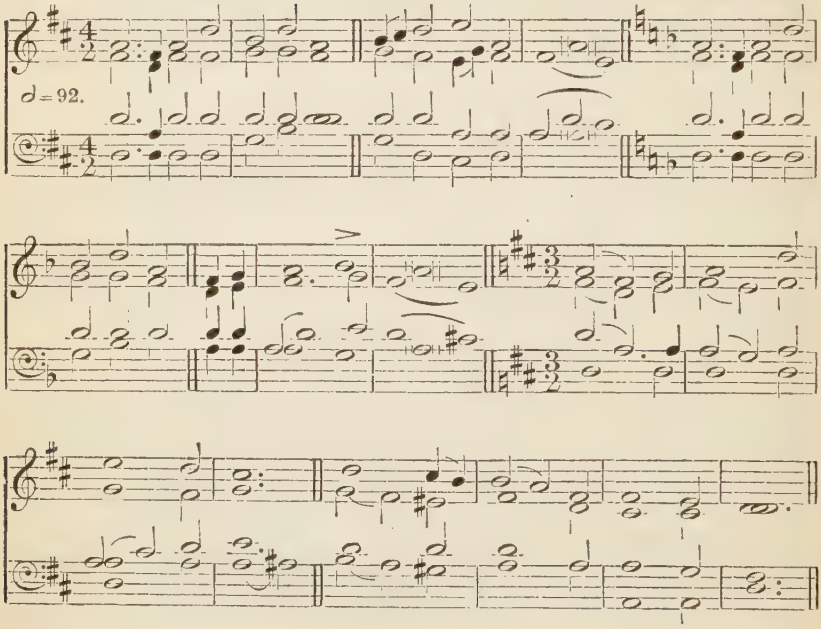
f OUR lives to CHRIST we dedicate,
Who reigns our glorious King;
May He receive and consecrate
The tribute that we bring.
To Him and to the Church we give
Our service and our all,
For in her voice we still rejoice
To hear His royal call.
For Christ and the Church,
Be this my true endeavour!
For Christ and the Church,
These twain no power shall sever,
One on earth, one in heaven,
For ever and for ever.

p 2 Our fathers fought her battles oft
And died to set her free;
And now 'tis ours to bear aloft
Her flag of liberty.
cr They loved our SAVIOUR best of all,
His Church they did revere:
They loved the ground where she was found,
Her dust to them was dear.

p 3 The stains that mar her beauty now
Shall shortly disappear;
cr Soon, in remembrance of His vow,
The Bridegroom will be here.
And then shall all her wounds be healed,
Her tears shall all be dried,
f And she shall stand at His right hand
A faultless, glorious Bride

235

EVERY MORNING. (7.5.7.5.7.7.) Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D.



'*Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off.*'

f EVERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright,
p But the evening cometh on,
And the dark, cold night:
cr There 's a bright land far away
Where 'tis never-ending day.

2 Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open bright and gay,
p Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away:
cr There 's a land we have not seen
Where the trees are always green.

3 Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long,
p But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song:
cr There 's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

4 CHRIST our LORD is ever near
Those who follow Him;
p But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim:
cr There is a most happy place
Where men always see His face.

5 Who shall go to that bright land?
All who do the right:
Holy children there shall stand
In their robes of white;
f For that heaven, so bright and blest,
Is our everlasting rest.

236

CITY BRIGHT. (6.6.10.6.)

In moderate time.

JAMES S. TYLER.

'There shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth . . . but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.'

f THERE is a city bright:
Closed are its gates to sin;
Nought that defileth,
Nought that defileth
Can ever enter in.

p 2 SAVIOUR, I come to Thee;
O LAMB of GOD, I pray,
Cleanse me and save me,
Cleanse me and save me,
Wash all my sins away.

cr 3 LORD, make me from this hour
Thy loving child to be,
Kept by Thy power,
Kept by Thy power
From all that grieveth Thee:

f 4 Till in the snow-white dress
Of Thy redeemed I stand,
Faultless and stainless,
Faultless and stainless,
Safe in that happy land.

237

WHITHER, PILGRIMS? (8.7.8.7.8.8.7.) W. B. BRADBURY.

♩ = 80.
v. 1. O - ver hills and plains and val - leys, We are go - ing to His pal - ace,
We are go - ing to His pal - ace, Go - ing to the bet - ter land.
We are go - ing to His pal - ace, Go - ing to the bet - ter land.

'*A better country, that is, an heavenly.*'

p WHITHER, pilgrims, are you going,
Going each with staff in hand?
f We are going on a journey,
Going at our King's command.
Over hills and plains and valleys,
We are going to His palace,
We are going to His palace,
Going to the better land.

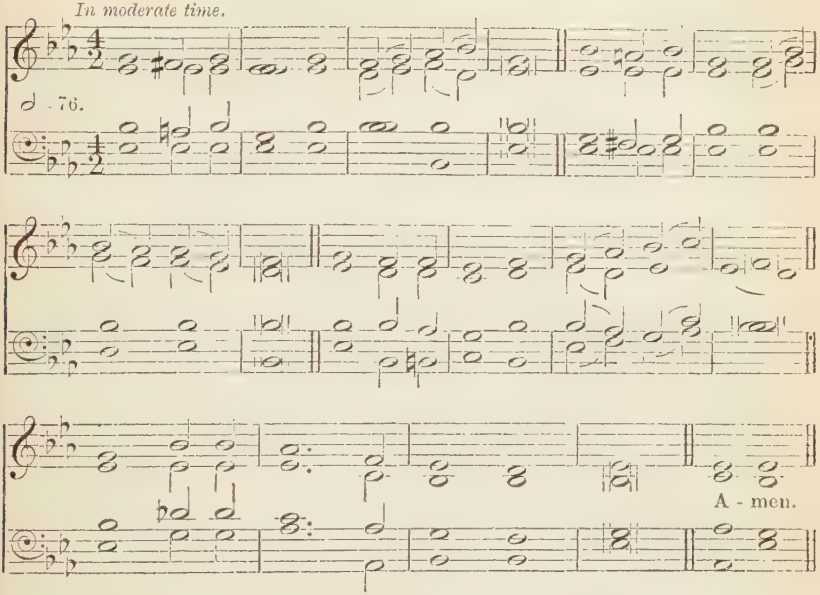
p 2 Tell us, pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far-off better land?
f Spotless robes and crowns of glory
From a SAVIOUR'S loving hand.
We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with GOD for ever,
We shall dwell with GOD for ever,
In that bright, that better land.

p 3 Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright, that better land?
f Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band.
Come, O come, and do not leave us;
CHRIST is waiting to receive us,
CHRIST is waiting to receive us
In that bright, that better land.

238

HOLLEY. (L.M.) GEORGE HEWS.

In moderate time.



'Our Father which art in heaven.'

f GREAT GOD! and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
p I a poor child, and Thou so high,
The LORD of earth and air and sky.

2 Art Thou my FATHER? Canst Thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
dim Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

3 Art Thou my FATHER? Let me be
A meek obedient child to Thee,
cr And try in word and deed and thought
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

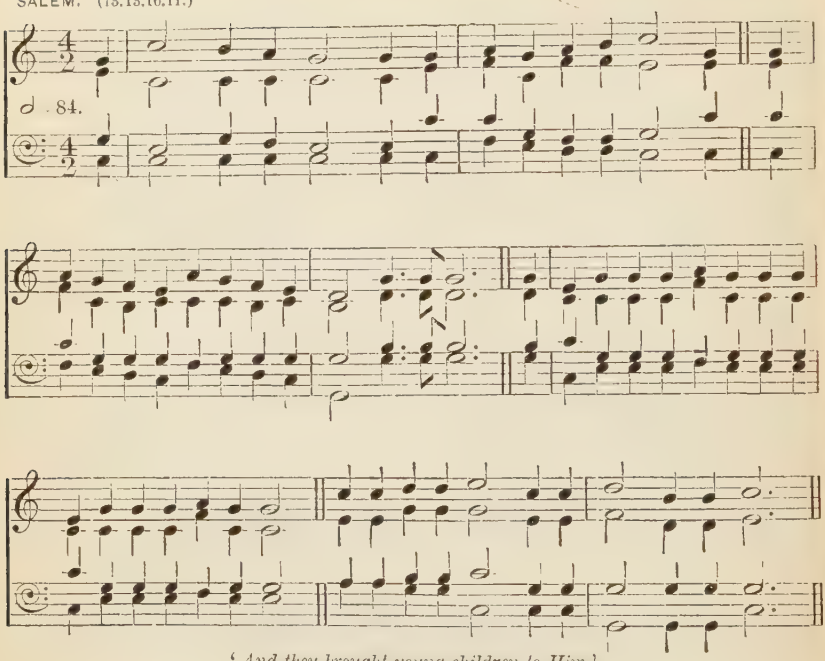
4 Art Thou my FATHER? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend,
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

f 5 Art Thou my FATHER? Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in Thy love
To be Thy better child above.

239

SALEM. (13.13.16.11.)

German *Lied.*



'*And they brought young children to Him.*'

WHEN mothers of Salem their children brought to JESUS,
The stern disciples drove them back and bade them depart;
But JESUS saw them ere they fled, and sweetly smiled and kindly said,
'Suffer little children to come unto me.'

p 2 How kind was our SAVIOUR to bid these children welcome,
But there are many thousands who have never heard His name;
The Bible they have never read, they know not that the SAVIOUR said,
'Suffer little children to come unto me.'

f 3 O soon may the heathen, of every tribe and nation,
Fulfil Thy blessèd word, and cast their idols all away!
O shine upon them from above, and show Thyself a GOD of love,
Teach the little children to come unto Thee.

240

ST. TROPHIME. (Words Irregular.) *'Thy word is truth.'* French Melody adapted by Rev. MAURICE F. BELL.

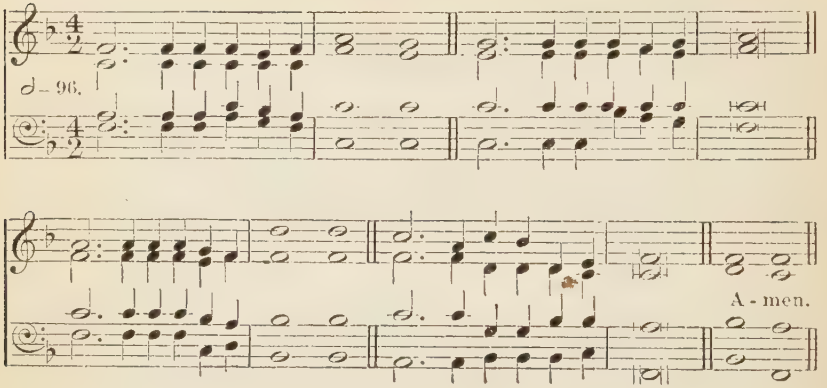
♩. = 60.
1. My God, I be - lieve in Thee and all Thy Church doth teach; be -
3. My God, be-cause Thou art so good, I love Thee with all my heart; and
Fine.
- cause Thou hast said it and Thy Word is true. . .
for Thy sake I love my neigh - bour as my - self. . .
2. My God, I hope in Thee for grace and for glor - y, be -
D.C.
- cause of Thy mer - cy, Thy pro-mis-es and Thy power. . .

[*From* CHURCH MUSIC, *by permission of* A. R. MOWBRAY & Co., Ltd.]

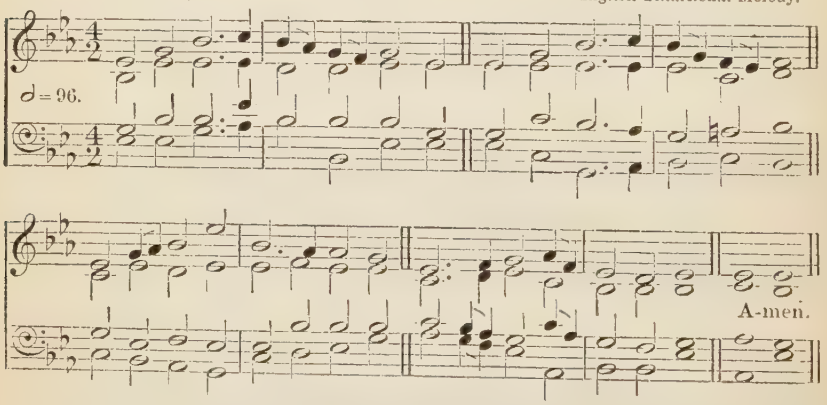
(This Hymn may be sung as a Solo.)

241

DIJON. (8.7.8.7.) FIRST TUNE German Volkslied.



SHIPSTON. (8.7.8.7.) SECOND TUNE English Traditional Melody.



'Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray.'

f JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night.
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Watch my sleep till morning light.

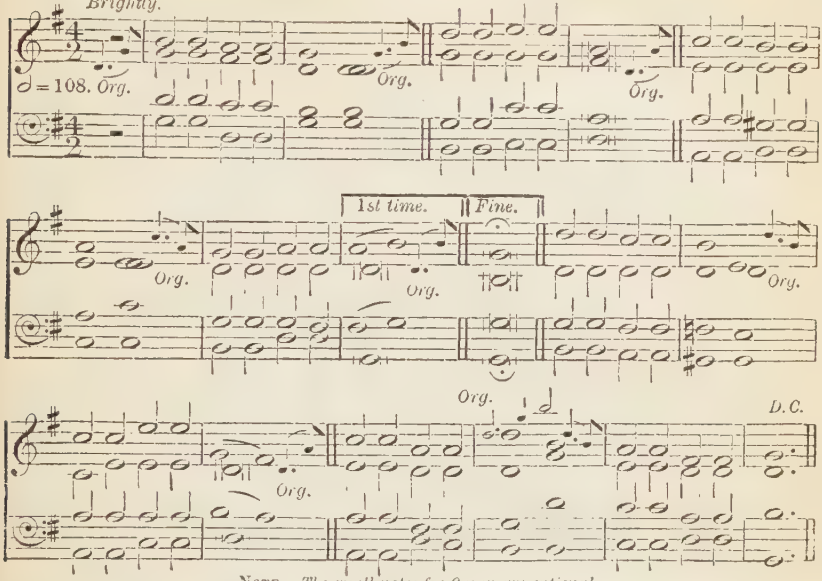
dim 2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care.
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me:
Listen to my evening prayer.

p 3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
cr Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

ST. ALBAN. (6.5.6.5.D. and refrain.)

242

Adapted from FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN.



NOTE.—*The small notes for Organ are optional.*

ALTERNATIVE TUNE, ST. GERTRUDE, SCOTTISH HYMNAL, No. 142, AND CHURCH HYMNARY, No. 272.

FOR BOYS.

'*Be strong and of good courage. . . . And the Lord, He it is that doth go before thee.*'

f ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of JESUS
Going on before.
CHRIST, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go!
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
cr Brothers, lift your voices,
f Loud your anthems raise.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of GOD:
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of JESUS
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail:
We have CHRIST'S own promise
And that cannot fail.

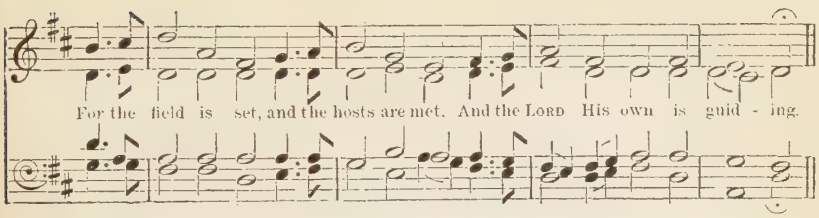
ff 5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song—
cr Glory, laud, and honour
Unto CHRIST the King:
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

243

MARCH ON. (9.8.10.8.D. and refrain.)

H. COHEN. Harmonized by CAREY BONNER.

Bold, march style.



[*Copyright: By permission of the Sunday School Union.*]

'The Captain of our salvation.'

f *MARCH on, march on, O ye soldiers true,*
In the cross of Christ confiding!
For the field is set, and the hosts are met,
And the Lord His own is guiding.
Through earth's wide round let the tidings sound
Of the LORD who came from heaven:
Of the mighty hope that with death can cope,
And the love so freely given.

2 We fight with wrong, and our weapon strong
Is the love which hate shall banish;
And the chains shall fall from the ransomed thrall,
As the thrones of evil vanish.
O'er realms of night let our standard bright
Be unfurled, their darkness clearing;
And the souls long dead to the LORD who bled
Shall revive at His appearing.

3 Long wears the fight, but the GOD of right,
Though unseen, is ever near us;
And the prayers that rise to the listening skies
Like a song of hope shall cheer us:
Till the sunrise broad of the day of GOD
Shall declare the Victor's glory,
And the world shall rest, in the LORD confessed,
And shall sing the finished story.

244

DUNBAR. (7.5.7.5.7.7.5. and refrain.)

J. H. MAUNDER.

In march time.
♩ = 116.
REFRAIN.
f For-ward, then, where JE-SUS leads! Full of hope and
cheer; Bear the stan-dard of the cross—Who shall faint or fear?

'*Behold, I have given Him for a Leader and Commander to the people.*'

f PASS the word along the line,
Tell it friend to friend;
CHRIST our Captain goes before,
Leads us to the end—
He who all the danger knows,
All the strength of all our foes,
CHRIST our LORD and Friend.
Forward, then, where Jesus leads!
Full of hope and cheer;
Bear the standard of the cross—
Who shall faint or fear?

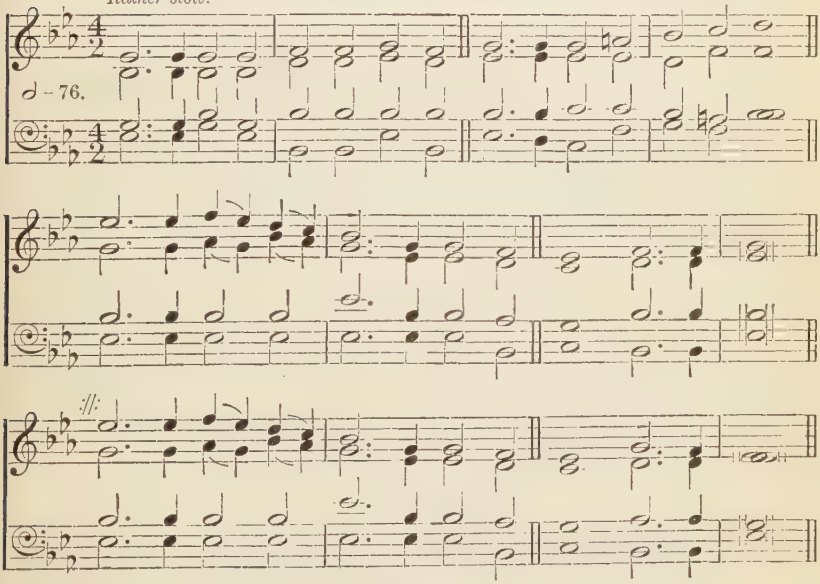
2 He who goes where JESUS leads
Never goes astray;
He who JESUS' order heeds
Always gains the day;
dim He who falters not shall be
Led to glorious victory
By a glorious way.

f 3 Pass the word along the line:
Lo! the promised land
Ye shall enter and possess,
By His mighty hand.
Courage, then! ye must not fail;
Strongest foes cannot prevail;
JESUS has command.

245

STAR OF PEACE. (8.7.8.4.) LOWELL MASON, Mus.D.

Rather slow.



SAILORS.

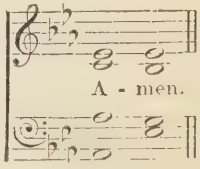
'A Star out of Jacob.'

p STAR of peace to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on
Cheer the sailor's vision dreary, [me:
Far, far at sea.

cr 2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow;
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee,
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

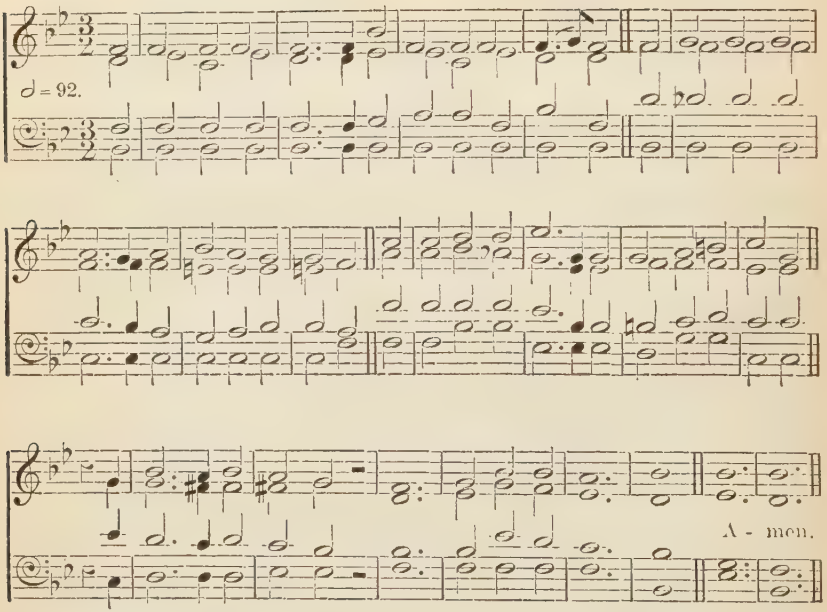
3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to Thee;
Save him on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

f 4 Star Divine, O safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to Thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.



246

GENNESARETH. (12,12.12.12.) Sir ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, Mus.D.



'They that go down to the sea in ships.'

f WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
dim We fly to our Maker—Save, LORD, or we perish.

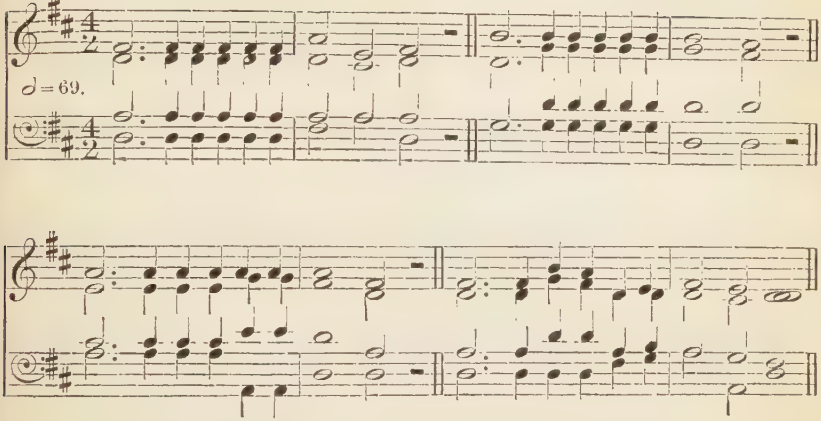
2 O JESUS, once rocked on the edge of the billow,
f Aroused by the cry of despair from Thy pillow,
Now sceptred in glory, the mariner cherish
dim Who cries in his anguish, Save, LORD, or we perish.

3 And O when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down Thy grace Thy redeemed ones to cherish,
dim Rebuke the destroyer: Save, LORD, or we perish.

247

TILL WE MEET. (9.8.8.9.)

W. G. TOMER.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, DOMINUS VOBISCUM, CHURCH HYMNARY, No. 504.

TRAVELLERS.

'With wives and children we kneeled down on the shore and prayed.'

f GOD be with you till we meet again:
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you;
GOD be with you till we meet again.

p 2 GOD be with you till we meet again:
'Neath His wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you;
GOD be with you till we meet again.

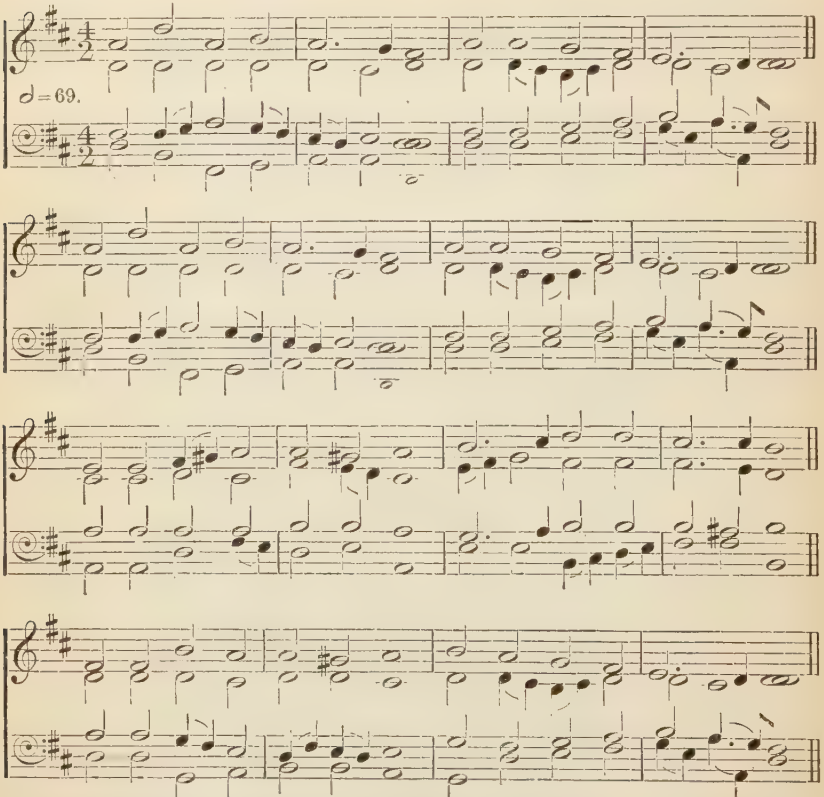
f 3 GOD be with you till we meet again:
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you;
GOD be with you till we meet again.

248

SCHÖNBERG (ALLE MENSCHEN MÜSSEN STERBEN). (14.14.14.14.)

FIRST TUNE

JACOB HINTZE.
Arranged by J. S. BACH.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, COBURG, SCOTTISH HYMNAL, No. 63, AND CHURCH HYMNARY, APPENDIX, No. 5.

SOLDIERS.

'He led them forth by the right way.'

f MARCH, march onward, soldiers true! Take through cloud and mist your way.
Yonder flows the fount of life, yonder dwells eternal day.
March, though myriad foes are nigh, forward till ye reach the shore;
Then, when all the strife is done, rest in peace for evermore.

2 Hark, hark, loud the trumpet sounds! Wake, ye children of the light.
Time is past for sloth and sleep; wake and arm you for the fight.
Spear and sword each warrior needs; foes are round you, friends are few:
Faint not, though the way be long; fainting, still your way pursue.

248

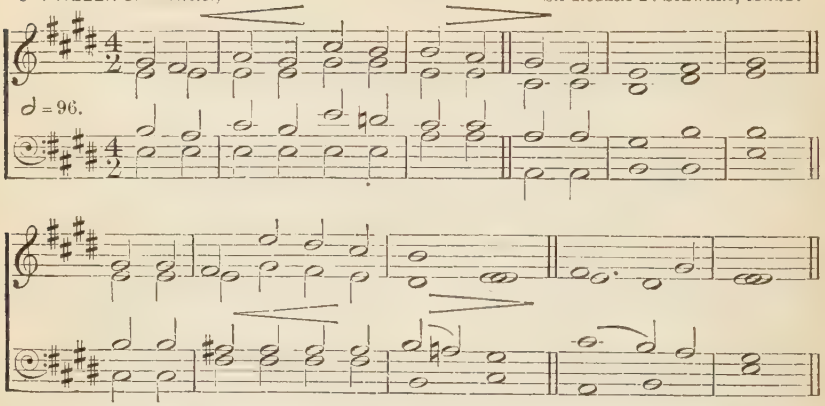
MARCH. (14.14.14.14.) SECOND TUNE Adapted from Sir MICHAEL COSTA'S *Eli*.

3 See, see, yonder shines your home! Gates of pearl and walls of gold,
Joy that heart hath never known, bliss that tongue hath never told.
Victors then through CHRIST our LORD, gathered round His glorious throne,
Be it yours to sing His praise, praise that He your King shall own.

4 Praise, praise Him who reigns on high, praise the co-eternal SON,
Praise the SPIRIT, LORD of life, praise the blessèd THREE in ONE.
Praise Him, ye who toil and fight; praise Him, ye who bear the palm;
As the sound of mighty seas, pour your everlasting psalm.

249

ST. HELEN'S. (8.5.8.3.) Sir ROBERT P. STEWART, Mus.D.



[*From* CHURCH HYMNAL, *by permission of the Association for Promoting Christian Knowledge, Dublin.*]

ALTERNATIVE TUNES, BULLINGER AND STEPHANOS, No. 144.

FOR THE ABSENT.

'The Lord watch between me and thee.'

p HOLY FATHER, in Thy mercy
Hear our anxious prayer:
Keep our loved ones that are absent
'Neath Thy care.

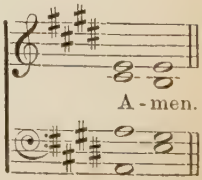
2 JESUS, SAVIOUR, may Thy presence
Be their light and guide;
Keep, O keep them in their weakness
At Thy side.

dim 3 When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In Thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.

f 4 May the joy of Thy salvation
Be their strength and stay;
May they love and serve and praise Thee
Day by day.

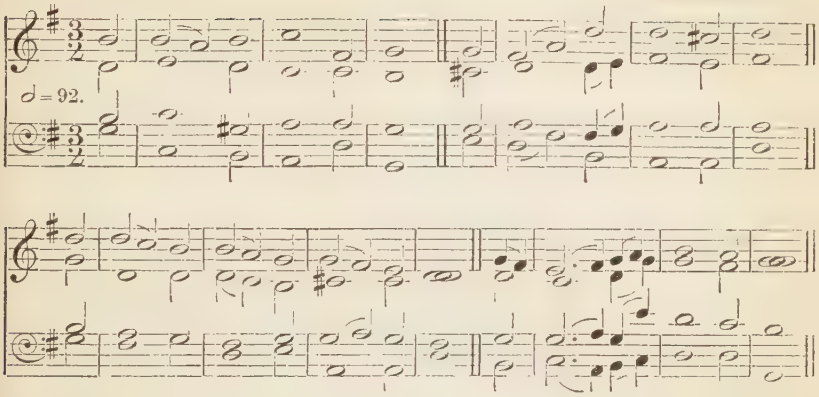
dim 5 HOLY SPIRIT, may Thy teaching
Sanctify their life;
Send Thy grace, that they may conquer
In the strife.

f 6 FATHER, SAVIOUR, HOLY SPIRIT,
GOD the ONE in THREE,
Bless them, guide them, save them,
keep them
Near to Thee



250

SERENITY. (S.M.) CORNELIUS BRYAN.



CHILDREN'S DAY.

'Master, we would that Thou shouldest do for us whatsoever we shall desire.'

m LORD JESUS, GOD and man,
For love of man a child,
The Very GOD, yet born on earth
Of Mary undefiled:

p 2 We pray for childlike hearts,
For gentleness and love,
For strength to do Thy will below
As angels do above.

3 We pray for simple faith,
For hope that never faints,
For true communion evermore
With all Thy blessèd saints.

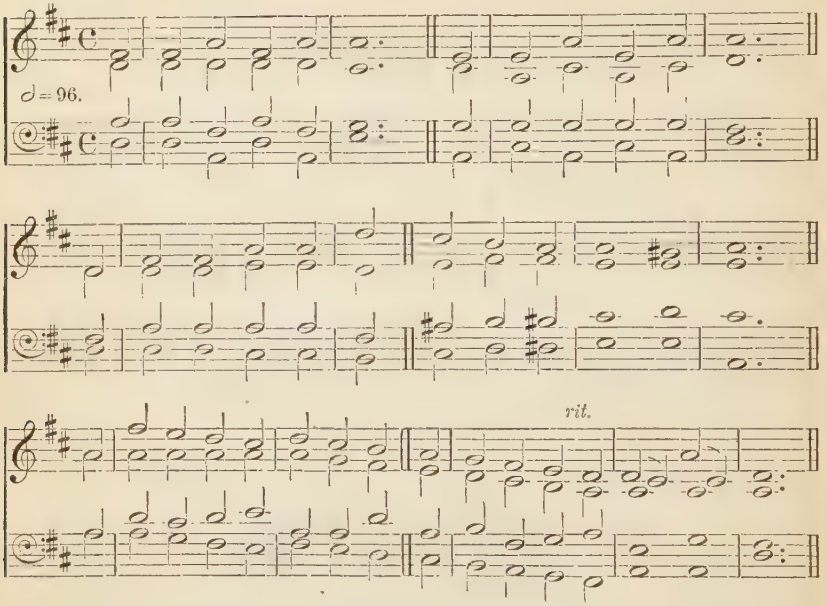
cr 4 On friends around us here
O let Thy blessing fall;
We pray for grace to love them well,
But Thee beyond them all.

f 5 O joy to live for Thee!
O joy in Thee to die!
O very joy of joys to see
Thy face eternally!

cr 6 LORD JESUS, GOD and man,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with GOD the FATHER one,
And SPIRIT evermore.

251

SAFE HOME. (6.6.6.6.8.8.) Sir ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, Mus.D.



[*By permission of* NOVELLO & Co., Ltd.]

IN BEREAVEMENT.

'*Cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished.*'

f SAFE home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provision short,
And only not a wreck:
But O the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage—perils o'er!

2 The prize, the prize secure!
dim The athlete nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well:
cr But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on.

f 3 No more the foe can harm;
No more of leaguered camp
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp;
And yet how nearly had he failed—
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

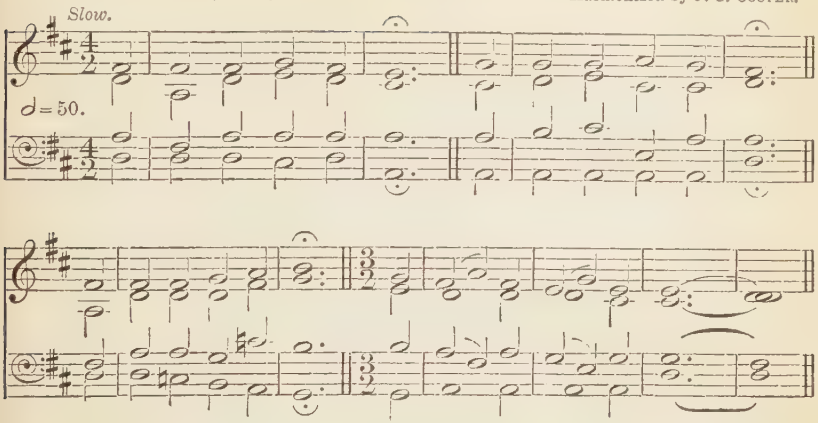
p 4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end:
cr But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

5 The exile is at home!
p O nights and days of tears,
O longings not to roam,
O sins and doubts and fears:
cr What matters now grief's darkest day?
f The King has wiped those tears away.

252

DOLOMITE CHANT. (6.6.6.6.)

Austrian Melody.
Harmonized by J. T. COOPER.



'Until the Day break.'

p HUSH, blessèd are the dead
In JESUS' arms who rest,
And lean their weary head
For ever on His breast.

cr 2 O beatific sight!
No darkling veil between,
They see the Light of Light
Whom here they loved unseen.

3 For them the wild is past
With all its toil and care,
Its withering midnight blast,
Its fiery noonday glare.

p 4 Them the Good Shepherd leads
Where storms are never rife,
In tranquil dewy meads
Beside the Fount of Life.

5 Ours only are the tears
Who weep, around their tomb,
The light of bygone years
And shadowing years to come;

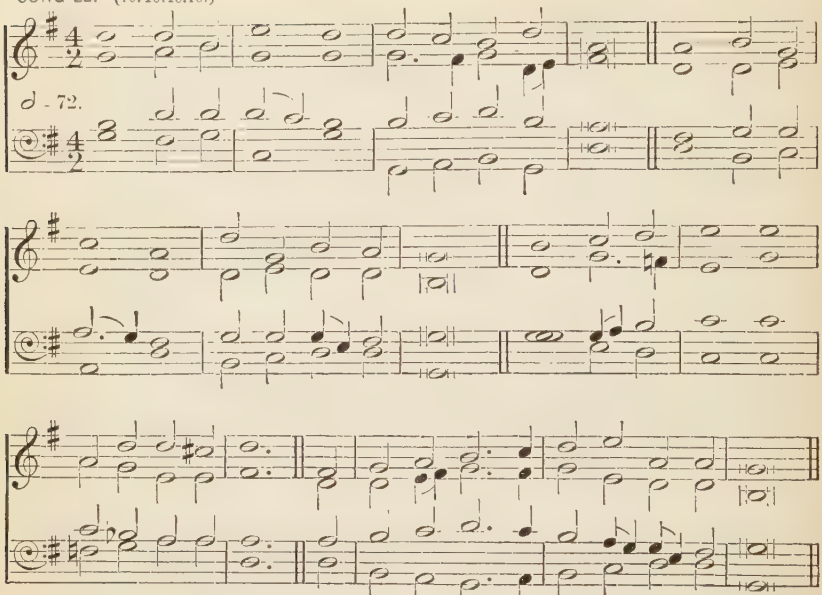
6 Their voice, their touch, their smile,
Those love-springs flowing o'er:
Earth for its little while
Shall never know them more.

7 O tender hearts and true,
Our long last vigil kept,
We weep and mourn for you,
Nor blame us—JESUS wept;

cr 8 But soon, at break of day,
His own Almighty voice,
Stronger than death, shall say,
f Awake, arise, rejoice.

253

SONG 22. (10.10.10.10.) ORLANDO GIBBONS.



ALTERNATIVE TUNES, CALCOTT, No. 294, AND CRY OF FAITH, SCOTTISH HYMNAL, No. 40.

'*One fold and one Shepherd.*'

p THY living saints on earth, Thy saints who sleep,
Their holy day of love together keep:
Around the heavenly altar still they meet
In fond remembrance and communion sweet.

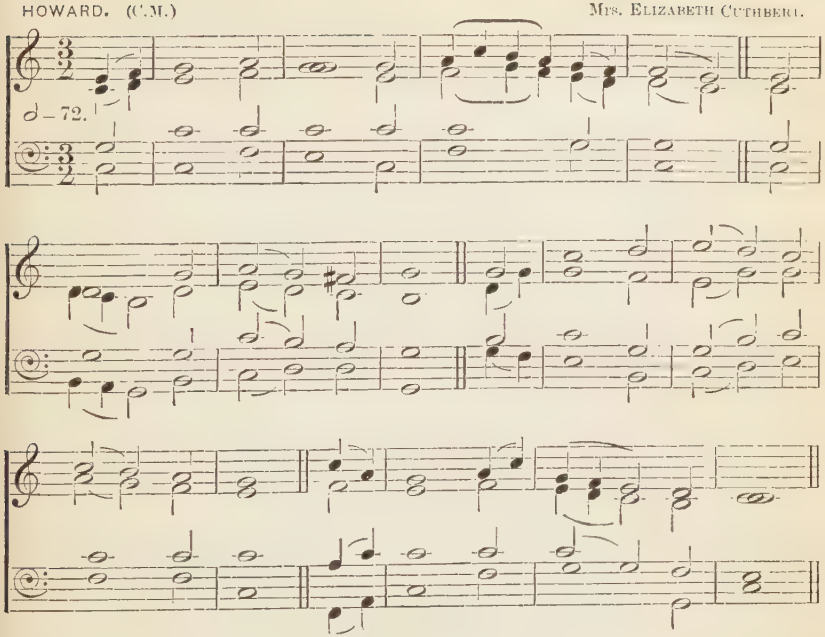
2 One Church, before the throne of GOD they bend,
And all their fervent hopes and longings blend,
Bowing beneath one banner's sacred fold
To plead Thy gracious promises of old.

cr 3 Those who have knelt together side by side,
Where one eternal fount their wants supplied,
Whose hearts are sealed with one eternal Name,
In these blest bonds eternal union claim:

4 One weary heart, one never-silent cry—
'O LORD, how long! or ere the hour be nigh
When Thou from heaven to earth again shalt come,
To take Thy bride to her eternal home.'

254

HOWARD. (C.M.) MRS. ELIZABETH CUTHBERT.



'*Jesus called a little child unto Him.*'

f O BLESSÈD childhood! JESUS' hand
Still rests upon your head,
And crowns you with a halo such
As never painter shed;

2 An heritage of GOD ye are—
White souls whereon to limn
His holy image: for He calls
The little child to Him.

p 3 Mothers like Rachel comfortless,
Who o'er a coffin bow
Weeping as JESUS wept at death,
O listen to Him now:

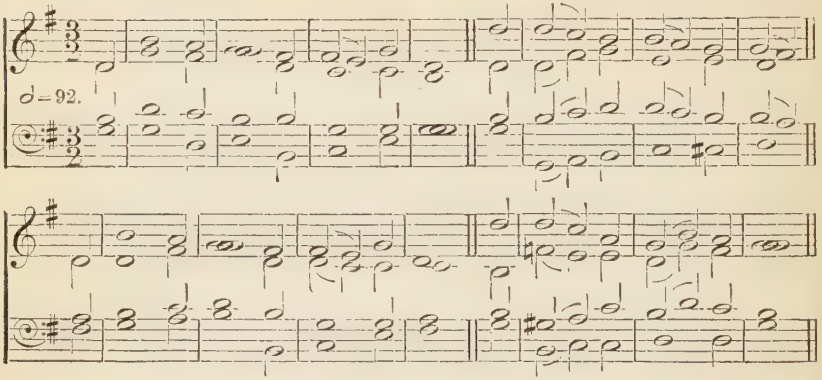
4 With tender hand He gathers in
His own, His undefiled—
In love whose depth you cannot gauge
He called your little child.

cr 5 With fond ambition we may build
Their future bright and fair,
Free from the loads that crushed us down,
And free from cloud and care:

f 6 Yet no! far wiser leave their life
Shapeless to us, and dim—
'Tis well, if only JESUS calls
The little child to Him.

255

BELMONT (C.M.) WILLIAM GARDINER'S *Sacred Melodies*, 1812.



BAPTISM OF A CHILD.

'To Abraham and his seed were the promises made.'

f HOW large the promise, how Divine,
To Abraham and his seed—
cr I'll be a GOD to thee and thine
Supplying all your need.

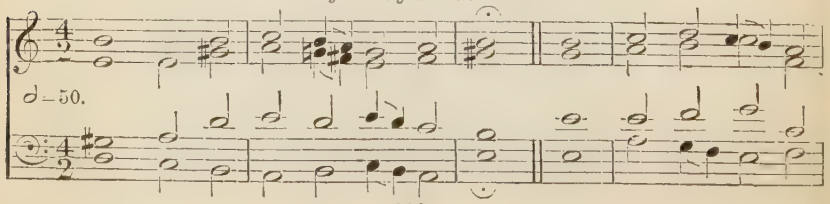
f 2 The words of GOD's unchanging love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the Covenant proves
And seals the Blessing sure;

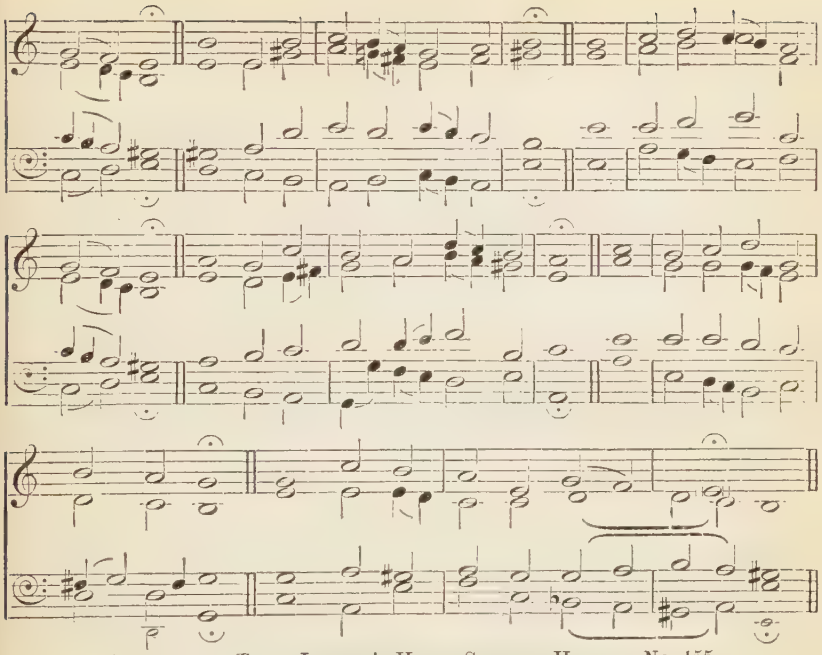
3 JESUS the ancient faith confirms,
To our forefathers given:
p He takes the children in His arms
cr And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our GOD: how faithful are His ways—
His love endures the same,
Nor from the promise of His grace
Blots out the children's name.

256

AUS TIEFER NOTH. (8.7.8.7.8.8.7.) MARTIN LUTHER.
Slow and solemn. *This tune may be sung in unison.* Harmonized by J. S. BACH.





ALTERNATIVE TUNE, LUTHER'S HYMN, SCOTTISH HYMNAL, No. 155.

END OF YEAR.

'They that are Christ's at His coming.'

f GREAT GOD, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
cr The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

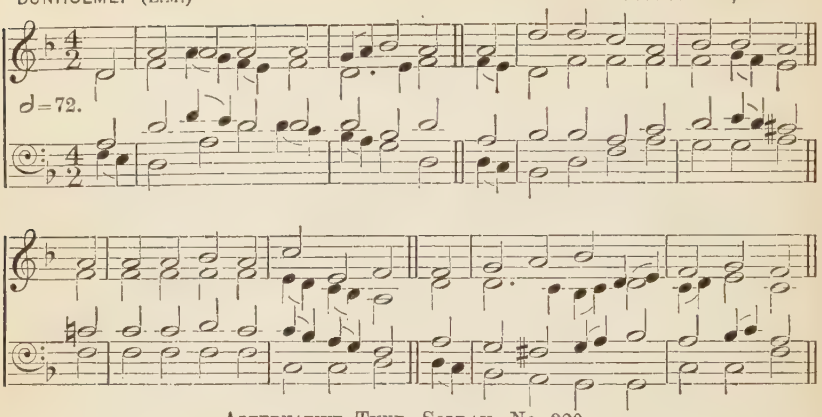
2 The dead in CHRIST shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
cr With joy their LORD surrounding.
No gloomy fears their souls dismay:
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

p 3 Great Judge, to Thee our prayers we pour,
In deep abasement bending:
O shield us in that last dread hour,
Thy wondrous love extending;
May we, in this our trial day
With faithful hearts Thy word obey,
cr And thus prepare to meet Thee.

257

DUNHOLME. (L.M.)

Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D.



Alternative Tune, Soldau, No. 320.

'The end of the year.'

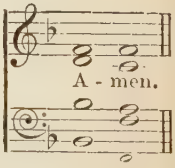
p THE tide of time is rolling on
And now another year is gone;
The end of all things soon will come:
O may it bring us to our home.

2 All things around us fade and die
And earthly hopes are vanity:
O let our restless hearts be stayed
On Him whose glories never fade.

3 O Lord of love, let not the past
Rise up against us at the last;
O Shepherd of our souls, be near
To guide us through the coming year.

cr 4 Keep us from every evil way,
Guard and protect us day by day,
Preserve us from the sinners' doom,
And save us from the wrath to come.

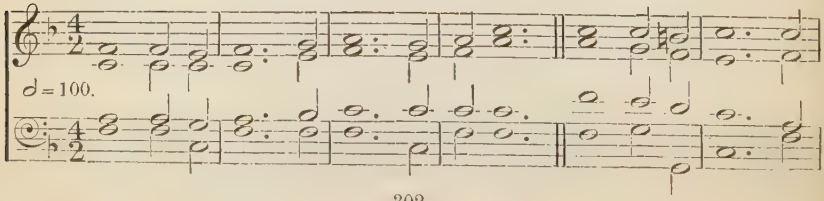
5 And when our spirits take their flight,
Grant they may live 'mid saints in light;
O guide them to the realms above,
dim Where all is joy and peace and love.

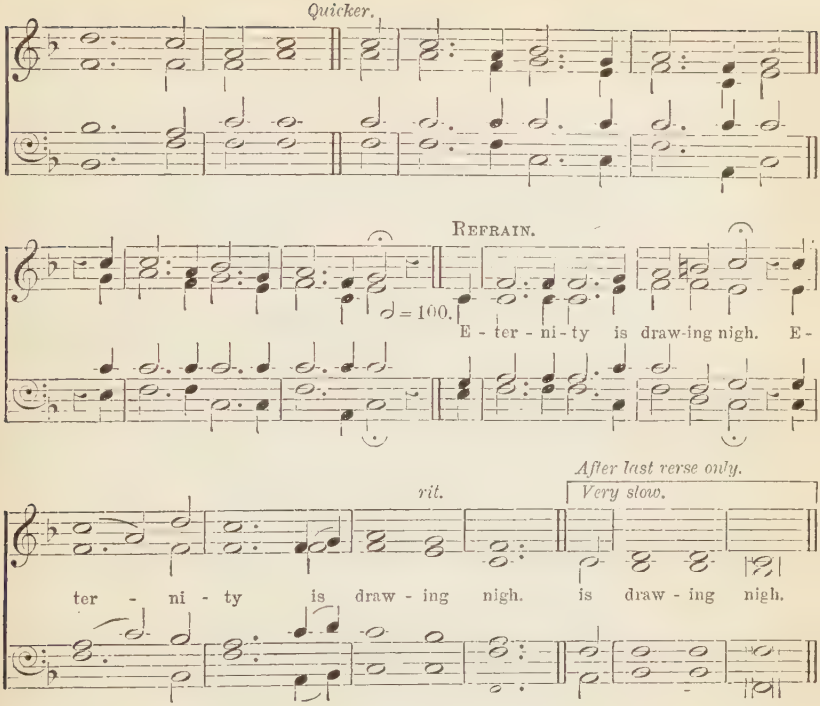


258

ALYSCAMPS. (9.9.8.8. and refrain.)

Philip Phillips.




Quicker.
Refrain.
♩ = 100.
E - ter - ni - ty is draw-ing nigh. E -
After last verse only.
rit.
Very slow.
ter - ni - ty is draw - ing nigh. is draw - ing nigh.

'But Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end.'

p PRAY, brethren, pray: the sands are falling.
Pray, brethren, pray: GOD's voice is calling.
Yon turret strikes the dying chime,
dim We kneel upon the verge of time:
Eternity is drawing nigh.

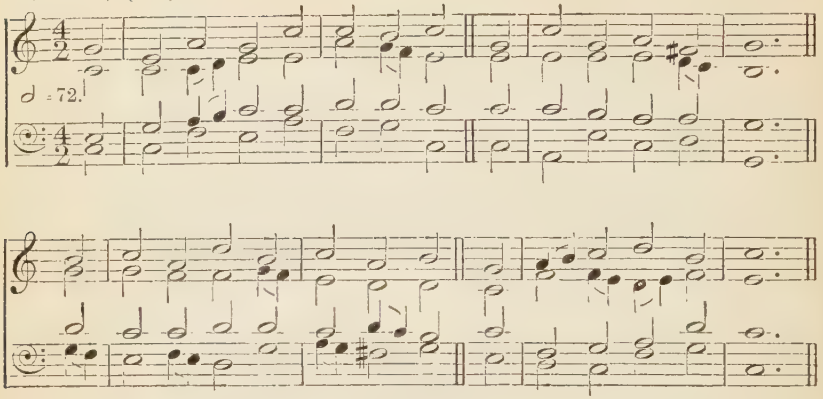
f 2 Praise, brethren, praise: the skies are rending.
Praise, brethren, praise: the fight is ending.
cr Behold the glory draweth near,
The King Himself will soon appear:

p 3 Watch, brethren, watch: the year is dying.
Watch, brethren, watch: old time is flying!
Watch as men watch the parting breath,
Watch as men watch for life or death:

cr 4 Look, brethren, look! the day is breaking.
f Hark, brethren, hark! the dead are waking.
With girded loins all ready stand;
Behold, the Bridegroom is at hand.

259

ST. ANNE. (C.M.) WILLIAM CROFT, MUS.D.



NEW YEAR.

'Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.'

f O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art GOD,
To endless years the same.

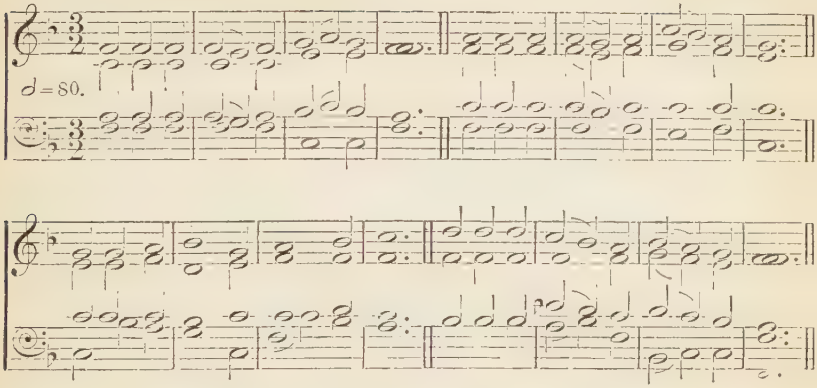
4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone:
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

p 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

cr 6 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

260

PASCAL or HURSLEY. (L.M.) German Chorale.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, ABENDS, No. 163.

PARTING HYMNS.

'At evening time it shall be light.'

p SUN of my soul, Thou SAVIOUR dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

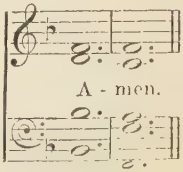
2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my SAVIOUR's breast.

cr 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

p 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
cr Now, LORD, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
pp Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

cr 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
f Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.



261

ST. MATTHIAS. (8.8.8.8. and refrain.) FIRST TUNE W. H. MONK, MUS.D.

'The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light.'

f O SAVIOUR, bless us ere we go,
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

cr *Through life's long day and death's dark night,*
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

p 2 Grant us, O LORD, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.

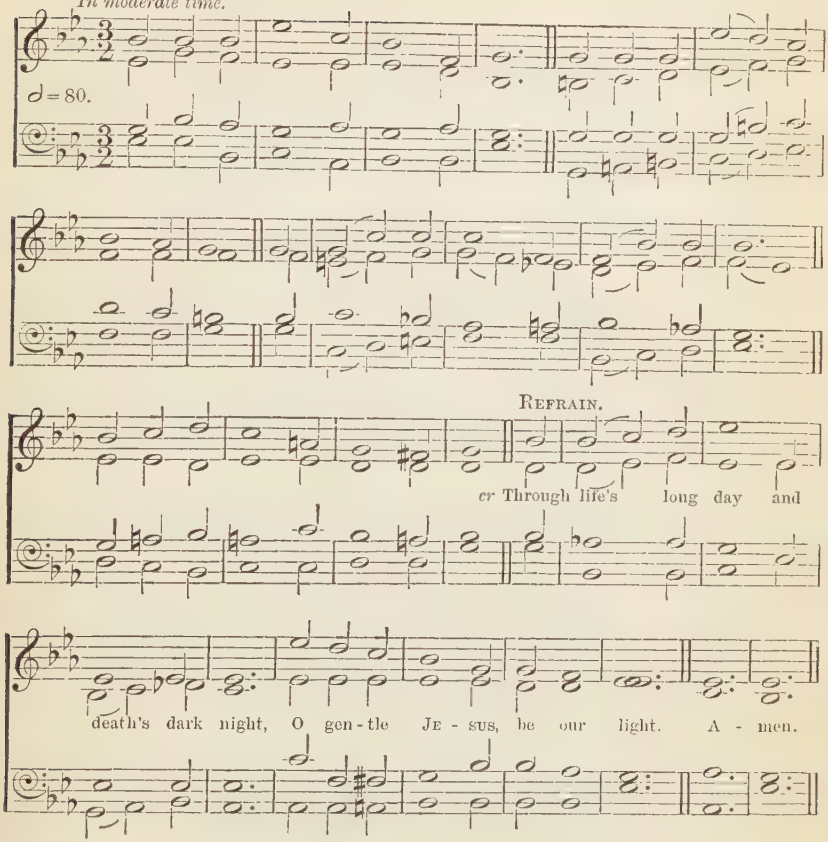
IN TENEBRIS LUMEN.
(S.S.S.S. and refrain.)

261

SECOND TUNE

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.

In moderate time.



3 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared:
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.

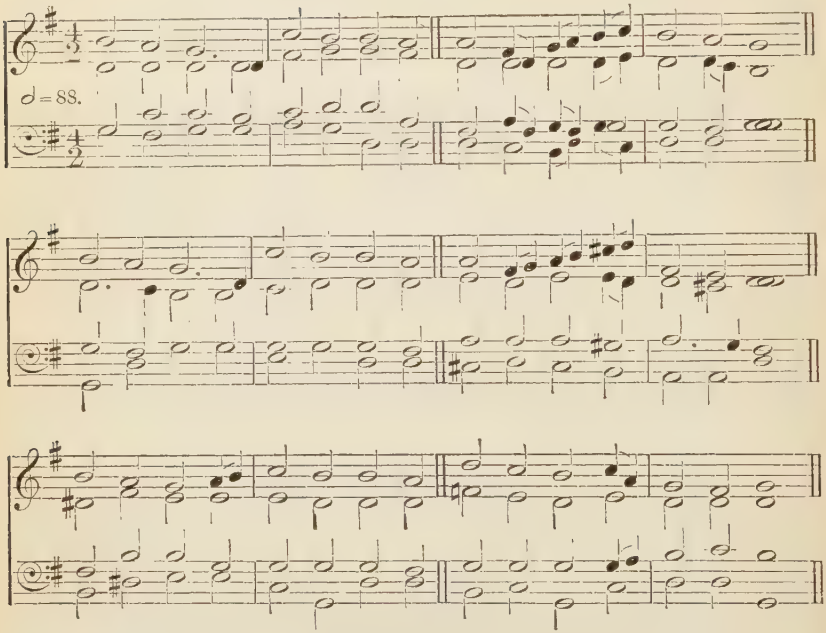
f 4 Do more than pardon: give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.

p 5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call:
cr O let Thy mercy make us glad!
Thou art our JESUS and our all.

262

CONFIDENCE. (S.7.8.7.8.7.)

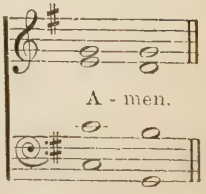
Rev. THOMAS KELLY.



ALTERNATIVE TUNES, MANNHEIM, SCOTTISH HYMNAL, No. 348, AND CHURCH HYMNARY, No. 295.

'Unto Him that loved us.'

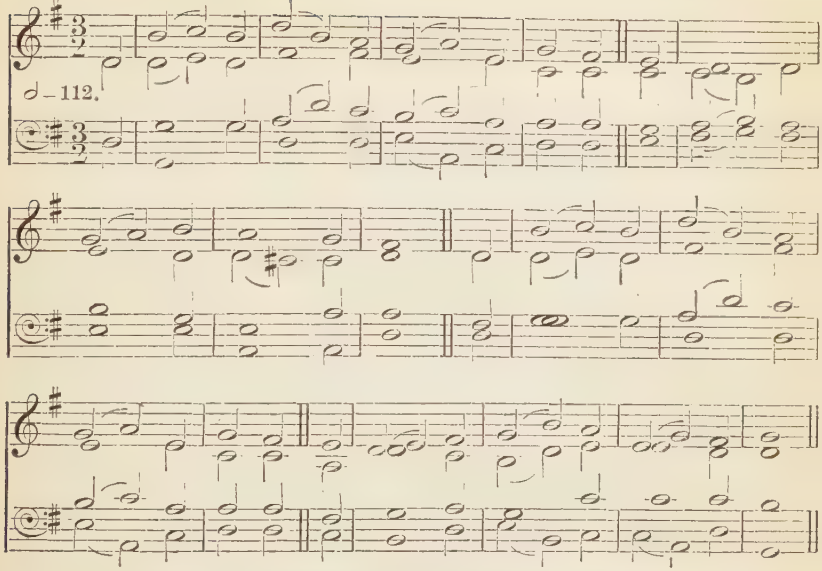
NOW to Him Who loved us, gave us
Every pledge that love could give,
p Freely shed His blood to save us,
Gave His life that we might live,
cr Be the kingdom and dominion
f And the glory evermore.



263

ST. CLEMENT. (9.8.9.8.)

Rev. C. C. Scholefield.



Alternative Tune, Radford, Scottish Hymnal, No. 346, and Church Hymnary, No. 371.

'Their office was . . . to stand every morning to thank and praise the Lord, and likewise at even.'

f THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended;
The darkness falls at Thy behest.
To Thee our morning hymns ascended;
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

2 We thank Thee that Thy Church, unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping
And rests not now by day or night.

3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

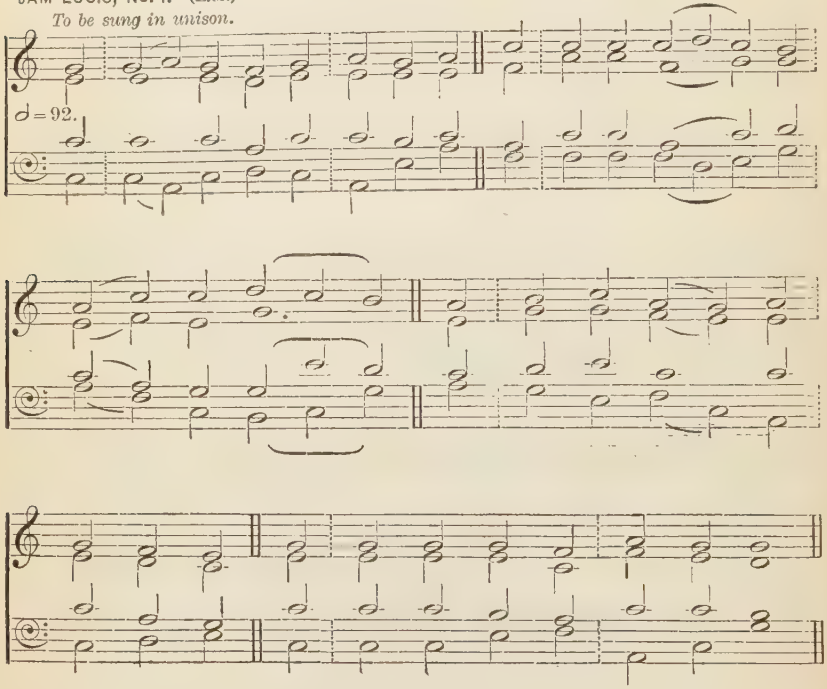
4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky;
cr And, hour by hour, fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord: Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
ff But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

264

JAM LUCIS, NO. I. (L.M.) FIRST TUNE Ancient Plainsong (Sarum form).

To be sung in unison.



EARLY MORNING.

'From the night early.'

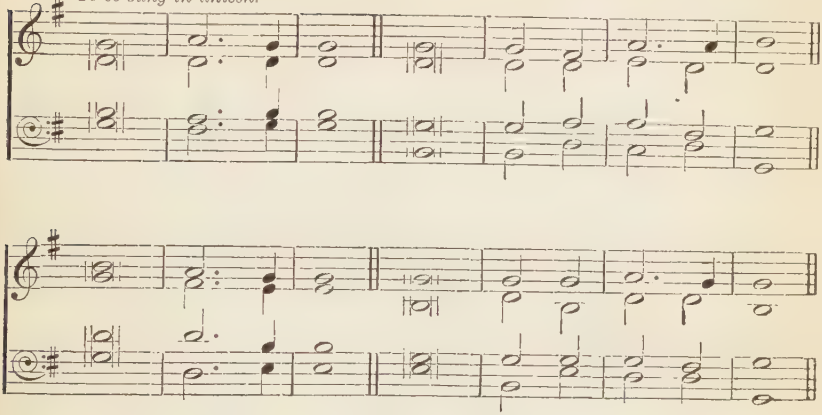
f NOW doth the sún a | scend the | sky ||
And wáke cre | ation | with its | ray : ||
p Keep us from sín, O | Lord most | High, ||
Through áll the | actions | of the | day. ||

2 Curb Thou for ús the un | ruly | tongue, ||
Téach us the | way of | peace to | prize; ||
And close our éyes a | gainst the | throng ||
Of éarth's ab | sorbing | vani | ties. ||

264

JAM LUCIS, No. 2. (L.M.) SECOND TUNE GUIDETTI, Directorium Chori, 1582.

To be sung in unison.

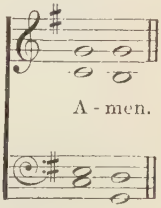


3 O keep our héarts all | pure with | in,||
From thóughts of | folly | guard the | soul ; ||
The pride of fléshly | sense re | strain ||
Through témper | ance and | self-con | trol.||

4 So when the évening | stars ap | pear ||
And ín their | train the | darkness | bring,||
cr May we, O Lórd, with | conscience | clear,||
Our práise to | Thy pure | glory | sing.||

FIRST TUNE.

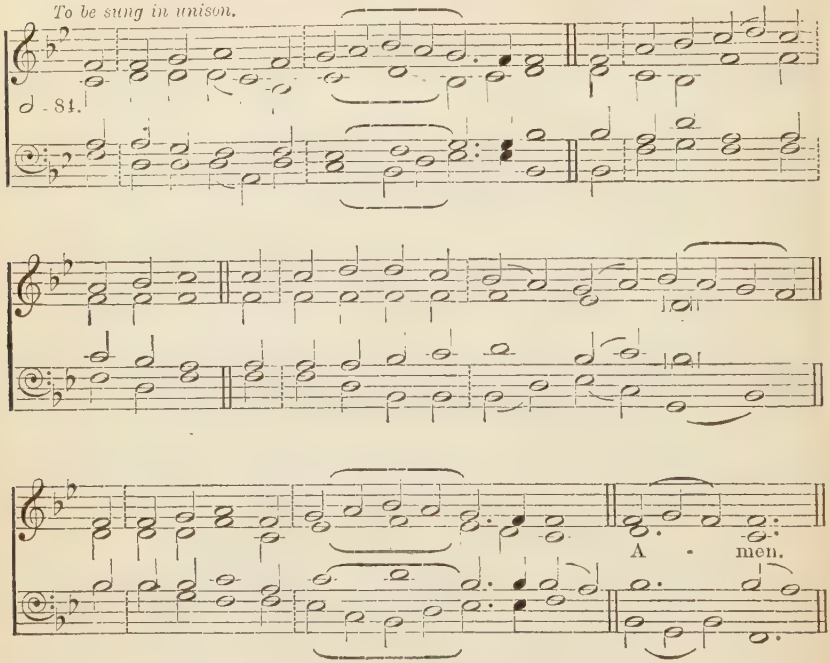
SECOND TUNE.



265

AETERNA CHRISTI MUNERA. (L.M.) FIRST TUNE — Ancient Plainsong (Ratisbon form).

To be sung in unison.



MORNING.

'Not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth.'

f COME, HOLY GHOST, who ever one
Art with the FATHER and the SON:
Come, HOLY GHOST, our souls possess
With Thy full flood of holiness.

2 Let mouth and heart and life combine
To herald forth our faith divine,
And love light up our mortal frame
Till others catch the living flame.

p 3 O FATHER, that we ask be done
Through JESUS CHRIST, Thine only SON,
cr Who with the HOLY GHOST and Thee
f Doth live and reign eternally.

265

VERBUM SUPERNUM. (L.M.) SECOND TUNE Ancient Plainsong (Mechlin form).

To be sung in unison.

MORNING.

'Not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth.'

f COME, HOLY GHOST, who ever one
Art with the FATHER and the SON:
Come, HOLY GHOST, our souls possess
With Thy full flood of holiness.

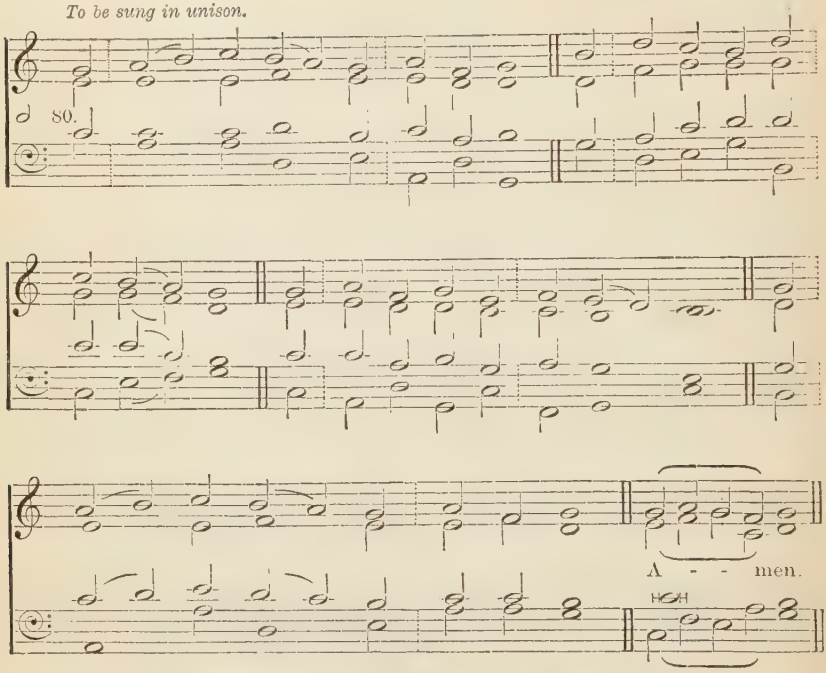
2 Let mouth and heart and life combine
To herald forth our faith divine,
And love light up our mortal frame
Till others catch the living flame.

p 3 O FATHER, that we ask be done
Through JESUS CHRIST, Thine only SON,
cr Who with the HOLY GHOST and Thee
f Doth live and reign eternally.

266

BEAUVAIS. (L.M.) FIRST TUNE Ancient Plainsong (Sarum form).

To be sung in unison.



NOTE.—*An alternative setting of this Tune will be found at* No. 275.

NOON.

'Evening and morning and at noon will I pray.'

f THOU mighty Ruler, GOD of Truth,
Who guid'st the changing scenes of day,
Decking with golden beams the morn
And kindling noon with fervid ray:

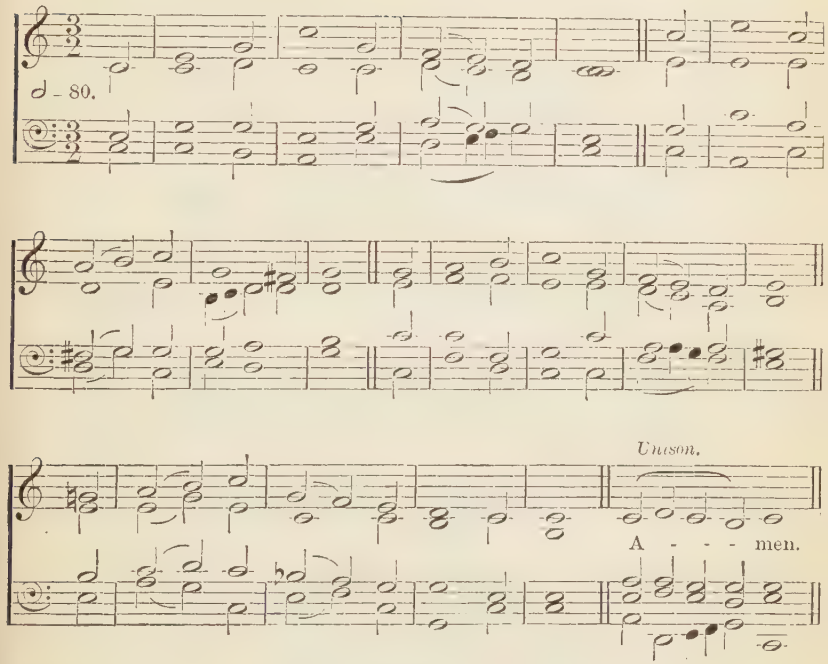
p 2 Quench Thou on earth the flames of strife,
Our hearts from hurtful passions free,
Our bodies keep in healthful life,
And grant our souls true peace in Thee.

cr 3 To GOD the FATHER glory be,
And to His Sole-Begotten SON:
The same, O HOLY GHOST, to Thee
While everlasting ages run.

266

DEUS TUORUM MILITUM. (L.M.) SECOND TUNE *Grenoble Paroissien.*

In moderate time.



NOON.

'Evening and morning and at noon will I pray.'

Unison. *f* THOU mighty Ruler, God of Truth,
Who guid'st the changing scenes of day,
Decking with golden beams the morn
And kindling noon with fervid ray:

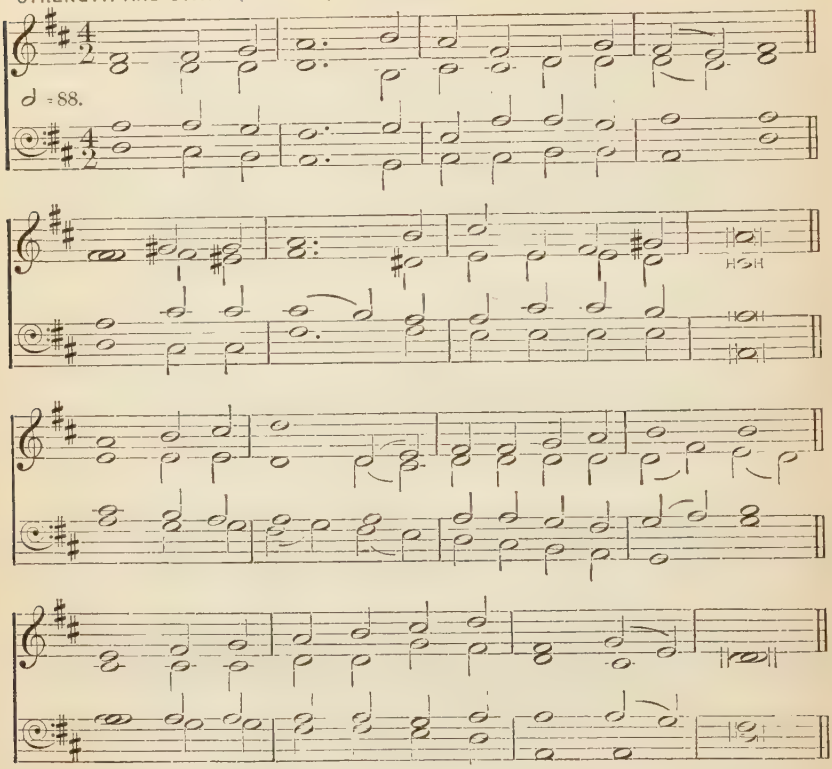
Harmony. *p* 2 Quench Thou on earth the flames of strife,
Our hearts from hurtful passions free,
Our bodies keep in healthful life,
And grant our souls true peace in Thee.

Unison. *cr* 3 To God the Father glory be,
And to His Sole-Begotten Son:
The same, O Holy Ghost, to Thee
While everlasting ages run.

267

STRENGTH AND STAY. (11.10.11.10.)

Rev. J. B. DYKES, MUS.D.



EVENING.

'He abideth faithful.'

f O STRENGTH and Stay upholding all creation,
Who ever dost Thyself unmoved abide,
Yet day by day the light in due gradation
From hour to hour through all its changes guide:

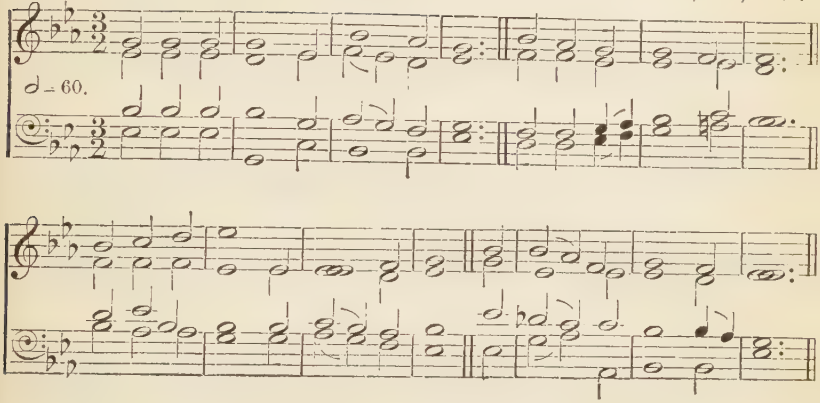
p 2 Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,
An eve untouched by shadows of decay,
The brightness of a holy death-bed blending
or With dawning glories of the eternal day.

f 3 Hear us, O FATHER, gracious and forgiving,
Through JESUS CHRIST Thy co-eternal WORD,
Who, with the HOLY GHOST, by all things living
Now and to endless ages art adored.

268

NOX SERENA. (C.M.)

Rev. George Bell, M.A., Mus.D.



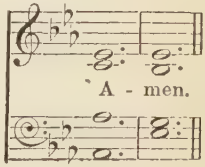
NIGHT.

'By His light I walked through darkness.'

f NOW that the daylight dies away,
Ere we lie down and sleep,
Thee, Maker of the world, we pray
To own us and to keep.

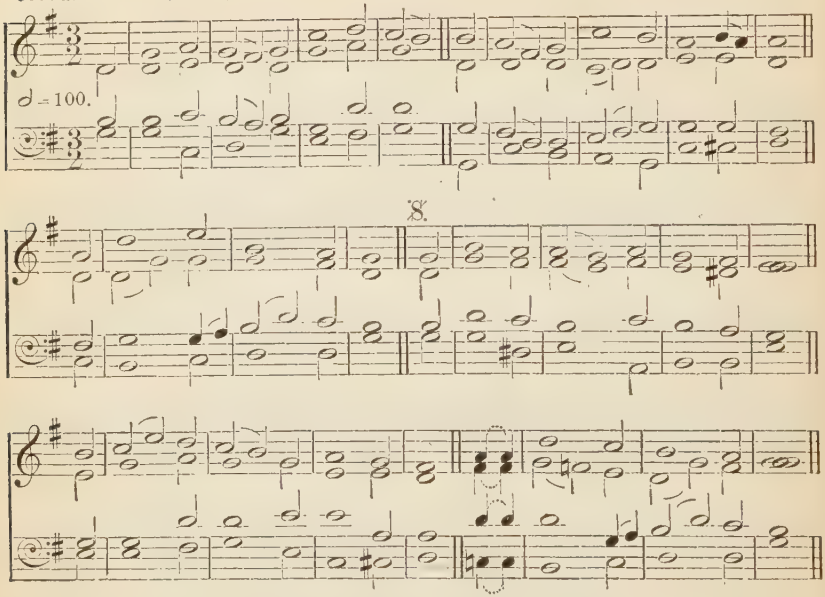
2 Let dreams depart, and shadows fly,
The offspring of the night;
p Keep us as shrines beneath Thine eye,
Pure, in our foes' despite.

f 3 This grace on Thy redeemed confer,
Father, co-equal Son,
And Holy Ghost the Comforter,
Eternal Three in One.



269

SUPPLICATION. (8.8.6.D.) FIRST TUNE From *St. Alban's Tune Book.*



SUNDAY MORNING.

'Ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord.'

f COME, let us all with one accord
Adore and magnify the LORD,
And festal service pay,

p On this the Day that GOD hath blest,
The day of peace and heavenly rest,
The LORD's own holy Day:

f 2 That saw primeval darkness break,
And that more glorious life awake
That lasteth evermore;

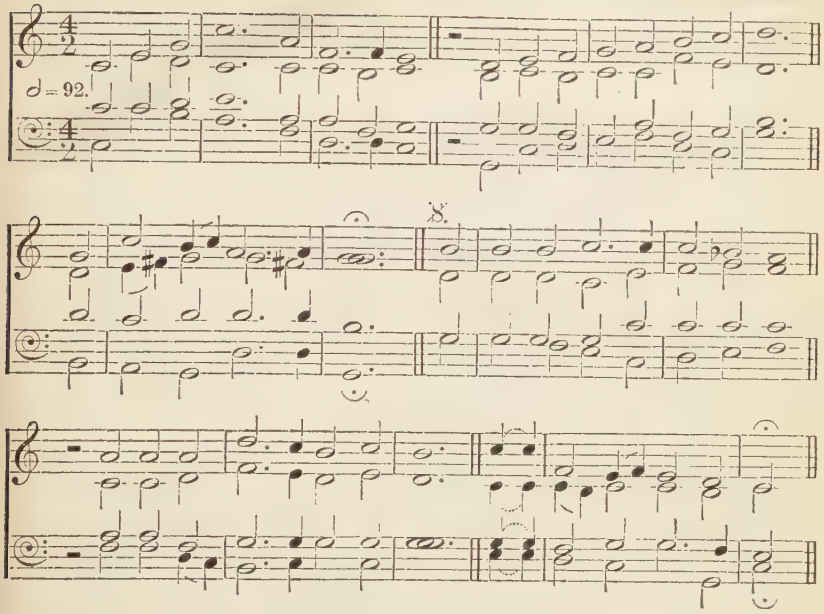
That saw hell's legions prostrate fall,
And CHRIST, triumphant over all,
His own to heaven restore.

p 3 This day the peace that flows from heaven
Was unto the Apostles given,
When doors were closed at night;

This day the HOLY SPIRIT's flame
Upon the Church's teachers came,
And filled their souls with light;

269

MAGDALEN COLLEGE. (8.8.6.D.) SECOND TUNE WILLIAM HAYES, Mus.D.



f *4 This day the priests their trumpets take
And loud the Gospel message wake,
And the people hear aright.

cr 5 Then on this day let us adore
Our GOD, and supplication pour,
That, when worlds pass away,
Through CHRIST's dear grace our souls may rest
In peace and joy for ever blest
Till the great Judgment Day.

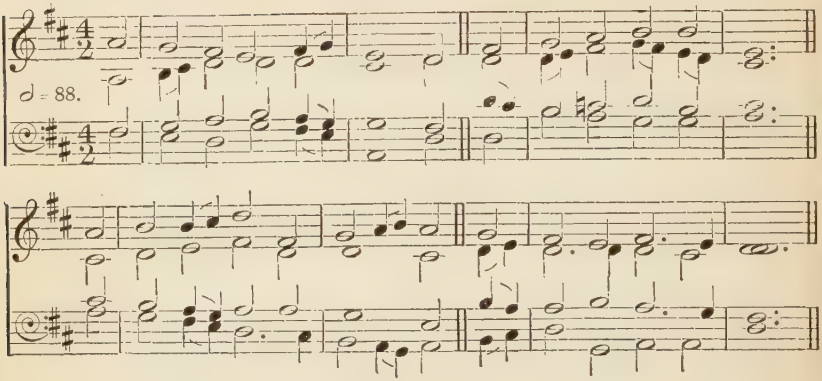
* NOTE.—This verse is sung to the latter half of the tune, beginning where marked 8.

FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.

270

JERUSALEM. (7.6.7.6.) Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D.



Alternative Tune, Bremen, No. 182.

SUNDAY EVENING.

'He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.'

p BE present, Holy Father,
Unseen by mortal eye,
And Christ, the Word eternal,
And Spirit from on high.

2 The sacred day is over,
The hour of rest comes nigh,
And in its turn kind slumber
Our members shall untie.

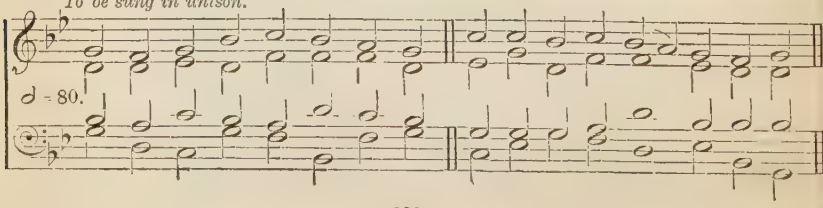
cr 3 Servant of Christ remember
The Font's baptismal dew,
And that the grace which strengthens
Is given to-day anew;

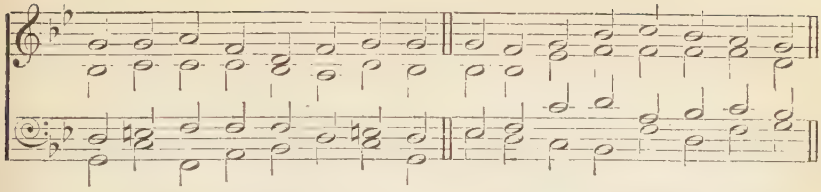
p 4 And though a while the body
In sleep may be reclined,
Yet Christ in very slumber
Shall fill the Christian mind.

271

RERUM DEUS TENAX VIGOR. (L.M.) FIRST TUNE Ancient Plainsong (Sarum form).

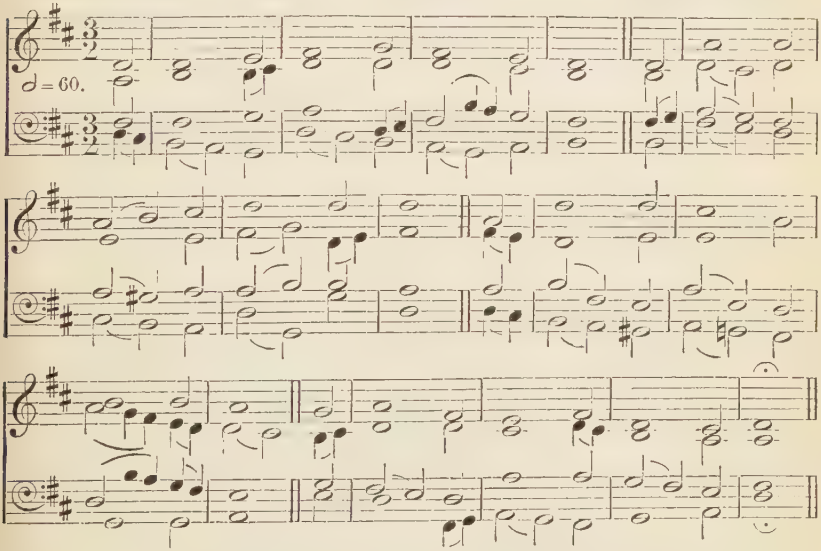
To be sung in unison.





PUER NOBIS NASCITUR. (L.M.) SECOND TUNE

Composed or adapted by MICHAEL PRÄTORIUS.



MONDAY MORNING.

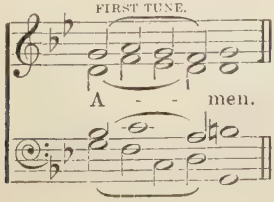
'*He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.*'

f LIGHT of the soul! O SAVIOUR blest,
Soon as Thy presence fills the breast,
Darkness and guilt are put to flight
p And all is sweetness and delight.

cr 2 SON of the FATHER, LORD most high,
How glad is he who feels Thee nigh!
How bright in heaven Thy beam doth glow!
dim Denied to eye of flesh below.

f 3 O Light of Life celestial,
O Charity ineffable,
Come in Thy hidden majesty;
Fill us with love: fill us with Thee.

FIRST TUNE.



SECOND TUNE.

272

DAS WALT' MEIN GOTT. (10.6.10.6.) FIRST TUNE

GOTHA, *Cantionale*, 1648.
Harmonized by J. S. BACH.

This tune may be sung in unison.

NOTE.—*Original key, D minor.*

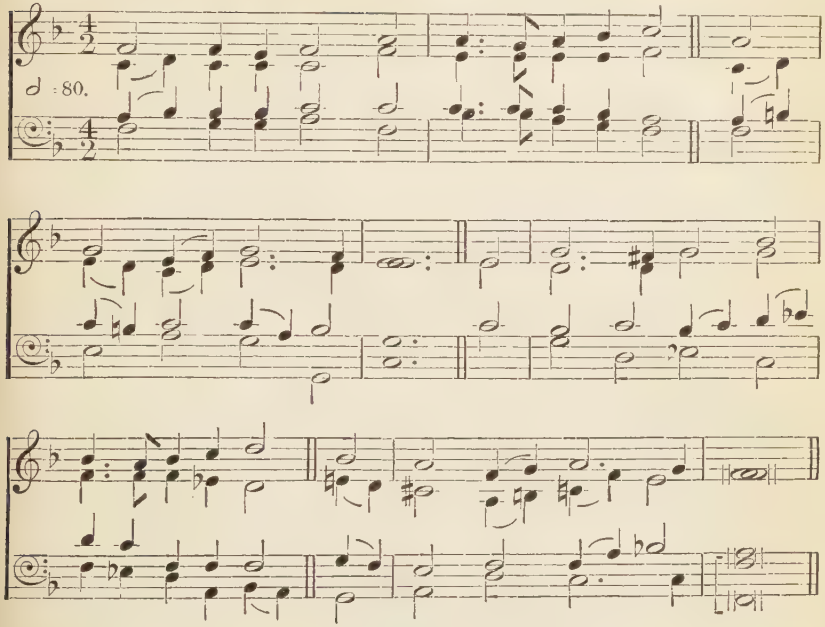
MONDAY EVENING.

'Being the brightness of His glory.'

f O BRIGHTNESS of the Immortal FATHER's face,
Most holy, heavenly, blest,
LORD JESUS CHRIST, in Whom His truth and grace
Are visibly expressed:

272

EVENING WORSHIP. (10.6.10.6.) SECOND TUNE KENNETH G. FINLAY.



p 2 The sun is sinking now, and one by one
The lights of evening shine:
We hymn the Eternal FATHER and the SON
And HOLY GHOST Divine.

cr 3 Worthy art Thou at all times to receive
Our hallowed praises, LORD;
O SON of GOD, be Thou, in Whom we live,
Through all the world adored.

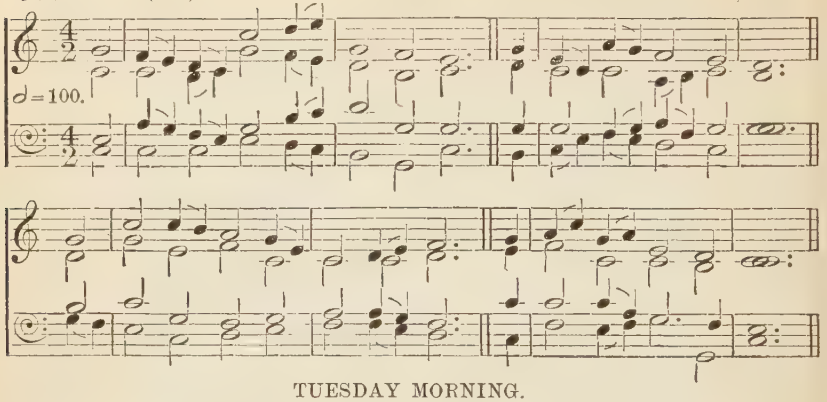
FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.

UNIVERSITY. (C.M.)

273

Attributed to JOHN RANDALL, Mus.D.



TUESDAY MORNING.

'Thy will be done in earth.'

p OUR FATHER, for another night
Of quiet sleep and rest,
cr For all the joy of morning light
Thy holy name be blest.

2 Now with the new-born day I give
Myself anew to Thee,
That as Thou willest I may live
And what Thou willest be.

3 Whate'er I do, things great or small,
Whate'er I speak or frame,
Thy glory may I seek in all,
Do all in JESUS' name.

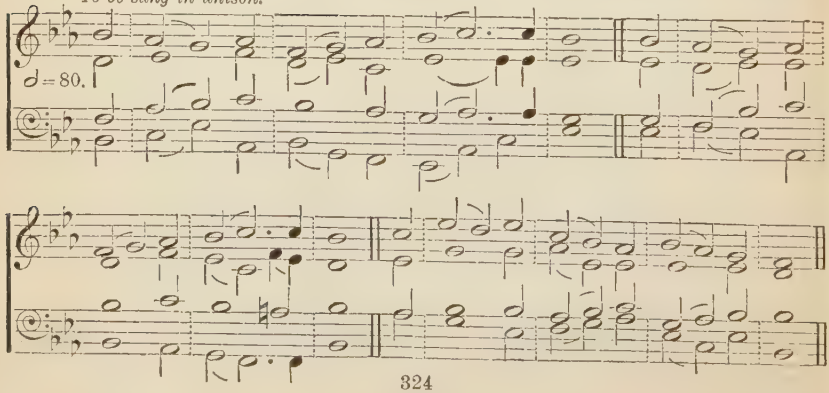
4 My FATHER, for His sake, I pray,
Thy child accept and bless;
And lead me by Thy grace to-day
In paths of righteousness.

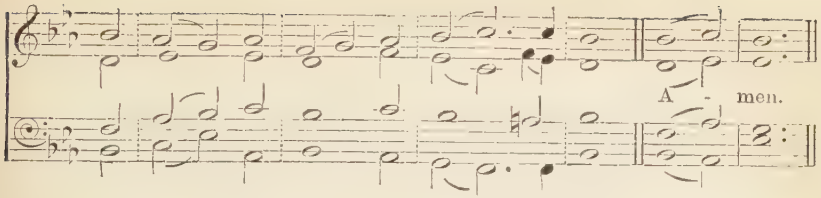
TRINITY MELODY. (L.M.)
To be sung in unison.

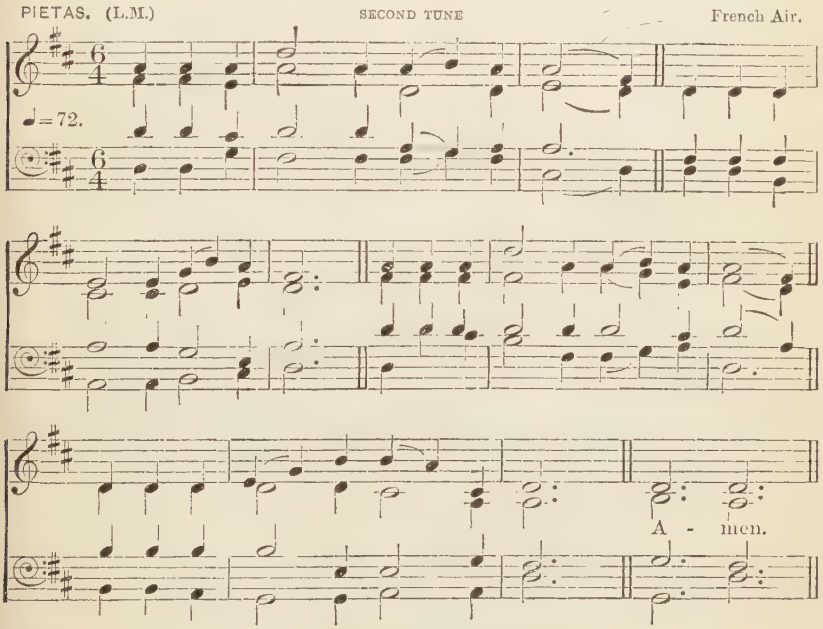
274

FIRST TUNE

Ancient Plainsong. Harmonized by the Rev. S. S. GREATHEED.







TUESDAY EVENING.

'I will both lay me down in peace and sleep.'

p O HOLY FATHER, 'mid the calm
And stillness of this evening hour,
We too would lift our solemn psalm
To praise Thy goodness and Thy power;

2 For over us, as over all,
Thy tender mercies still extend:
Nor vainly shall the contrite call
On Thee, our FATHER and our Friend.

cr 3 Kept by Thy goodness through the day,
Thanksgiving to Thy name we pour:
Night o'er us with its stars, we pray
Thy love to guard us evermore.

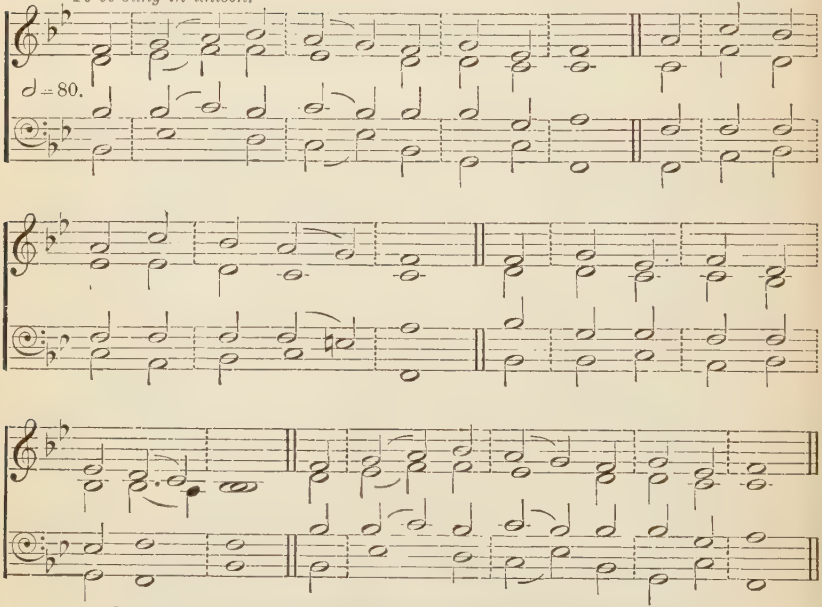
f 4 To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore.

275

BEAUVAIS. (L.M.) FIRST TUNE

To be sung in unison.

From the *Hymnal Sarisburiensis.*
Harmonized by Bishop H. L. JENNER.



NOTE.—*An alternative setting of this Tune will be found at* No. 266.

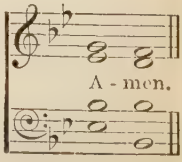
WEDNESDAY MORNING.

'*The Lord God is a sun and shield.*'

LORD of eternal purity,
Who dost the world with light adorn,
And paint the tracks of azure sky
With lovely hues of eve and morn:

cr 2 Scatter our night, Eternal GOD,
And kindle Thy pure beam within;
Free us from guilt's oppressive load,
And break the bonds of deadly sin.

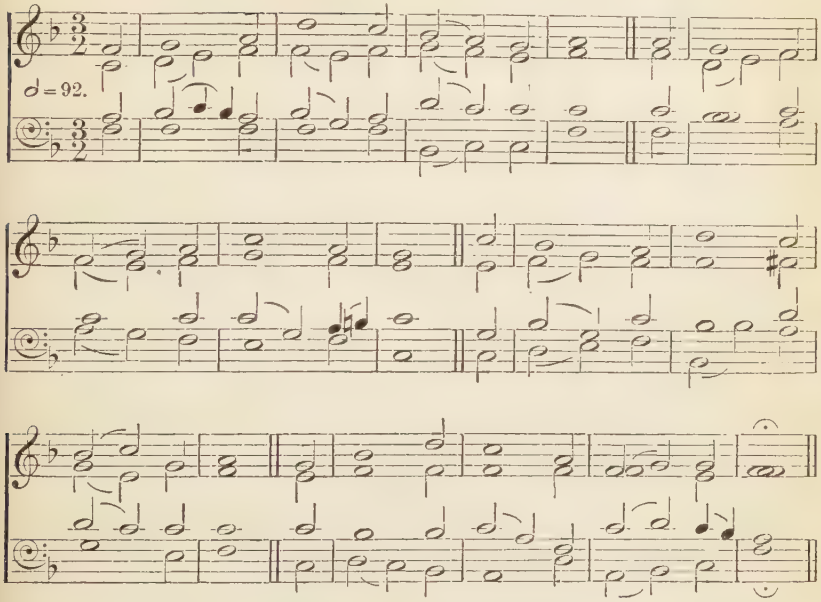
f 3 FATHER of mercies, hear our cry,
Hear us, O Sole-Begotten SON,
Who, with the HOLY GHOST most high,
Reignest while endless ages run.



275

CLAIRVAUX. (L.M.) SECOND TUNE

Ancient Melody.
From *St. Alban's Tune Book*.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, MAINZER, No. 211.

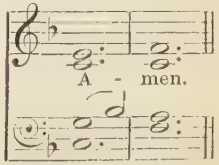
WEDNESDAY MORNING.

'*The Lord God is a sun and shield.*'

LORD of eternal purity,
Who dost the world with light adorn,
And paint the tracks of azure sky
With lovely hues of eve and morn:

cr 2 Scatter our night, Eternal GOD,
And kindle Thy pure beam within;
Free us from guilt's oppressive load,
And break the bonds of deadly sin.

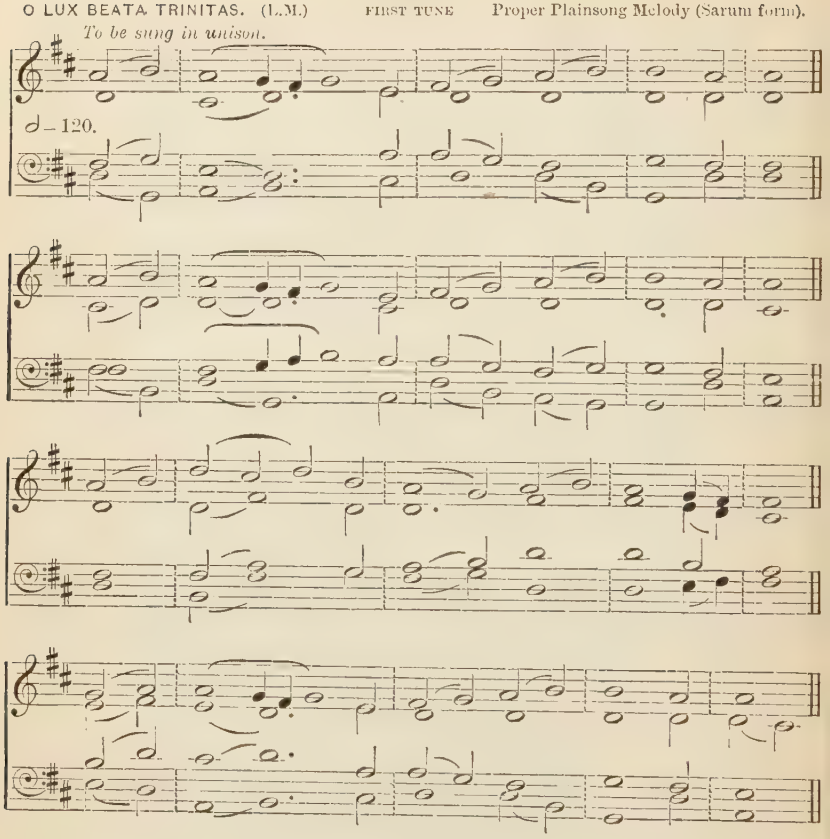
f 3 FATHER of mercies, hear our cry,
Hear us, O Sole-Begotten SON,
Who, with the HOLY GHOST most high,
Reignest while endless ages run.



276

O LUX BEATA TRINITAS. (L.M.) FIRST TUNE Proper Plainsong Melody (Sarum form).

To be sung in unison.



WEDNESDAY EVENING.

'O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out.'

f O TRINITY of blessèd light,
O Unity of sovereign might,
The fiery sun now goes his way:
Shed Thou within our hearts Thy ray.

2 To Thee our morning song of praise,
To Thee our evening prayer we raise.
cr O grant us with Thy saints on high
To praise Thee through eternity.

276

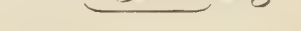
ST. VENANTIUS. (L.M.) SECOND TUNE Rouen Church Melody.

In moderate time. This tune may be sung in unison.

3 Praise to the FATHER and the SON
And HOLY SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
As ever was in ages past
And shall be while the ages last.

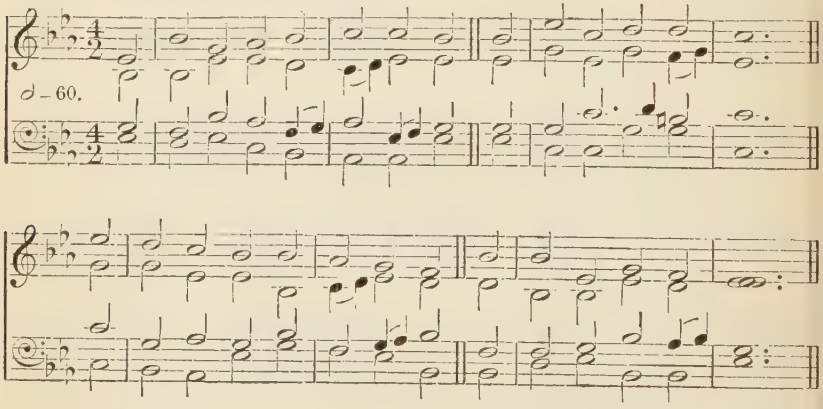
FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.



277

SONG 67 (ST. MATTHIAS.) (C.M.) ORLANDO GIBBONS.



THURSDAY MORNING.

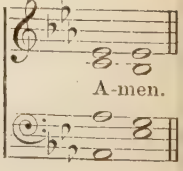
'*He was received up into heaven.*'

f ASCENDED LORD, accept our praise,
As, with adoring eye,
From this dim earth we lift our gaze
To Thy bright home on high.

2 We may not stay our lingering feet
Upon the sacred hill,
Nor with blest dreams and visions sweet
Stand gazing upwards still.

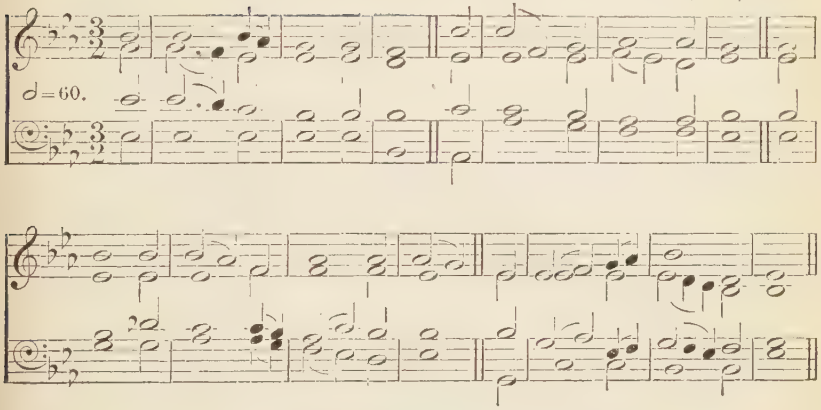
3 For Thou, LORD, shalt once more appear;
And we would seek Thy grace
p To tread our lowly pathway here,
Until we see Thy face.

4 And week by week we ask this day
Fresh gleams of heavenly light,
cr To cheer us on our toilsome way
And brighten all our night.



278

ST. MAHÀ. (S.M.) Rev. GEORGE BELL, M.A., Mus.D.



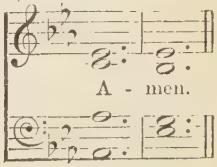
THURSDAY EVENING.

'Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.'

p THE day, O LORD, is spent:
Abide with us and rest.
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making Thee our guest.

2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round Thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

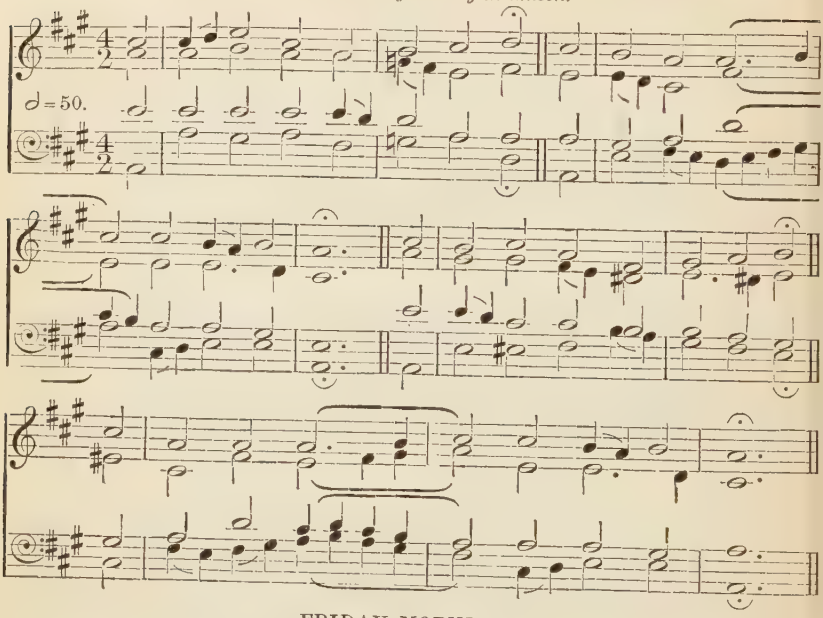
3 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er:
cr O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
f Shine on us evermore.



279

ACH BLEIB BEI UNS. (L.M.)
Slow and with dignity. *This tune may be sung in unison.*

LAURENTIUS ERHARDT.
Arranged by J. S. BACH.



FRIDAY MORNING.

'He that taketh not his cross and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me.'

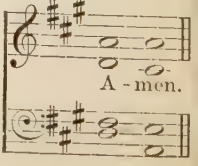
p O JESUS, crucified for man,
O LAMB, all glorious on Thy throne,
Teach Thou our wondering souls to scan
The mystery of Thy love unknown.

2 We pray Thee, grant us strength to take
Our daily cross, whate'er it be,
And gladly, for Thine own dear sake,
In paths of pain to follow Thee.

3 As on our daily way we go,
dim Through light or shade, in calm or strife,
Still may we bear Thy marks below
In conquered sin and chastened life.

p 4 And week by week this day we ask
That holy memories of Thy cross
cr May sanctify each common task,
And turn to gain each earthly loss.

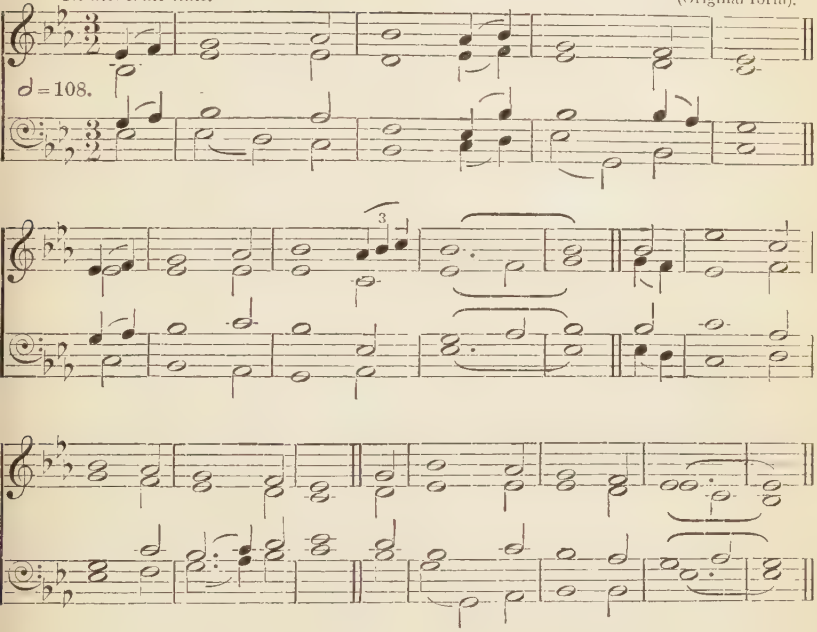
p 5 Grant us, dear LORD, our cross to bear
Till at Thy feet we lay it down,
Win through Thy blood our pardon there,
cr And through the cross attain the crown.



280

ST. COLUMBA. (C.M.)
In moderate time.

Ancient Irish Hymn Melody
(Original form).



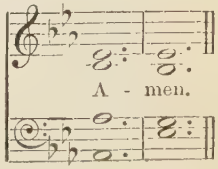
FRIDAY EVENING.

'Look Thou upon me and be merciful unto me.'

f AS now the sun's declining rays
At eventide descend,
p So life's brief day is sinking down
To its appointed end.

2 LORD, on the cross Thine arms were stretched
To draw Thy people nigh:
O grant us then that cross to love,
mp And in those arms to die.

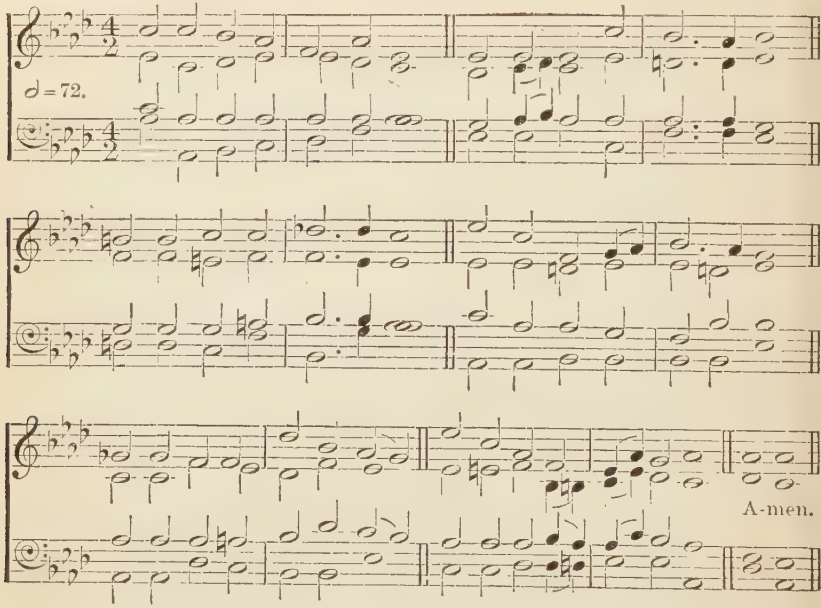
f 3 All glory to the FATHER be,
All glory to the SON,
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,
While endless ages run.



281

GLASTONBURY. (7.7.7.7.7.7.)

Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D.



SATURDAY MORNING.

'God did rest the seventh day from all His works.'

p SABBATH of the saints of old,
Day of mysteries manifold,
By the great Creator blest,
Type of His eternal rest:
dim Resting from His work, the Lord
Spake to-day the hallowing word.

p 2 Resting in the tomb to-day,
Still the Saviour's body lay:
Wrapt in sleep, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding-sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealèd stone.

3 Lord, with Thee till life shall end
We would solemn vigil spend:
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around,
And in patient watch remain
Till Thou shalt appear again.

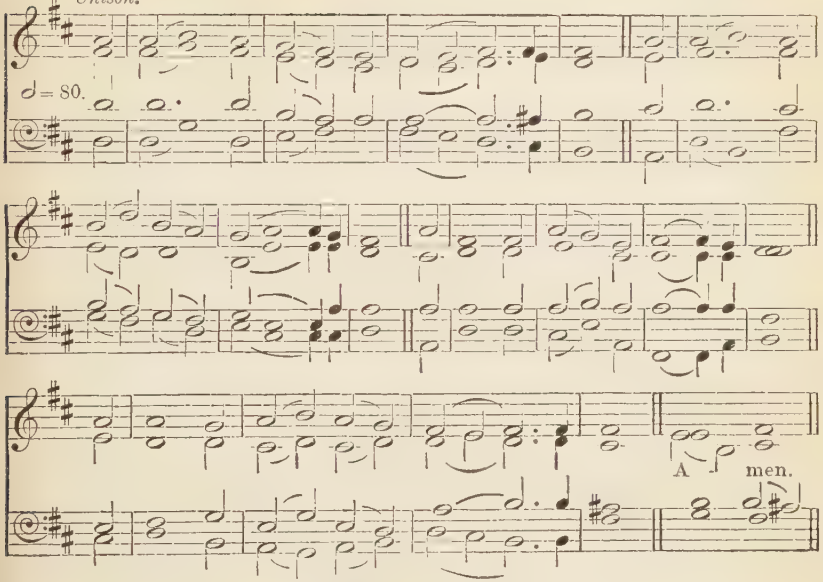
4 Still with Thee their Sabbath keep
They who 'neath the altar sleep:
Resting from their labours past,
Waiting for the trumpet's blast;
When, the new creation done,
Endless joys shall be begun.

5 Jesus, keep us safe from sin,
With them let us enter in,
Danger past and toil at end;
cr And to those blest joys ascend,
There in flesh our God to see
f And adore eternally.

282

ST. OUEN. (L.M.) FIRST TUNE From the *Vesperale.*

Unison.



SATURDAY EVENING.

'*There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.*'

p GOD ended all the world's array
And rested on the seventh day;
His holy voice proclaimed it blest
And named it for the Sabbath rest.

2 And He, Who death by death subdued
And yesterday our life renewed,
On Saturday His Sabbath kept
As in the heart of earth He slept.

3 His servants, while they dwell below,
Six days of this world's labour know;
Six days to bear the cross have they,
And o'er hell's powers to force their way.

4 But when the conflict shall be o'er
And conquered sin can harm no more,
The soul, released from fleshly chain,
Sabbath of Paradise shall gain;

f 5 Until the true LORD'S day shall break
With triumph time shall never shake,
When this our flesh, from sin set free,
Shall put on immortality.

VOM HIMMEL HOCH. (L.M.)
This tune may be sung in unison.

282
SECOND TUNE

Melody by MARTIN LUTHER.
Harmonized by J. S. BACH.

NOTE.—*Where possible the bass should be strengthened throughout by the addition of the lower octave on the instrument.*

ALTERNATIVE TUNE, JESU, DULCIS MEMORIA, No. 324.

SATURDAY EVENING.

'There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.'

p GOD ended all the world's array
And rested on the seventh day;
His holy voice proclaimed it blest
And named it for the Sabbath rest.

2 And He, Who death by death subdued
And yesterday our life renewed,
On Saturday His Sabbath kept
As in the heart of earth He slept.

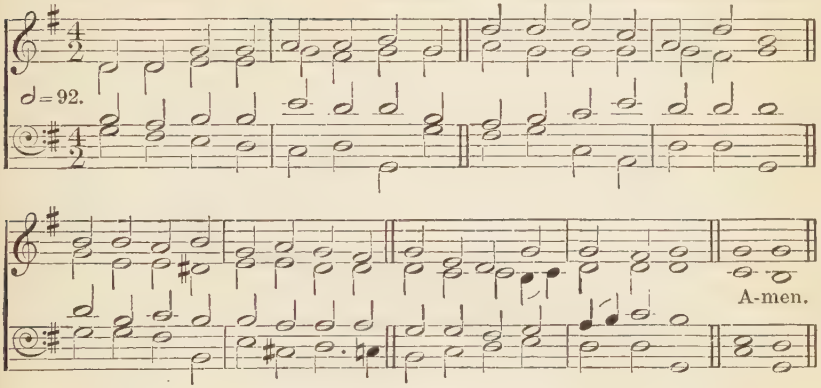
3 His servants, while they dwell below,
Six days of this world's labour know;
Six days to bear the cross have they,
And o'er hell's powers to force their way.

4 But when the conflict shall be o'er
And conquered sin can harm no more,
The soul, released from fleshly chain,
Sabbath of Paradise shall gain;

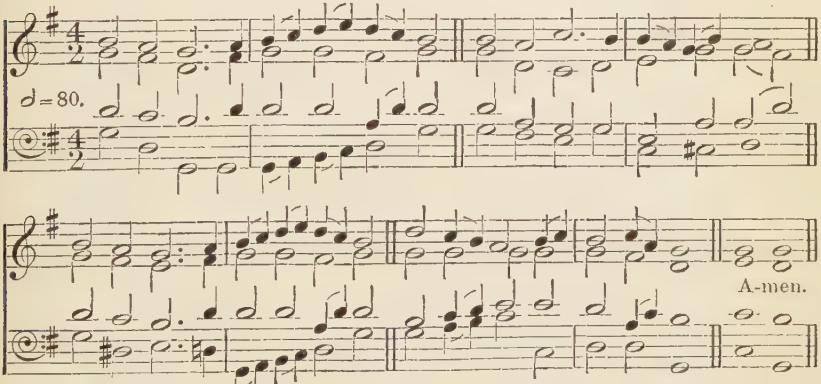
f 5 Until the true LORD's day shall break
With triumph time shall never shake,
When this our flesh, from sin set free,
Shall put on immortality.

283

STUTTGART. (8.7.8.7.) FIRST TUNE JOHANN GEORG CHRISTIAN STÖRL (also attributed to HANS LEO HASSLER).



LILLE. (8.7.8.7.) SECOND TUNE French Melody.



[*From the* CHILDREN'S SERVICE BOOK, *by permission.*]

'Now it is high time to awake out of sleep.'

f HARK, a thrilling voice is sounding:
CHRIST is nigh—it seems to say—
Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day.

2 Wakened by the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
cr CHRIST, her Sun, all ill dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

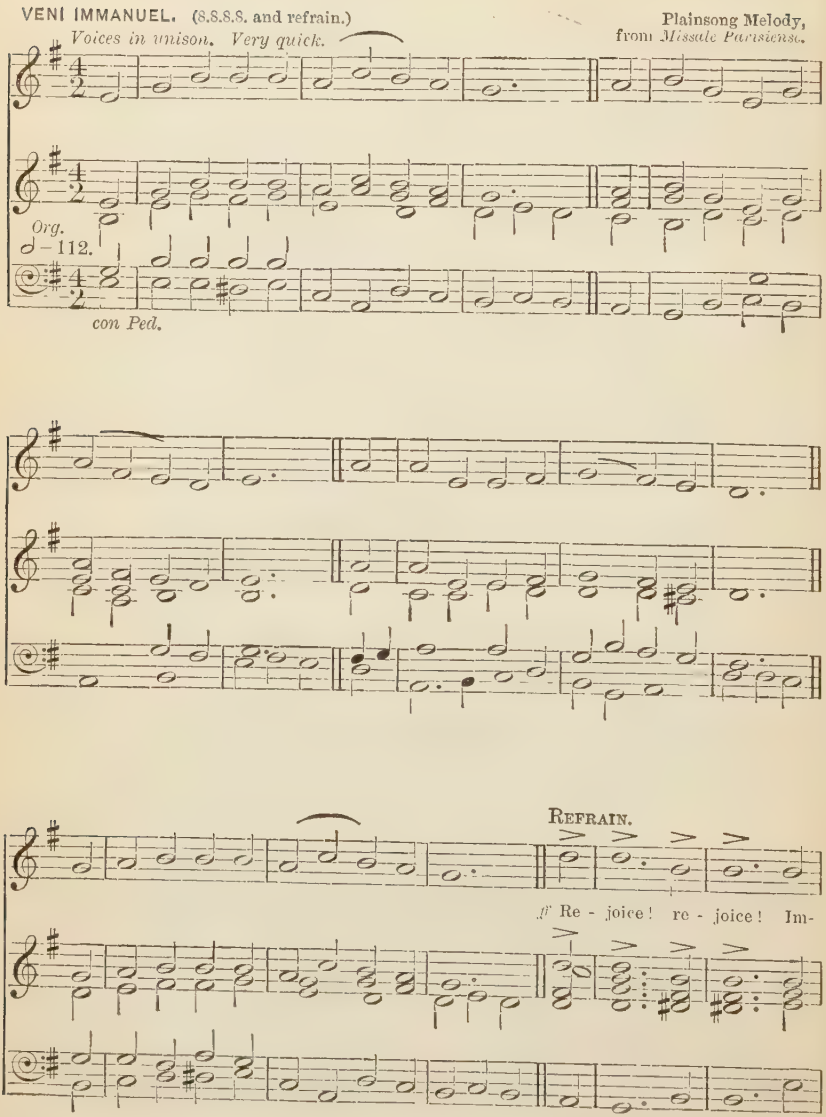
p 3 Lo! the LAMB, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven;

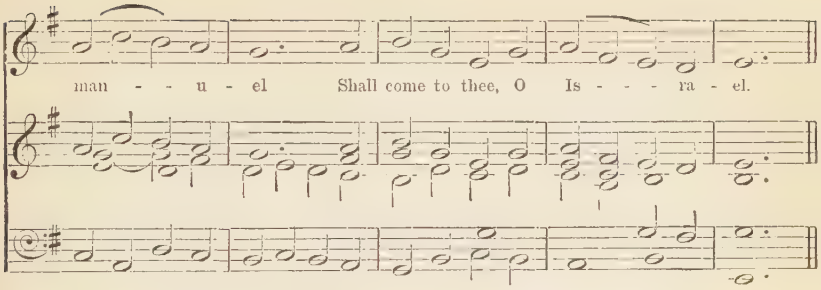
pp Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven:

p 4 That, when next He comes with glory,
And the world is wrapped in fear,
With His mercy He may shield us
And with words of love draw near.

f 5 Honour, glory, might, and blessing
To the FATHER and the SON,
With the everlasting SPIRIT,
While eternal ages run.

284


VENI IMMANUEL. (S.S.S.S. and refrain.)
Plainsong Melody, from Missale Parisiense.
Voices in unison. Very quick.
Org.
♩ = 112.
con Ped.
REFRAIN.
ff Re - joice! re - joice! Im-



'*The Redeemer shall come to Zion.*'

f O COME, O come, Immanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
p That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.
ff *Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel*
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny.
From depths of hell Thy people save
And give them victory o'er the grave.

3 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high
And close the path to misery.

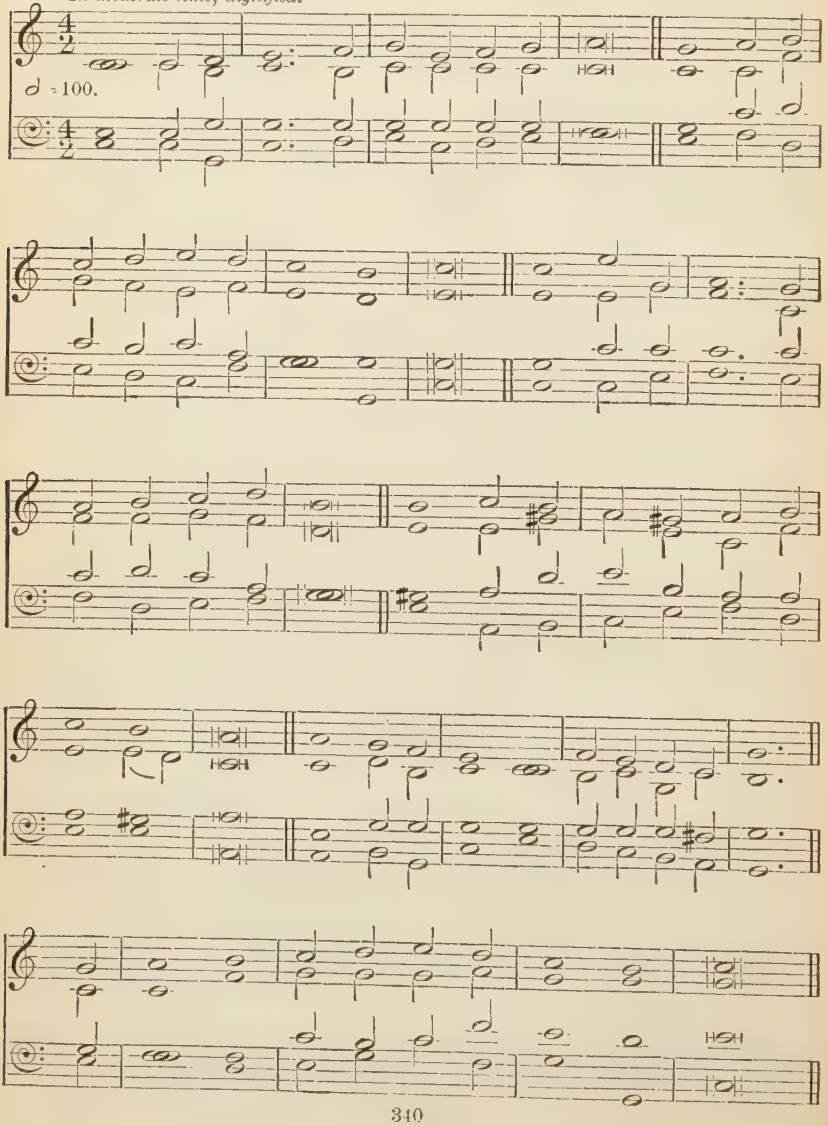
f 4 O come, Thou Dayspring from on high
And cheer us by Thy drawing nigh;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night
And death's dark shadows put to flight.

285

STOCKPORT OR YORKSHIRE. (10,10,10,10,10,10.)

JOHN WAINWRIGHT.

In moderate time, dignified.



'Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy.'

f CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn
Whereon the SAVIOUR of the world was born.
Rise to adore the mystery of love
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of GOD Incarnate and the Virgin's SON.

*2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard th' angelic herald's voice, 'Behold,
I bring good tidings of a SAVIOUR's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
cr This day hath GOD fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a SAVIOUR, CHRIST the LORD.'

*3 He spake, and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire.
The praises of redeeming love they sang
And heaven's whole orb with Alleluias rang:
GOD's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.

*4 To Bethlehem straight th' enlightened shepherds ran
To see the wonder GOD had wrought for man,
And found, with Joseph and the Blessèd Maid,
Her SON, the SAVIOUR, in a manger laid.
Then to their flocks, still praising GOD, return,
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn.

p 5 O may we keep and ponder in our mind
GOD's wondrous love in saving lost mankind.
Trace we the Babe who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter cross;
cr Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

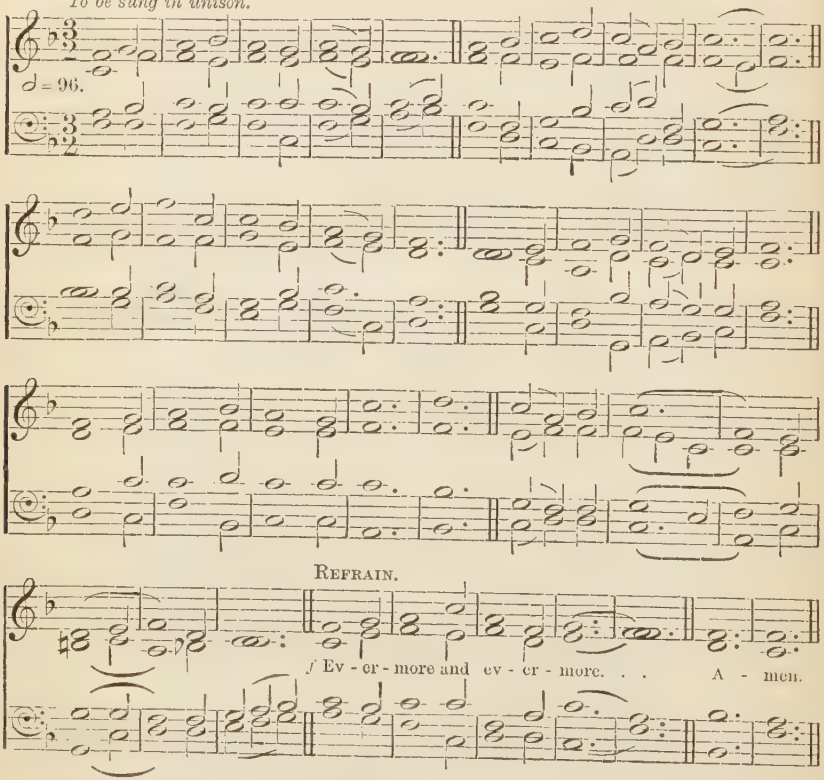
f 6 Then may we hope, th' angelic hosts among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song.
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display.
cr Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

286

CORDE NATUS. (S.7.S.7.S.7. and refrain.)

Melody as in *Piae Cantiones*, 1582.

To be sung in unison.



'God was manifest in the flesh.'

f OF the FATHER'S love begotten
Ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore.

p 2 O that birth for ever blessèd!
When the Virgin, full of grace,
By the HOLY GHOST conceiving,
Bare the SAVIOUR of our race,
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
First revealed His sacred face.

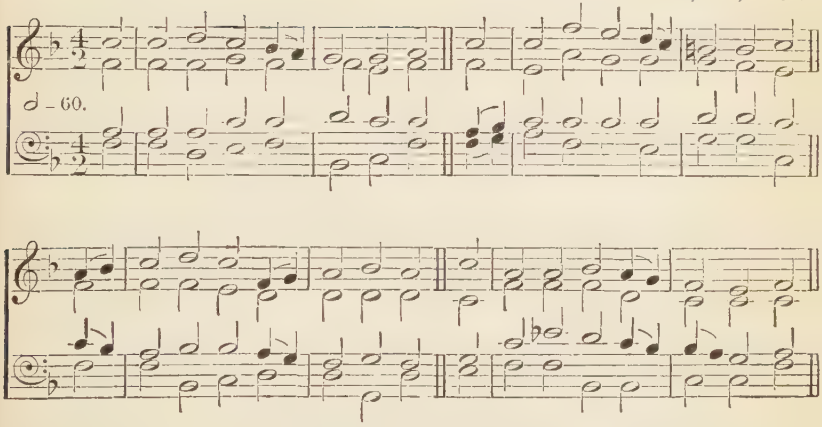
f 3 O ye heights of heaven, adore Him;
Angel-hosts, His praises sing;
Powers, dominions, bow before Him
And extol our GOD and King:
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Every voice in concert ring.

cr 4 CHRIST, to Thee, with GOD the FATHER,
And, O HOLY GHOST, to Thee
Hymn and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be:

ff Honour, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore.

287

ST. RULE. (L.M.) Rev. George Bell, M.A., Mus.D.



'*This . . . did Jesus . . . and manifested forth His glory.*'

WHY, impious Herod, shouldst thou fear
Because that Christ the King is near?
He takes not earthly realms away
Who gives the realms that ne'er decay.

p 2 Lo, wise men from the East are gone
To where the star hath newly shone.
By light their way to Light they trod,
And by their gifts confessed their God.

3 And now in Jordan's sacred wave
The Heavenly Lamb vouchsafes to lave.
No sins were His to cleanse that day:
His washing takes our sins away.

cr 4 New miracle of power Divine!
The water reddens into wine.
He spake the word, and forth it flowed
In stream that nature ne'er bestowed.

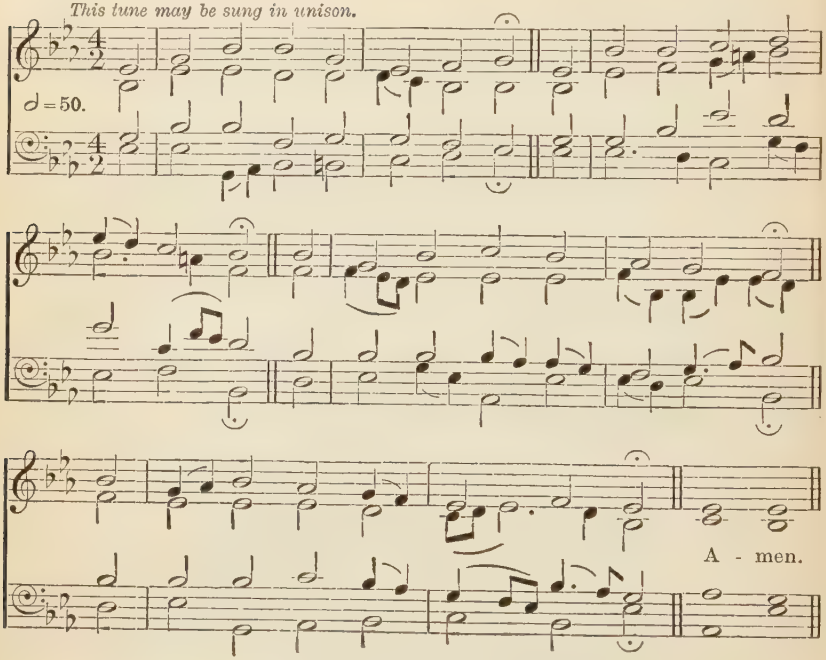
f 5 All glory, Lord, to Thee we pay
For Thine Epiphany to-day:
All glory as is ever meet
To Father and to Paraclete.

288

DAS WALT GOTT VATER. (L.M.) FIRST TUNE

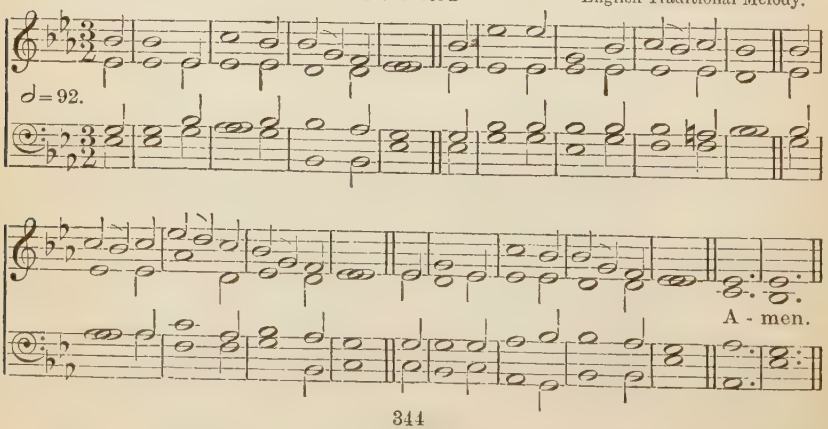
Martin Boehm.
Harmonized by J. S. Bach.

This tune may be sung in unison.



HERONGATE. (L.M.) SECOND TUNE

English Traditional Melody.



'It is good for us to be here.'

f WHEN glory crowned the mountain top
And CHRIST was decked in garments fair,
The prophets of the LORD appeared
And talked with the Redeemer there.

2 Let us make this our dwelling place—
'Twas thus His followers made request—
For it is good to linger here,
And they who dwell with Thee are blest.

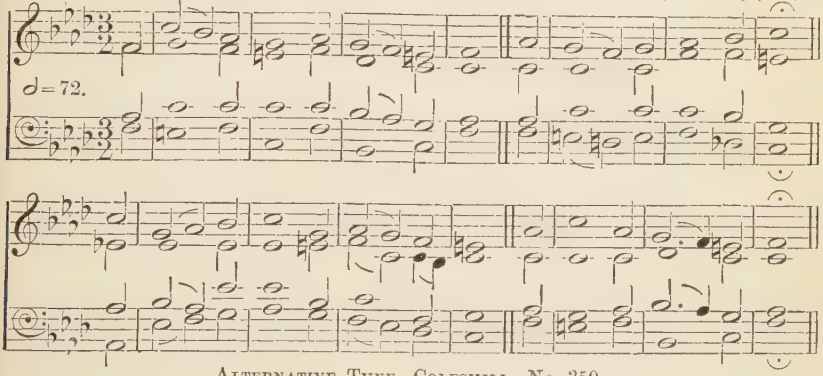
cr 3 Then from the cloud a Voice was heard,
While each in terror held his breath—
This is Mine own Beloved SON:
f Hear ye what the Beloved saith.

f 4 O JESUS, when Thy glory gilds
The mount of GOD whereon we meet,
May we the voice of Heaven discern,
p And bow expectant at Thy feet.

CROWLE. (C.M.)

289

Melody from JAMES GREEN'S *Book of Psalmody* (1724).



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, COLESHILL, No. 350.

'Weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves.'

p WEEP not for Him who onward bears
His cross to Calvary;
He does not ask man's pitying tears,
Who wills for man to die.

2 The awful sorrow of His face,
The bowing of His frame,
Come not from torture or disgrace:
He fears not cross or shame.

3 There is a deeper pang of grief,
An agony unknown,
In which His love finds no relief—
He bears it all alone.

4 He sees the souls for whom He dies
Yet clinging to their sin,
And heirs of mansions in the skies
Who will not enter in.

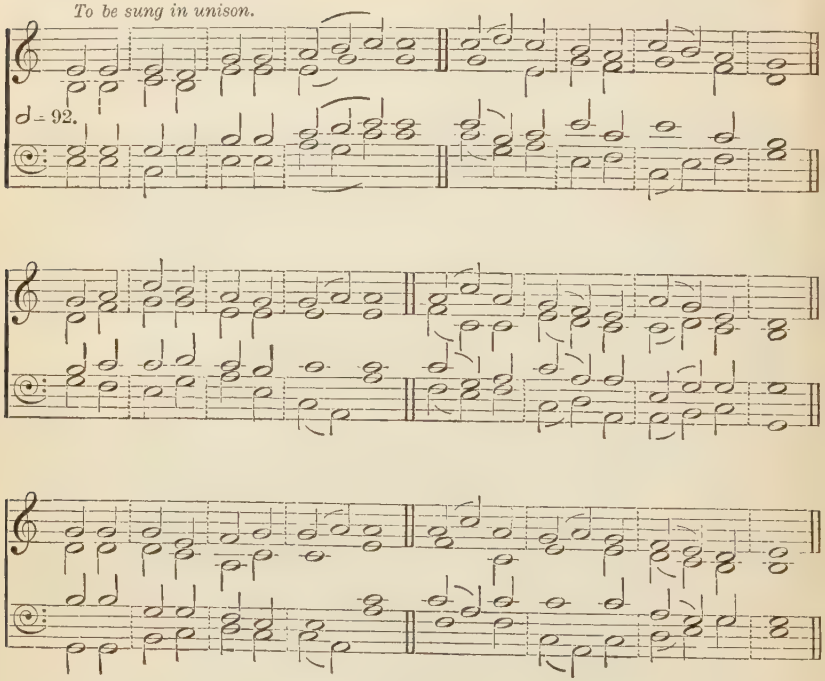
5 O may I in Thy sorrow share,
And mourn that sins of mine
Should ever wound with grief or care
That loving heart of Thine.

290

PANGE LINGUA. (8.7.8.7.8.7.) FIRST TUNE

Proper melody from the *Mechlin Gradual.*

To be sung in unison.



'He went forth conquering and to conquer.'

f SING, my tongue, how glorious battle
Glorious victory became;
And above the cross, His trophy,
Tell the triumph and the fame:
Tell how He, the earth's Redeemer,
By His death for man o'ercame.

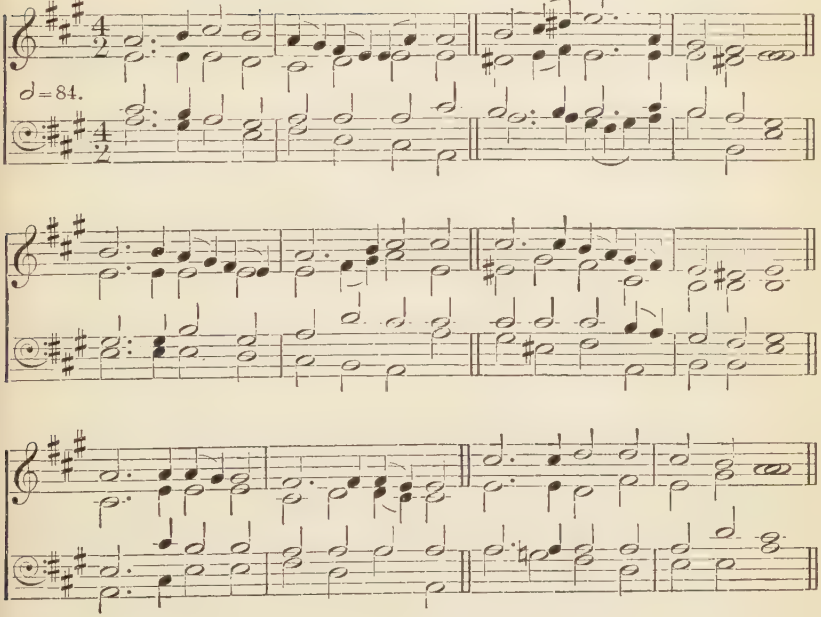
dim 2 Thirty years fulfilled among us—
Perfect life in low estate—
Born for this, and self-surrendered,
To His passion dedicate,
On the cross the LAMB is lifted
For His people immolate.

p 3 His the nails, the spear, the spitting,
Reed and vinegar and gall;
From His patient body piercèd
Blood and water streaming fall:
cr Earth and sea and stars and mankind
By that stream are cleansèd all.

f 4 Faithful cross, above all other,
One and only noble tree,
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit compares with thee:
Sweet the wood and sweet the iron
And thy Load how sweet is He.

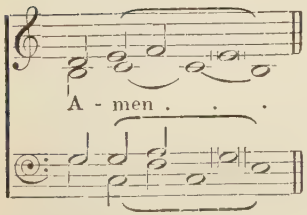
290

CALVARY. (8.7.8.7.8.7.) SECOND TUNE SAMUEL STANLEY.

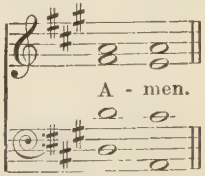


5 Unto GOD be laud and honour:
To the FATHER, to the SON,
To the mighty SPIRIT, glory—
Ever Three and ever One:
Power and glory in the highest
While eternal ages run.

FIRST TUNE.



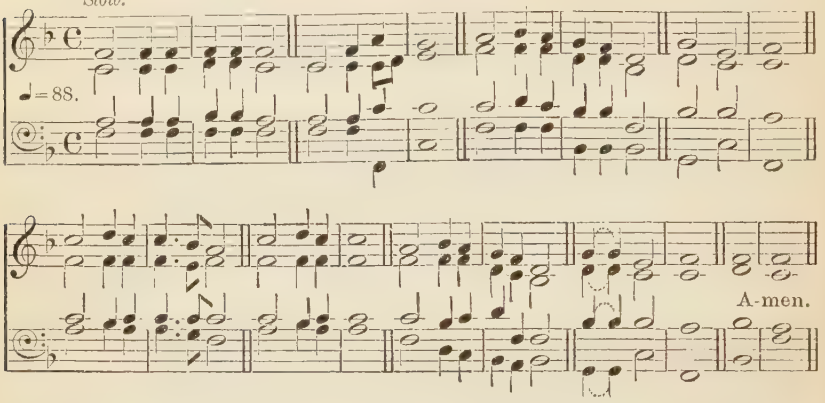
SECOND TUNE.



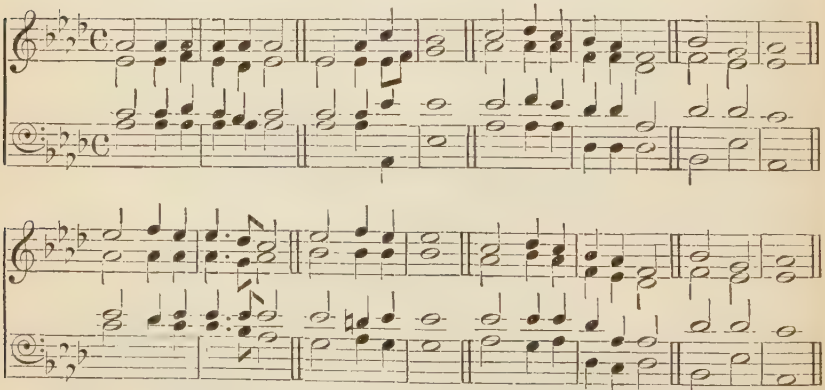
291

STORY OF THE CROSS. (6.4.6.3.D.) FIRST TUNE J. W. ETHERINGTON.

(For Parts I, III, and V.)



(For Parts II and IV.)



[*By permission of the owner*, E. D. ETHERINGTON, Richmond, Surrey.]

THE STORY OF THE CROSS.

'Behold the Lamb of God.'

I. THE QUESTION.

IN His own raiment clad,
With His blood dyed,
Women walk sorrowing
By His side.

Heavy that cross to Him,
Weary the weight;
One who will help Him waits
At the gate.

2 See! they are travelling
On the same road—
Simon is sharing with
Him the load.
O whither wandering
Bear they that tree;
He who first carries it,
Who is He?

II. The Answer.

pp 3 Follow to Calvary,
Tread where He trod,
He who for ever was
Son of God.
You who would love Him, stand,
Gaze at His face,
Tarry awhile on your
Earthly race.

4 As the swift moments fly
Through the blest week,
Hear the great story the
Cross will speak.
Is there no beauty to
You who pass by,
In that lone figure which
Marks that sky?

III. The Story of the Cross.

pp 5 On the cross lifted up
Thy face I scan,
Bearing that cross for me,
Son of man.
Thorns form Thy diadem,
Rough wood Thy throne:
For us Thy blood is shed,
Us alone.

6 Loud scoffs the dying thief
Who mocks at Thee—
Can it, my Saviour, be
All for me?
No pillow under Thee
To rest Thy head,
Only the splintered cross
Is Thy bed.

7 Shadows of midnight fall,
Though it is day;
Thy friends and kinsfolk stand
Far away.
Loud is Thy bitter cry;
Sunk on Thy breast
Hangeth Thy bleeding head,
Without rest.

8 Gazing afar from Thee,
Silent and lone,
Stand those few weepers Thou
Callest Thine own.
Nails pierce Thy hands and feet,
Thy side the spear;
No voice is nigh to say
Help is near.

p 9 I see Thy title, Lord,
Inscribed above—
Jesus of Nazareth,
King of Love.
What, O my Saviour,
Here didst Thou see,
Which made Thee suffer and
Die for me?

IV. The Appeal from the Cross.

cr 10 Child of My grief and pain,
Watched by My love,
I came to call thee to
Realms above.
I saw thee wandering
Far off from Me;
In love I seek for thee,
Do not flee.

11 For thee My blood was shed,
For thee alone;
I came to purchase thee
For Mine own.
Weep not for My grief,
Child of My love;
Strive to be with Me in
Heaven above.

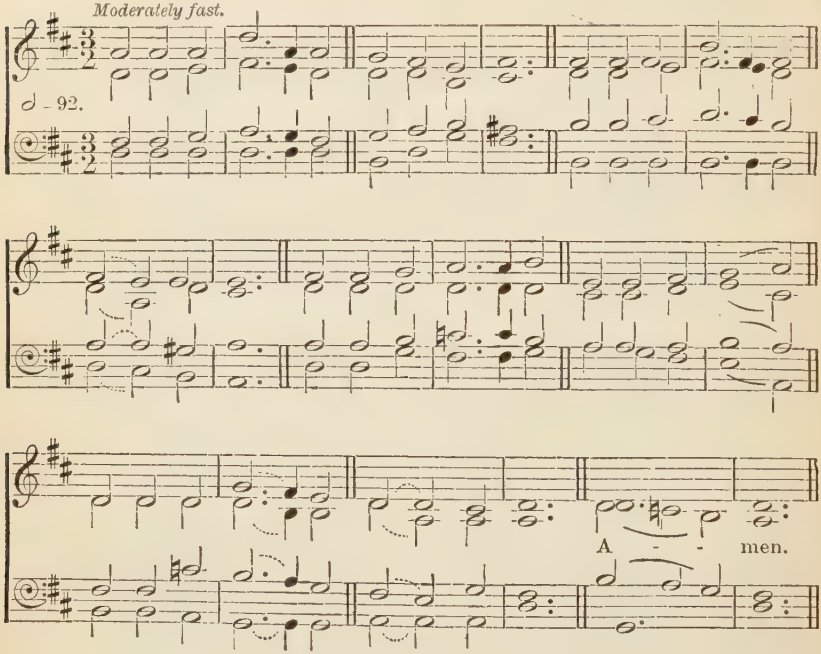
V. Our Cry to Jesus.

f 12 O I will follow Thee,
Star of my soul,
Through the deep shades of life
To the goal.
Yes, let Thy cross be borne
Each day by me,
Though it press heavily,
If with Thee.

13 Lord, if Thou only wilt
Make me Thine own,
Fix my heart's longing on
Thee alone.
Grant through each day of life
To stand by Thee:
cr With Thee, when morning breaks,
Ever to be.

291

ST. KENNETH'S. (6.4.6.3.D.) SECOND TUNE REV. GEORGE BELL, M.A., MUS.D.



THE STORY OF THE CROSS.

'Behold the Lamb of God.'

I. THE QUESTION.

p IN His own raiment clad,
With His blood dyed,
Women walk sorrowing
By His side.
Heavy that cross to Him,
Weary the weight;
One who will help Him waits
At the gate.

2 See! they are travelling
On the same road—
Simon is sharing with
Him the load.
O whither wandering
Bear they that tree;
He who first carries it,
Who is He?

II. The Answer.

pp 3 Follow to Calvary,
Tread where He trod,
He who for ever was
Son of God.
You who would love Him, stand,
Gaze at His face,
Tarry awhile on your
Earthly race.

4 As the swift moments fly
Through the blest week,
Hear the great story the
Cross will speak.
Is there no beauty to
You who pass by,
In that lone figure which
Marks that sky?

III. The Story of the Cross.

pp 5 On the cross lifted up
Thy face I scan,
Bearing that cross for me,
Son of man.
Thorns form Thy diadem,
Rough wood Thy throne:
For us Thy blood is shed,
Us alone.

6 Loud scoffs the dying thief
Who mocks at Thee—
Can it, my Saviour, be
All for me?
No pillow under Thee
To rest Thy head,
Only the splintered cross
Is Thy bed.

7 Shadows of midnight fall,
Though it is day;
Thy friends and kinsfolk stand
Far away.
Loud is Thy bitter cry;
Sunk on Thy breast
Hangeth Thy bleeding head,
Without rest.

8 Gazing afar from Thee,
Silent and lone,
Stand those few weepers Thou
Callest Thine own.
Nails pierce Thy hands and feet,
Thy side the spear;
No voice is nigh to say
Help is near.

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Inscribed above—
Jesus of Nazareth,
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What, O my Saviour,
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Die for me?

IV. The Appeal from the Cross.

cr 10 Child of My grief and pain,
Watched by My love,
I came to call thee to
Realms above.
I saw thee wandering
Far off from Me;
In love I seek for thee,
Do not flee.

11 For thee My blood was shed,
For thee alone;
I came to purchase thee
For Mine own.
Weep not for My grief,
Child of My love;
Strive to be with Me in
Heaven above.

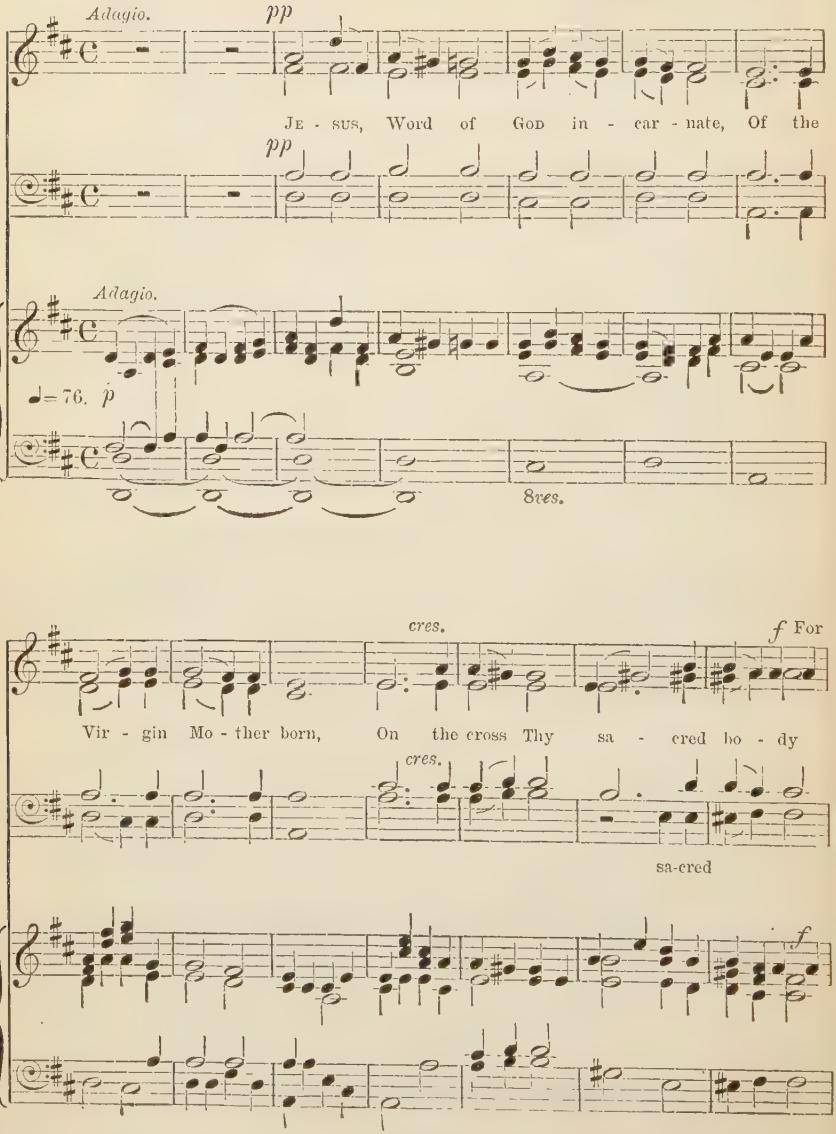
V. Our Cry to Jesus.

f 12 O I will follow Thee,
Star of my soul,
Through the deep shades of life
To the goal.
Yes, let Thy cross be borne
Each day by me,
Though it press heavily,
If with Thee.

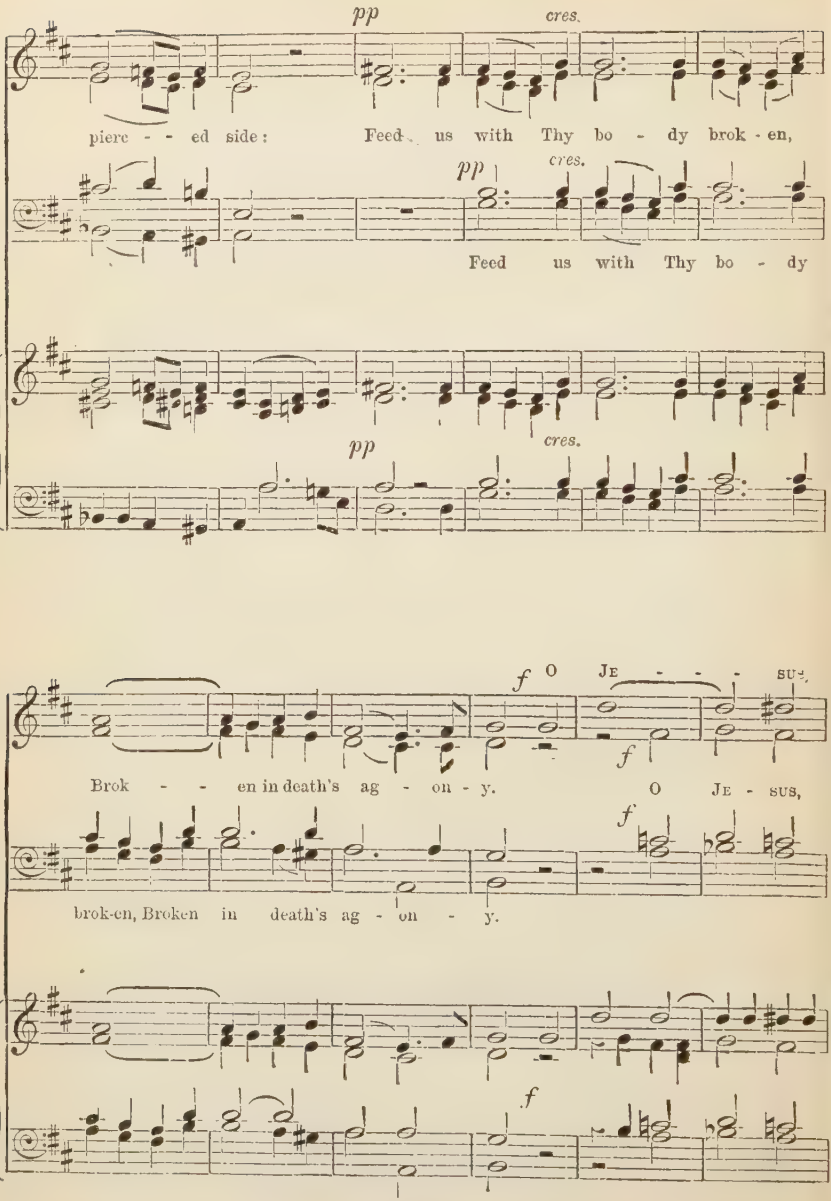
13 Lord, if Thou only wilt
Make me Thine own,
Fix my heart's longing on
Thee alone.
Grant through each day of life
To stand by Thee:
cr With Thee, when morning breaks,
Ever to be.

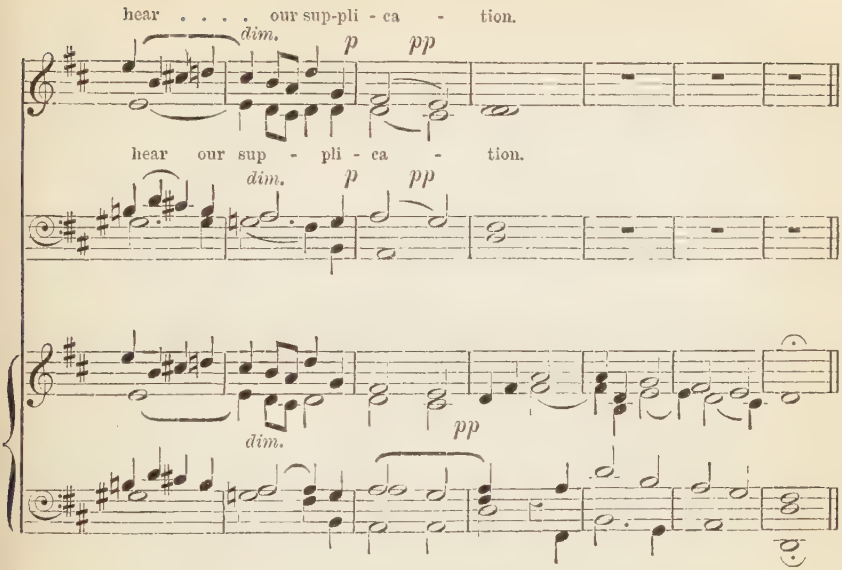
292

AVE VERUM. WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART.



us men
f
For us men with nails was torn:
f
dim.
p
dim.
Cleanse us in the sa - cred foun - tain Op - ened in Thy
p
dim.


pp
cres.
pierc - - ed side:
Feed us with Thy bo - dy brok - en,
pp
cres.
Feed us with Thy bo - dy
pp
cres.
f
O Je - - - sus,
f
Brok - - - en in death's ag - on - y.
O Je - sus,
f
brok-en, Broken in death's ag - on - y.
f



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, ANTHEM 80 IN SCOTTISH ANTHEM BOOK.

NOTE.—*When the alternative setting is used, the hymn is sung in the following form:—*

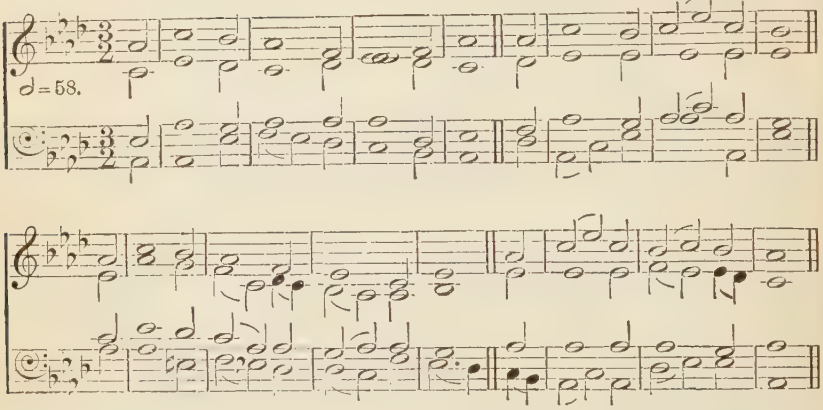
'To Jesus, the Mediator.'

JESUS, WORD of GOD incarnate,
Of the Virgin Mother born,
On the cross Thy sacred body
For us men with nails was torn:
Cleanse us in the sacred fountain
Opened in Thy piercèd side:
Feed us with Thy body broken—
Broken in death's agony.
O JESUS, hear us! O JESUS, save us!
JESUS, SAVIOUR, hear our supplication.
O grant us, LORD, Thy mercy. Amen.

293

BALLERMA. (C.M.)

Old Melody (Spanish?).
Adapted by ROBERT SIMPSON.



'Now to appear in the presence of God for us.'

f ONCE, only once, and once for all,
His precious life He gave:
Before the cross our spirits fall,
And own it strong to save.

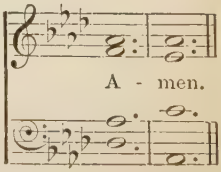
2 'One offering, single and complete,'
With lips and heart we say;
But what He never can repeat
He shews forth day by day.

3 For, as the priest of Aaron's line
Within the holiest stood,
And sprinkled all the mercy-shrine
With sacrificial blood—

4 Our Priest and Victim, adding nought
To His atonement's power,
Presents Himself for those He bought
p In that dark noontide hour.

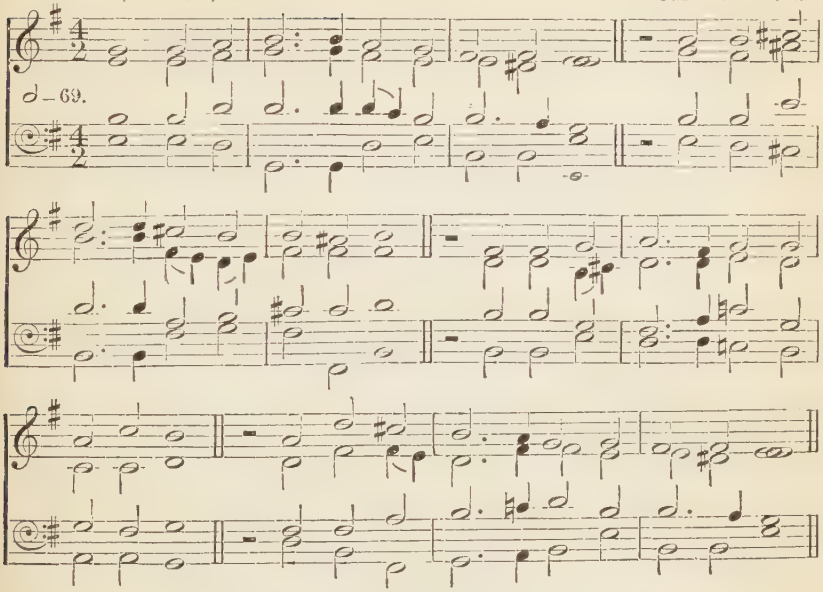
f 5 His Manhood pleads where now it lives
On heaven's eternal throne,
And where in mystic rite He gives
His presence to His own.

6 We know, when we approach Thy board,
That Thou Thyself art here—
And thus we shew Thy death, O LORD,
Till Thou again appear.



294

SONG 24. (10.10.10.10.) FIRST TUNE ORLANDO GIBBONS.



'My Lord and my God.'

p *cr* OUR sins, our sorrows, LORD, were laid on Thee;
Thy stripes have healed, Thy bonds have set us free;
And now Thy toil is o'er: Thy grief and pain
Have passed away: the veil is rent in twain.

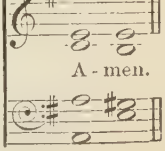
p 2 Now hast Thou laid Thee down in perfect peace
Where all the wicked from their troubling cease,
Thy tranquil Sabbath in the grave to keep:
Thy FATHER giveth His Belovèd sleep.

3 On yester-eve Thou didst to hell descend,
cr In GOD's own name the prison bars to rend;
dim This day Thou wast in Paradise to keep
The quiet garden, where Thy ransomed sleep.

cr 4 Yet in Thy glory, on the throne above,
Thou wast abiding ever, Love of Love:
Eternal, filling all created things
f With Thine own presence, JESUS, King of Kings.

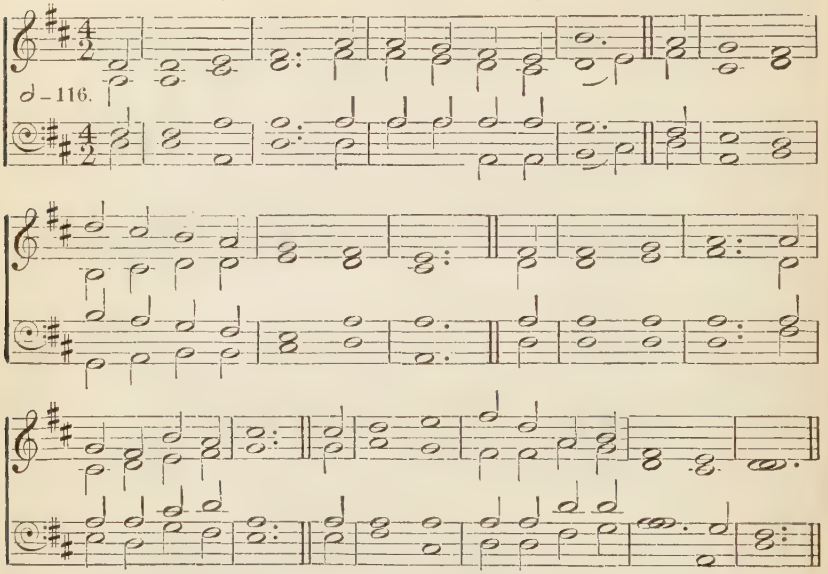
5 E'en now our place is with Thee on the throne,
For Thou abidest ever with Thine own;
Yet in the tomb with Thee we watch for day—
cr O let Thine angel roll the stone away.

6 O by Thy life within us set us free;
Reveal the glory that is hid with Thee.
f Glory to GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY SPIRIT, ever One.



294

CALLCOTT. (10,10,10,10.) SECOND TUNE Adapted from JOHN WALL CALLCOTT.



'My Lord and my God.'

p OUR sins, our sorrows, LORD, were laid on Thee;
cr Thy stripes have healed, Thy bonds have set us free;
And now Thy toil is o'er: Thy grief and pain
Have passed away: the veil is rent in twain.

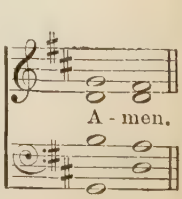
p 2 Now hast Thou laid Thee down in perfect peace
Where all the wicked from their troubling cease,
Thy tranquil Sabbath in the grave to keep:
Thy FATHER giveth His Belovèd sleep.

3 On yester-eve Thou didst to hell descend,
cr In GOD's own name the prison bars to rend;
dim This day Thou wast in Paradise to keep
The quiet garden, where Thy ransomed sleep.

cr 4 Yet in Thy glory, on the throne above,
Thou wast abiding ever, Love of Love:
Eternal, filling all created things
f With Thine own presence, JESUS, King of Kings.

5 E'en now our place is with Thee on the throne,
For Thou abidest ever with Thine own;
Yet in the tomb with Thee we watch for day—
cr O let Thine angel roll the stone away.

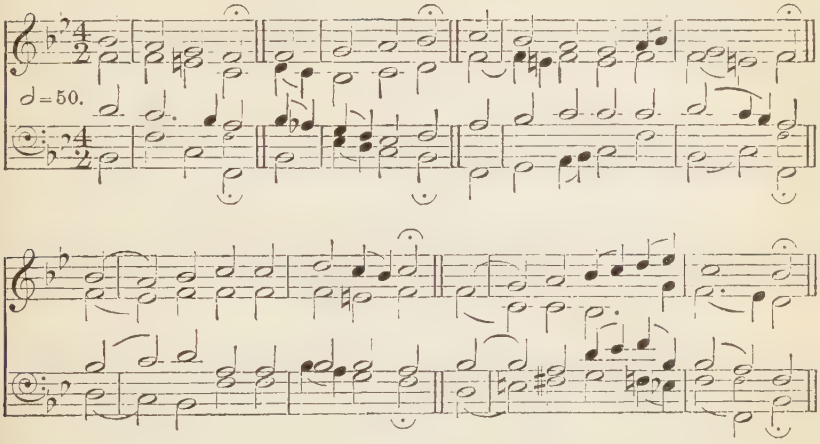
6 O by Thy life within us set us free;
Reveal the glory that is hid with Thee.
f Glory to GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY SPIRIT, ever One.



295

ACH GOTT UND HERR. (4.4.7.7.6.)

Hymnodus sacer, LEIPZIG, 1625.
Harmonized by J. S. BACH.



'He was buried.'

p SO rest—my Rest—
Thou ever blest!
Thy grave with sinners making:
By Thy precious death, from sin
My dead soul awaking.

2 Here hast Thou lain,
After much pain,
Life of my life, reposing:
Round Thee now a rock-hewn grave,
Rock of Ages, closing.

cr 3 Breath of all breath!
I know from death
Thou wilt my soul awaken.
Wherefore should I dread the grave,
Or my faith be shaken?

4 To me the tomb
Is but a room,
Where I lie down in JESUS,
f Who by death hath conquered death,
Safely there receives us.

296

O FILII ET FILIAE. (8.8.8. and Alleluias.)

Proper Melody from
WEBBE'S *Motetts and Antiphons*, 1792.

To be sung in unison.

ALTERNATIVE TUNE, VICTORY, SCOTTISH HYMNAL, No. 57, AND CHURCH HYMNARY, No. 78.

'This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.'

f ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!
O SONS and daughters, let us sing!
The King of heaven, the glorious King,
O'er death to-day rose triumphing.
Alleluia.

2 That Easter morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way
Their spices o'er the Dead to lay.

3 An angel clad in white they see,
Who sat, and spake unto the three,
'The LORD is risen again,' said he.

dim 4 That night th' apostles met in fear;
Amidst them did the LORD appear,
And said, 'My peace be to all here.'

5 When Thomas first the tidings heard,
He doubted the disciples' word—
How they had seen the risen LORD.

p 6 'My piercèd side, O Thomas, see;
cr Behold My hands, My feet,' saith He;
'Not faithless, but believing be.'

7 No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the feet, the hands, the side:
f 'My LORD, my GOD,' straightway he cried.

cr 8 Blessèd are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been;
Life everlasting they shall win.

f 9 On this most holy day of days,
Our hearts and voices, LORD, we raise
To Thee in jubilee and praise.

297

SCHÖNBERG (ALLE MENSCHEN MÜSSEN STERBEN). (7.7.7.7.D.)

FIRST TUNE

JACOB HINTZE.
Arranged by J. S. BACH.

ALTERNATIVE TUNE, COBURG, SCOTTISH HYMNAL, No. 63, AND CHURCH HYMNARY, APPENDIX, No. 5.

'Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously.'

f AT the LAMB's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
p Flowing from His pierced side.
f Praise we Him whose love divine
Gives His sacred blood for wine,
Gives His body for the feast,
CHRIST the victim, CHRIST the priest.

2 Where the Paschal blood is poured
p Death's dark angel sheathes his
f Israel's hosts triumphant go [sword;
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we CHRIST, whose blood was
Paschal victim, Paschal bread; [shed,
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

297

ST. AGATHA. (7.7.7.7.D.) SECOND TUNE Rev. ALEXANDER WHISHAW.

3 Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light.
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthral:
Thou hast opened Paradise
ff And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,
p Sin alone can this destroy;
cr From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O LORD, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
f Risen LORD, to Thee we raise:
Holy FATHER, praise to Thee,
With the SPIRIT, ever be.

298

EASTER HYMN. (7.7.7.7. with Alleluia.) Altered from *Lyra Davidica*, 1708.

'*Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord.*'

f JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Alleluia.
Our triumphant holy day—
Who did once upon the cross
p Suffer to redeem our loss.

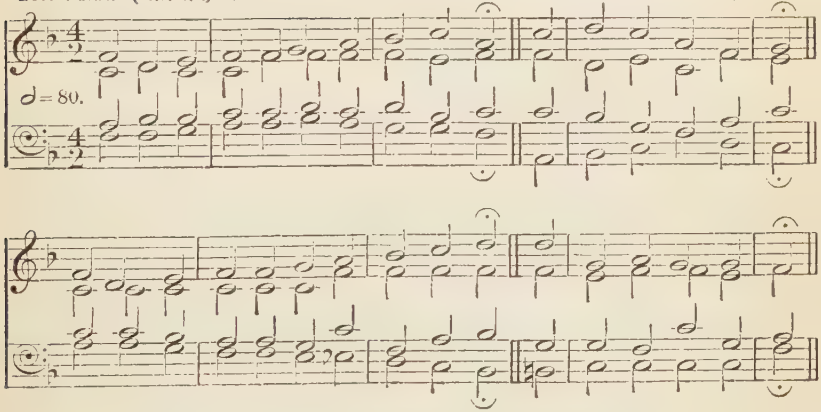
f 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto CHRIST our heavenly King,
p Who endured the cross and grave,
cr Sinners to redeem and save.

3 But the pain which He endured
Our salvation has procured;
f Now above the sky He 's King,
cr Where the angels ever sing.

4 Sing we to our GOD above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

299

LUX VERA. (10.6.10.6.) Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.



'I in them and Thou in Me.'

f EYE hath not seen Thy glory: Thou alone
The path of light hast trod;
And in Thy kingdom on the FATHER'S throne
Thou reignest, perfect GOD.

p 2 Yet Thou abidest with us, King of Kings—
Thy loveliness we see;
And through the hallowed veil of earthly things
Hold communing with Thee.

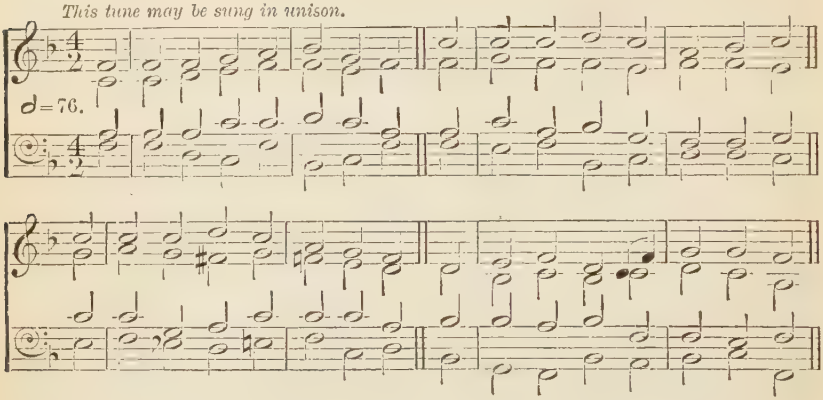
cr 3 Thou livest in us: from the tomb of earth
To heaven with Thee we rise,
And, through the portals of our second birth,
Behold the eternal prize.

f 4 The door in heaven is opened: glorious LORD,
We see Thy kingdom now!
Amid the immortal hosts of light adored
How wonderful art Thou!

300

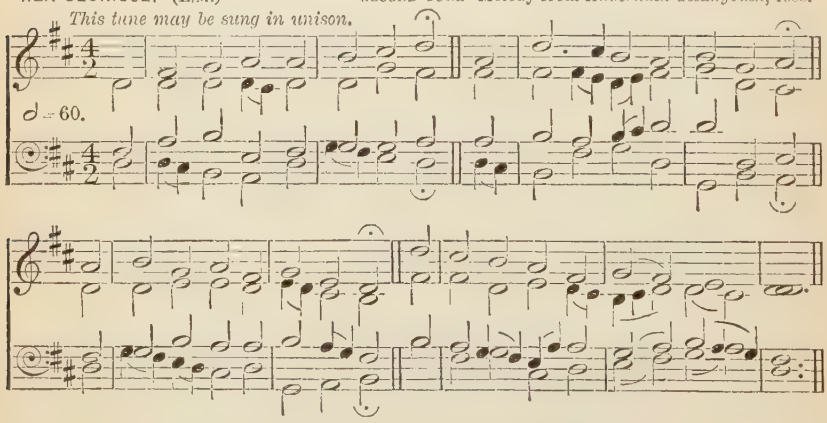
JESU REDEMPTOR. (L.M.) FIRST TUNE Ancient Plainsong. Harmonized by W. H. MONK.

This tune may be sung in unison.



REX GLORIOSE. (L.M.) SECOND TUNE Melody from *Andernach Gesangbuch*, 1608.

This tune may be sung in unison.



'All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth.'

f O THOU Eternal King most High,
Whose blood has brought salvation nigh,
The bonds of death are burst by Thee,
And grace has won the victory.

2 Ascending to the FATHER'S throne
Thou tak'st the kingdom as Thine own;
Thy days of mortal weakness o'er,
All power is Thine for evermore.

3 To Thee the whole creation now
Doth in its threefold order bow,
Of things on earth, and things on high,
And things that underneath us lie.

4 The angels with amazement see
Man's new estate secured by Thee;
p Man sinned, and Man hath purged the stain,
cr And Thou, true GOD, true Man, dost reign.

f 5 Be Thou our joy, O mighty LORD,
As Thou wilt be our great reward;
Let all our glory be in Thee
Both now and through eternity.

ff 6 All praise from every heart and tongue
To Thee, ascended LORD, be sung:
All praise to GOD the FATHER be
And HOLY GHOST eternally.

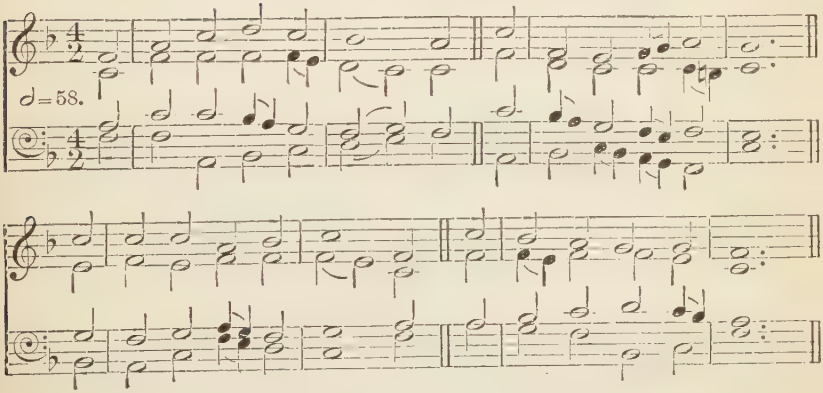
FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.

301

AVILA. (7.6.7.6.)

From *Freylinghausen's Gesangbuch*, 1718.
Adapted by REV. ALEXANDER GALLOWAY, B.D.



'He that descended is the same also that ascended.'

p JESUS, our Prince and SAVIOUR,
Thy feet alone have trod,
Through suffering, death, and glory,
The path from dust to GOD.

2 And we in mortal weakness
Before Thy presence bend,
Thy steps of light beholding
And longing to ascend.

cr 3 For now, like dews of Hermon,
From GOD the FATHER'S throne
The might of Thine anointing
Flows down on all Thine own.

4 Still from Thy hand of blessing
We eat the Bread Divine,
And know the rich refreshing
Of the immortal Wine:

f 5 Till in Thy power and coming
Our eyes Thy glory see,
And Thou in light appearest
To those who look for Thee.

6 To Thee, Almighty FATHER,
Incarnate SON, to Thee,
To Thee, Anointing SPIRIT,
All praise and glory be.

302

BLAIRGOWRIE. (7.6.7.6.D.) Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.

[*By permission of* NOVELLO & Co., Ltd.]

'Everything shall live whither the river cometh.'

p THERE is an ancient River
Whose streams descend in light
From never-failing fountains
Beyond all earthly sight;
cr It ran through all the ages
And whereso'er it flowed
Uprose the Holy City,
The LORD's elect abode.

f 2 The River still is flowing,
But now with fuller stream;
And still the light is falling,
But now with brighter beam;
Of old the song of Moses
Soared as it swept along,
cr But now the name of JESUS
Is made its sweeter song.

3 Its radiance lights us onwards,
Its chanting waters cheer:
Blest is the eye beholding,
Blest is the hearing ear;
For as the earth clouds darken
The glory clearer grows,
And gladder for life's tumult
The stream of music flows.

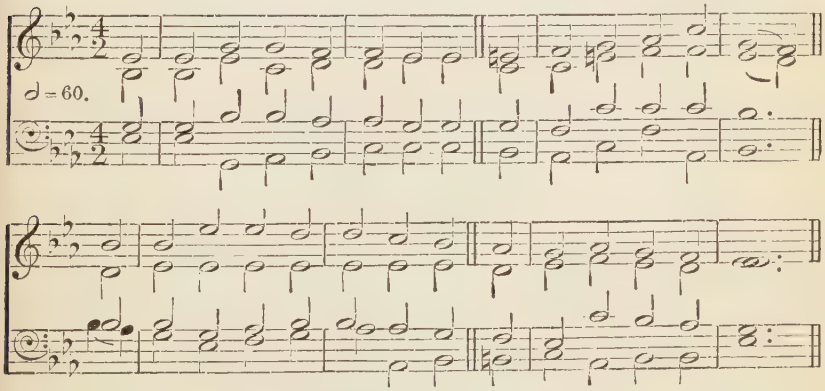
4 God's River! the one Spirit,
Grace of the mystic Seven,
Drink, holy Church, these waters,
Thine earnest here of heaven:
So joy and peace and pleasure
Shall feed thy life within;
So power without shall guard thee
Against the world of sin.

ff 5 O beautiful the River!
We wait upon the shore,
In bliss of expectation
Abiding evermore;
p Till at some holy even
We pass upon Thy breast,
cr From foretaste into fulness,
From waiting into rest.

[*By permission of* Novello & Co., Ltd.]

303

GRIMMA. (C.M.) FIRST TUNE Adapted from Johann Michael Haydn.



'The communion of the Holy Ghost.'

f O HOLY SPIRIT, Lord of grace,
Eternal Fount of Love,
Inflame, we pray, our inmost hearts
With fire from heaven above.

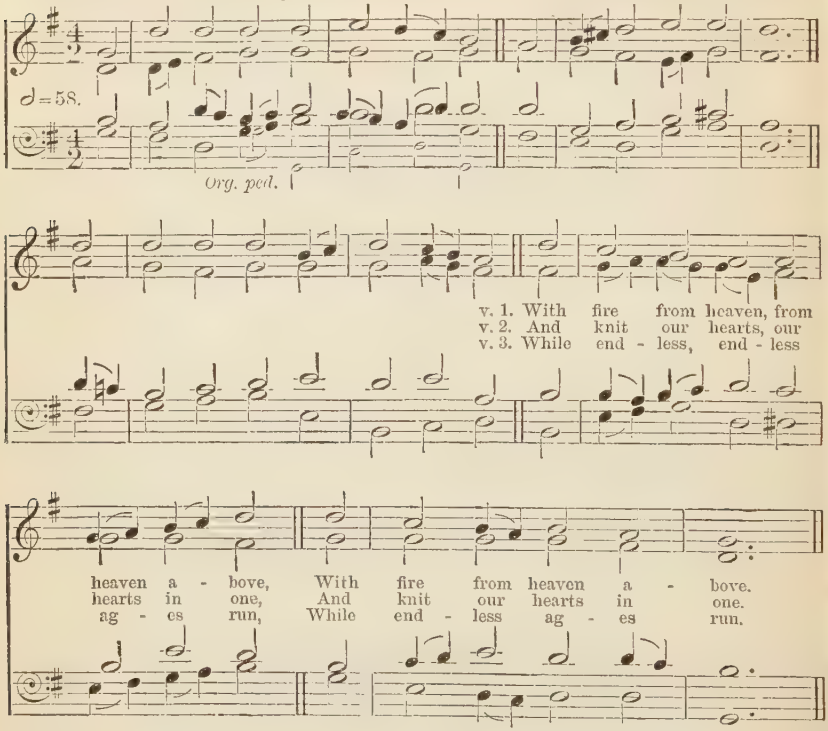
2 As Thou in bond of love dost join
The Father and the Son,
So fill us all with mutual love
And knit our hearts in one.

cr 3 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

303

LOBT GOTT, IHR CHRISTEN ALLE GLEICH. (C.M. with repeat.) SECOND TUNE

NICHOLAUS HERMAN.
Harmonized by J. S. BACH.

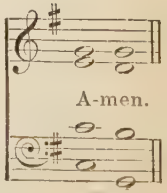

♩=58.
Org. ped.
v. 1. With fire from heaven, from
v. 2. And knit our hearts, our
v. 3. While end - less, end - less
heaven a - bove, With fire from heaven a - bove.
hearts in one, And knit our hearts in one.
ag - es run, While end - less ag - es run.

'The communion of the Holy Ghost.'

f O HOLY SPIRIT, LORD of grace,
Eternal Fount of Love,
Inflame, we pray, our inmost hearts
With fire from heaven above.

2 As Thou in bond of love dost join
The FATHER and the SON,
So fill us all with mutual love
And knit our hearts in one.

cr 3 All glory to the FATHER be,
All glory to the SON,
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

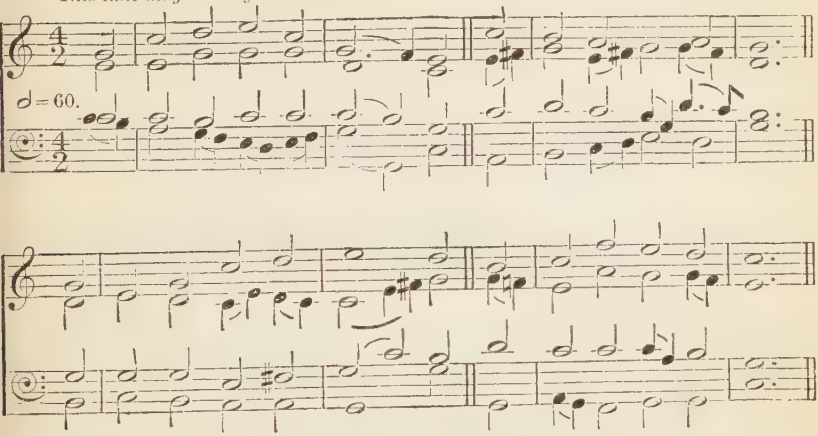


304

MINTO. (7.6.7.6.)

CONRAD KOCHER, Ph.D.

This tune may be sung in unison.



'And one cried to another and said, Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of Hosts.'

f OUR hearts to heaven upraising,
We with the angelic host
Sing praises to the FATHER,
To SON and HOLY GHOST.

2 O Thou the Uncreated,
Creator, LORD, of all,
Our lips proclaim Thy praises
p As at Thy feet we fall.

pp 3 All Holy, Holy, Holy,
Eternal GOD art Thou:
Hear us in prayer before Thee
And send Thy mercy now.

p 4 In slumber Thou hast kept us—
And now, with dawning light,
cr Our hearts and minds awaken
And give them morn for night.

f 5 And we shall yield Thee praises,
Blest TRINITY adored—
p For Holy, Holy, Holy,
cr Art Thou, Eternal LORD.

305

ES IST DAS HEIL UNS KOMMEN HER. (8.8.8.8.8.8. and repeat.)

FIRST TUNE

Wittenberg, 1524.
Harmonized by J. S. BACH.

This tune may be sung in unison.

NOTE.— *Original key, E major.*

'That they may rest from their labours.'

f THE saints of GOD! their conflict past
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword,
They cast them down before their [LORD:
cr O happy saints! for ever blest,
p At JESUS' feet how safe your rest!

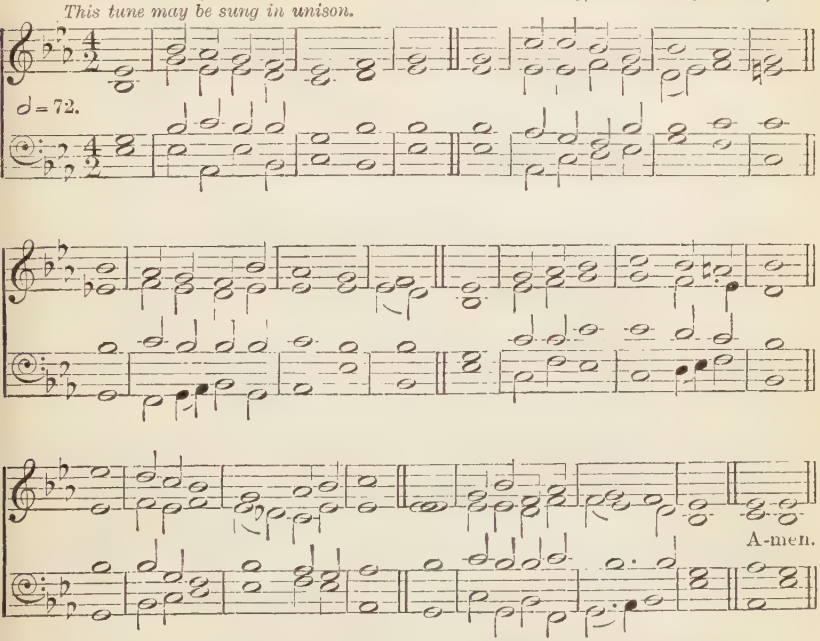
2 The saints of GOD! their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:
cr O happy saints! for ever blest,
p In that dear home how sweet your rest!

305

JERVAULX ABBEY. (S.S.S.S.S.S.) SECOND TUNE

Adapted by Rev. ALEXANDER GALLOWAY, B.D.
Melody, Ps. 84 der Reformirten, 1562.

This tune may be sung in unison.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, SAINTS OF GOD, CHURCH HYMNARY, No. 38.

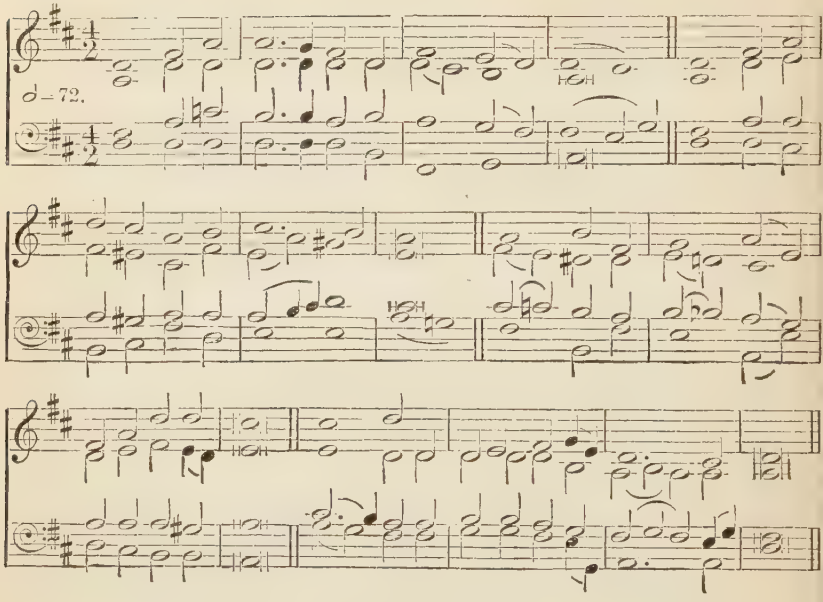
3 The saints of GOD! life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
cr O happy saints! for ever blest,
p In that calm haven of your rest.

4 The saints of GOD their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
cr Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies:
f O happy saints! rejoice and sing;
He quickly comes, your LORD and King.

5 O GOD of saints, to Thee we cry;
O SAVIOUR, plead for us on high;
O HOLY GHOST, our Guide and Friend,
p Grant us Thy grace till life shall end,
cr That with all saints our rest may be
f In that bright Paradise with Thee.

306

PAX DEI. (10,10.10.10.) Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.



'One hope of your calling.'

p JESUS, Eternal Shepherd, by Thy rod
The flocks are numbered in the fold of GOD.
We know Thy voice and follow, day by day,
Thy holy footsteps in the narrow way.

2 In Thee we commune with the spotless sheep
Whom Thou hast folded in Thine arms to sleep,
p Our loved ones whom Thou lovest, safe and blest,
Thine angels watching their unbroken rest.

3 They sleep but the heart waketh: still in Thee
They wait the fulness of Thy grace to see,
All danger past, all pain and conflict o'er,
But longing for the life that dies no more.

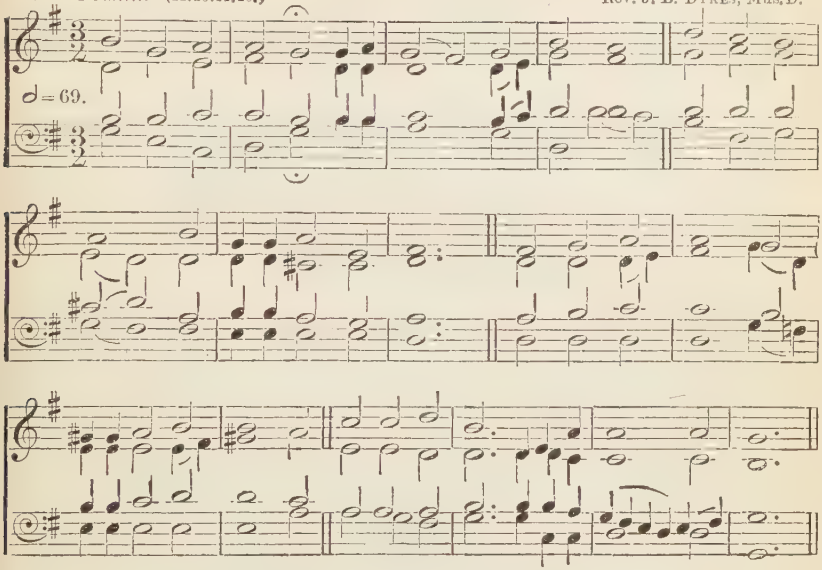
cr 4 We grow together in Thy grace Divine,
One Body with one hope, for all are Thine;
And by Thy life within them they shall hear
f Thy wakening voice, and in Thy light appear:

cr 5 When all Thy saints shall see Thee as Thou art,
And meet in Thee with joy, no more to part;
And in the morning of Thy Sabbath-day
f Our GOD Himself shall wipe our tears away.

307

VISIO DOMINI. (11.10.11.10.)

Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D.



[*By permission of* Novello & Co., Ltd.]

'*We would see Jesus.*'

f WE would see Jesus—(*p*) for the shadows lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life;
cr We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen
For the last weariness—the final strife.

f 2 We would see Jesus—the great Rock-foundation
Whereon our feet were set with sovereign grace;
cr Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

f 3 We would see Jesus—(*p*) other lights are paling
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing:
We would not mourn them, we too come to Thee.

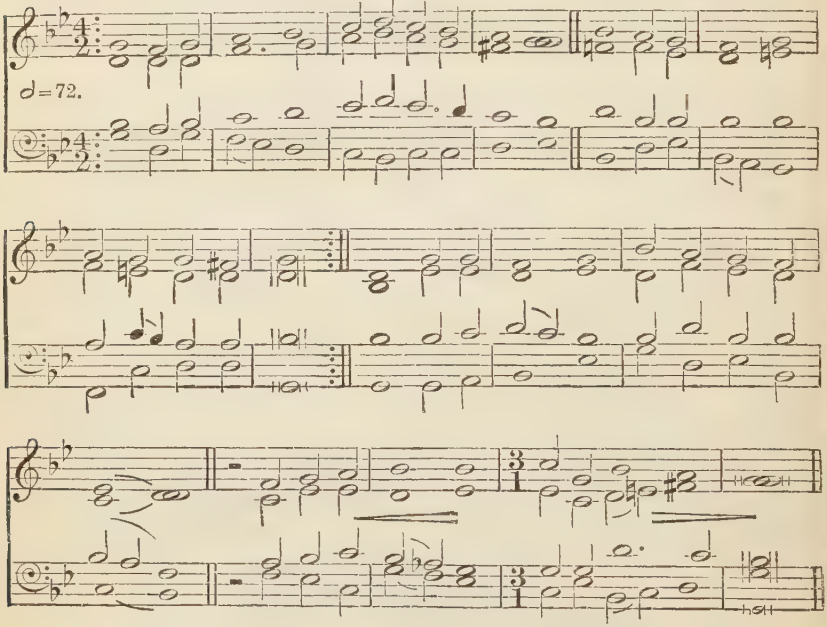
f 4 We would see Jesus—(*p*) sense is all too blinding
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding
p What Thou hast suffered our great debt to pay.

f 5 We would see Jesus, for us interceding;
Strength, joy and willingness come with the sight.
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading:
cr Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

308

L'OMNIPOTENT. (11.10.11.10.10.10.)
Moderately slow. This tune may be sung in unison.

Melody composed or adapted by
L. BOURGEOIS for the *Genevan Psalter*, 1543.



'I know their sorrows.'

p THOU knowest, LORD, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest;
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed—
I come before Thee at Thy gracious word
And lay them at Thy feet: Thou knowest, LORD.

2 Thou knowest all the past: how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;
How the Good Shepherd followed and how kindly
p He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid,
cr And healed the bleeding wounds and soothed the pain,
And brought back life and hope and strength again.

p 3 Thou knowest all the present: each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear—
All to myself assigned of tribulation,
Or to belovèd ones than self more dear—
dim All pensive memories, as I journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

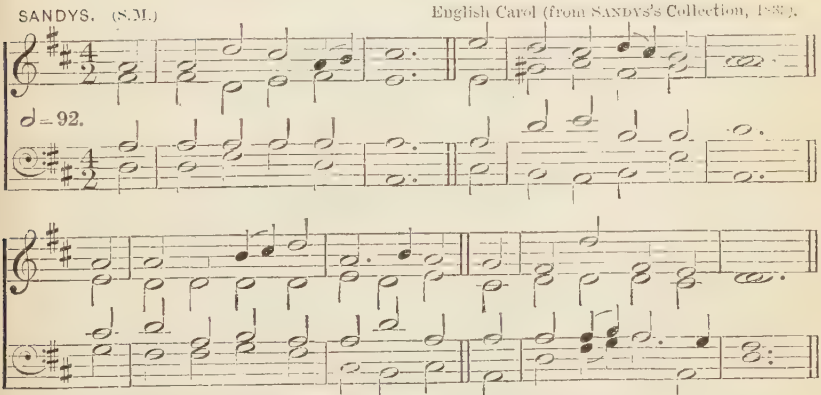
cr 4 Thou knowest all the future : gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast,
dim Hours of sweet fellowship, and parting sadness,
p And the dark river to be crossed at last—
cr O what could confidence and hope afford
To tread that path, but this, 'Thou knowest, LORD'?

cr 5 Thou knowest, not alone as GOD, all knowing :
As man our mortal weakness Thou hast proved.
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
p O SAVIOUR, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved ;
cr And love and sorrow still to Thee may come
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

p 6 Therefore I come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay my sins and sorrows at Thy feet,
f On everlasting strength my weakness staying,
Thy blood our drink indeed, Thy flesh our meat ;
cr Then rising and refreshed I leave Thy throne
And follow on to know as I am known.

309

SANDYS. (S.M.) English Carol (from SANDYS's Collection, 1833).



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, NARENZA, SCOTTISH HYMNAL, No. 211, AND CHURCH HYMNARY, No. 277.

'For My sake.'

f TEACH me, My GOD and King,
In all things Thee to see ;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

2 A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye ;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass
And then the heaven espy.

3 All may of Thee partake :
Nothing can be so mean [sake,'
Which, with this tincture, 'For Thy
Will not grow bright and clean.

4 A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine ;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

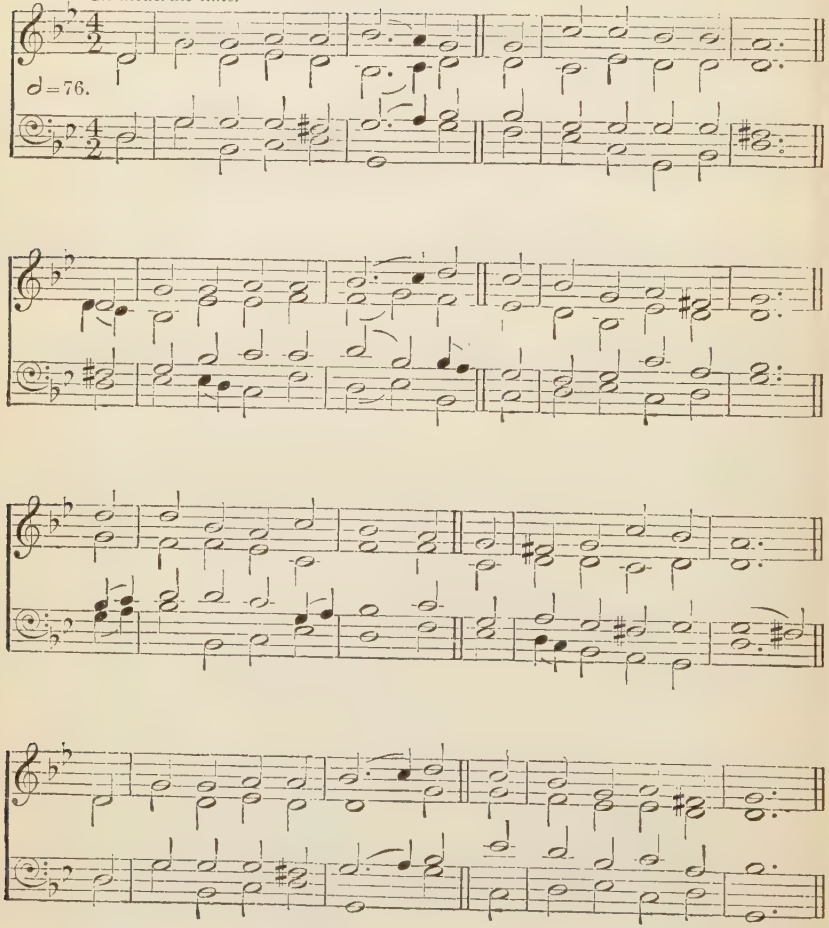
5 This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold ;
For that which GOD doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

310

LLANGLOFFAN. (7.6.7.6.D.)

Welsh Hymn Melody.

In moderate time.



'Certainly I will be with thee.'

f O TRUST thyself to JESUS
When conscious of thy sin—
p Its heavy weight upon thee,
Its mighty power within:
dim Then is the hour for pleading
His finished work for thee;
cr Then is the time for singing,
His blood was shed for me.

f 2 O trust thyself to JESUS
p When tempted to transgress
By word, or look of anger,
Or thought of bitterness:
cr Then is the hour for claiming
Thy LORD to fight for thee;
Then is the time for singing,
He doth deliver me.

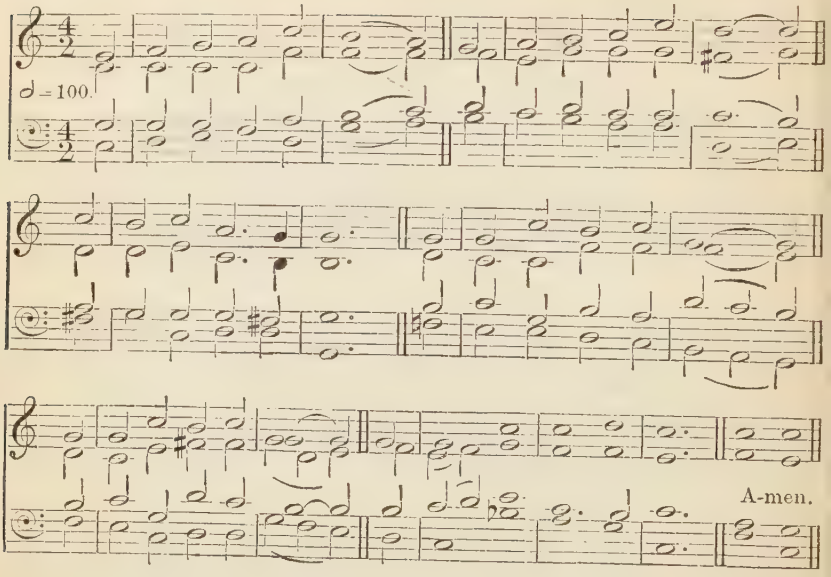
p 3 O trust thyself to JESUS
When daily cares perplex,
And trifles seem so mighty
Thy inner soul to vex:
cr Then is the hour for grasping
His hand who walked the sea;
f Then is the time for singing,
dim He makes it calm for me.

p 4 O trust thyself to JESUS
When thou art tried with pain,
No power for prayer, the only thought
How to endure the strain:
dim Then is the hour for resting
In His sweet love of thee;
cr Then is the time for singing,
He thinks, He prays for me.

pp 5 O trust thyself to JESUS
When loved ones pass away,
And life is sad and lonely
And very dark the way:
p Then is the hour for yielding
Entirely to His will;
cr Then is the time for singing,
I have my SAVIOUR still.

311

LAUDES DOMINI. (6.6.6.6.6.6.) FIRST TUNE Sir JOSEPH BARNBY.



'*Rejoice in the Lord alway.*'

f WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.
Alike at work and prayer
To JESUS I repair:
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

p 2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.
O hark to what it sings
As joyously it rings,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

*3 Be this, when day is past,
Of all my thoughts the last,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.
The night becomes as day
When from the heart we say,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

4 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

5 When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.
The powers of darkness fear
When this sweet chant they hear,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

cr 6 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised;
To GOD the WORD on high
The host of angels cry,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

f 7 Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised;
Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages long,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

* NOTE.—*This verse is sung to the latter half of the Second Tune, beginning where marked thus* 𝄋.

311

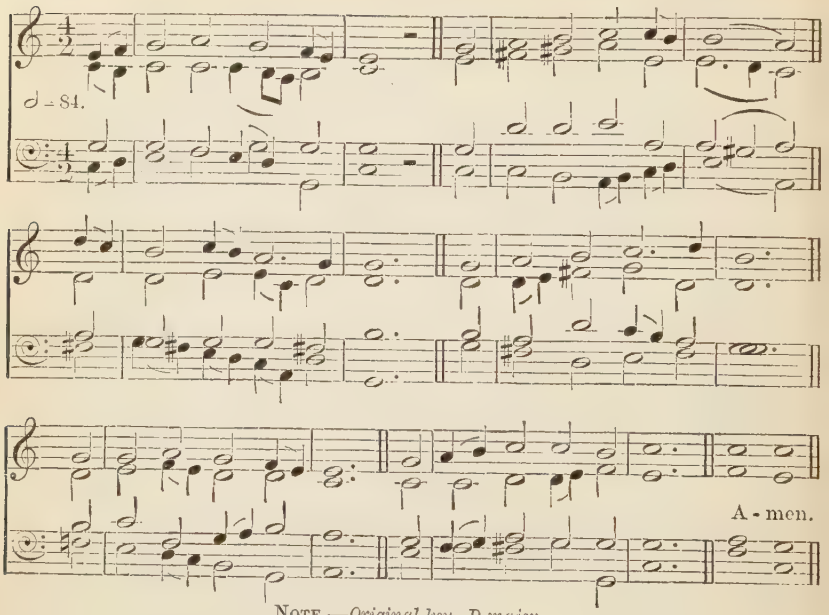
O SEIGNEUR. (6.6.6.6.6.6.D.) SECOND TUNE Psalm 3 in *Genevan Psalter*, 1551.

ICH FREUE MICH IN DIR.
(6.6.6.6.6.6.)

311

THIRD TUNE

German chorale of 1738.
Arranged by J. S. BACH.



NOTE.—*Original key, D major.*

'Rejoice in the Lord alway.'

f WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.
Alike at work and prayer
To JESUS I repair:
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

p 2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.
O hark to what it sings
As joyously it rings,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

3 Be this, when day is past,
Of all my thoughts the last,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.
The night becomes as day
When from the heart we say,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

4 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

5 When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.
The powers of darkness fear
When this sweet chant they hear,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

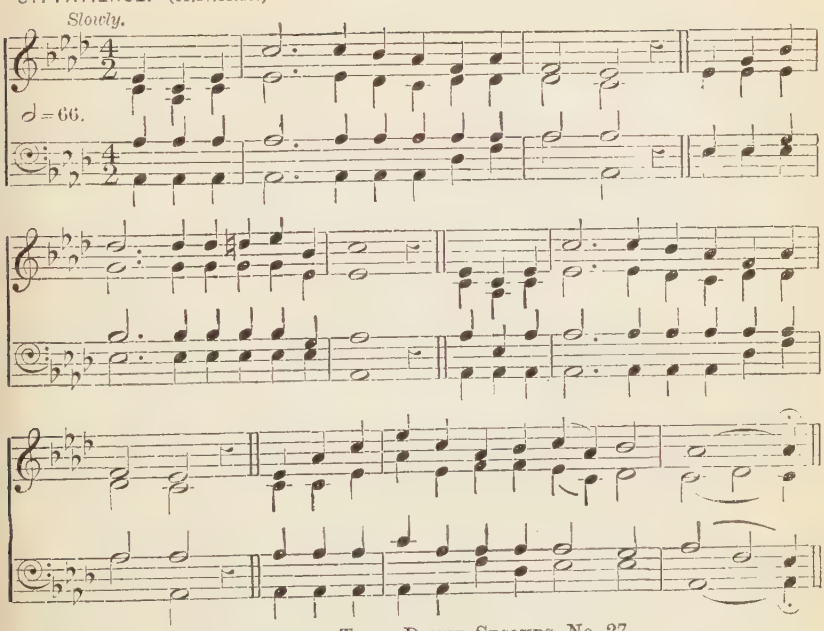
cr 6 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised;
To GOD the WORD on high
The host of angels cry,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

f 7 Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised;
Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages long,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

ST. PATIENCE. (11,10,11,10.)

312

IRA D. SANKEY.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, DONNE SECOURS, No. 27.

'A little while.'

f O FOR the peace that floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile.
O for the faith to grasp heaven's bright 'for ever'
Amid the shadows of earth's 'little while'.

p 2 A little while for patient vigil keeping,
cr To face the storm and wrestle with the strong;
p A little while to sow the seed with weeping:
cr Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.

p 3 A little while to wear the weeds of sadness,
To pace with weary step through miry ways:
cr Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
f To clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

p 4 A little while the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off mountains fed:
cr Then the parched lip its thirst for ever slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

p 5 A little while to keep the oil from failing,
A little while faith's flickering lamp to trim,
cr And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
f We'll haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

313

CORNELIUS. (L.M. and refrain.)

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

♩=76.
REFRAIN. A little faster.
f Then trust in God through all thy days; Fear not! for He doth hold thy hand.
a tempo primo.
Though dark thy way, still sing and praise; Some time, some time we'll un-der-stand.

'Then shall we know.'

NOT now, but in the coming years—
It may be in the better land—
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, some time, we'll understand.

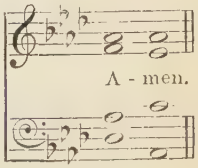
f *Then trust in God through all thy days;*
Fear not! for He doth hold thy hand.
Though dark thy way, still sing and praise;
Some time, some time we'll understand.

2 We'll catch the broken threads again
And finish what we here began;
Heaven will the mysteries explain,
And then, ah then, we'll understand.

p 3 We'll know why clouds instead of sun
Were over many a cherished plan,
Why song had ceased when scarce begun:
'Tis there, some time, we'll understand.

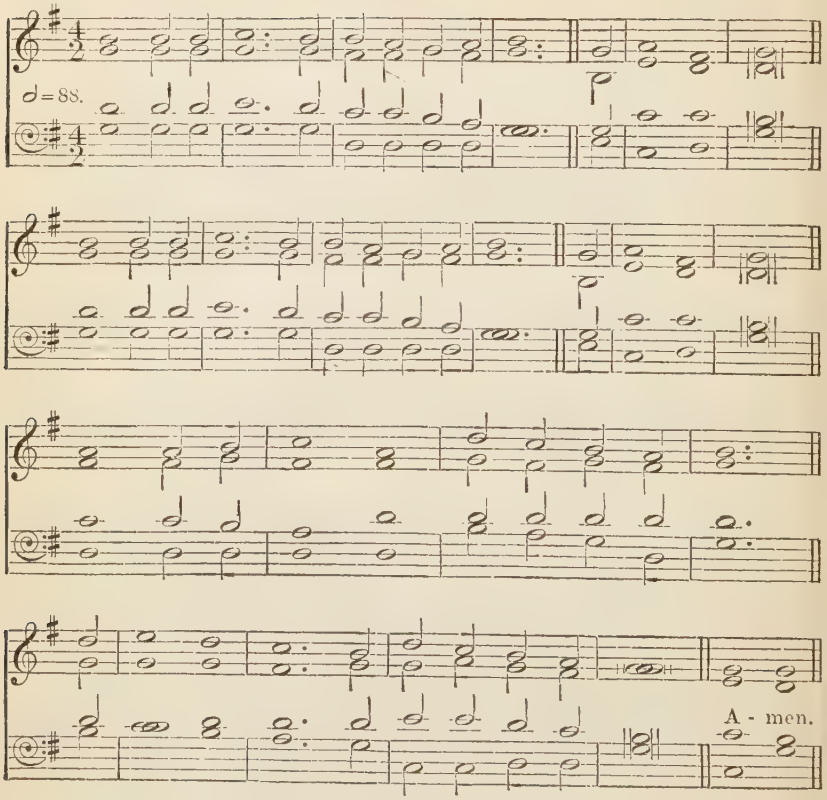
4 Why what we long for most of all
Eludes so oft our eager hand,
Why hopes are crushed, and castles fall:
'Tis there, some time, we'll understand.

cr 5 GOD knows the way, He holds the key,
He guides us with unerring hand;
Some time with tearless eyes we'll see:
Yes, there, ah there, we'll understand.



314

SANDON. (10.4.10.4.10.10.) FIRST TUNE C. H. PURDAY.



'Remember not the sins of my youth.'

p COULD I recall the years that now are flown
For evermore,
Revive my early visions, long o'erthrown,
And hope restore:
cr How blest it were to mould my life anew,
And all my broken vows of youth renew!

2 O were I once again but free to choose
As in past days,
How oft the sun-lit path I would refuse
For sterner ways!
Content to turn aside from every road
Save that which kept me in the smile of GOD.

314

GREISENGESANG. (10.4.10.4.10.10.) SECOND TUNE J. MONTGOMERIE BELL.

p 3 But vain the dream : the strife is o'er with me :
Dark days remain.
I could not trust my heart, if I were free
To choose again.
The dazzling morning might again deceive,
Life be mis-spent, and age be left to grieve.

4 I would not, if I could, recall the years
That now are fled ;
Their cares and pleasures, labours, hopes and fears,
For me are dead.
p I ask but mercy for the weary past,
And grace to guide me gently home at last.

315

HARTREE. (7.6.7.6.6.7.6.7.)

A. C. MONTGOMERIE BELL.

'Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not.'

CHRIST'S path was sad and lowly,
But yet thou, in thy pride,
Wouldst climb the highest summit
And in the height abide—
Wouldst thou to heaven arise?
The LORD thy way will show thee;
For who would climb these skies
Must first with Him be lowly.

2 Lowly, my soul, be lowly:
Follow the paths of old.
The feather rises lightly
But never so the gold.
The stream descending fast
Has gathered gently, slowly—
A river rolls at last:
Therefore, my soul, be lowly.

3 Lowly, my eyes, be lowly:
God from His throne above
Looks down upon the humble
In gentleness and love.
cr Still, as I rise, I shall
Have greater depths below me,
And haughty looks must fall:
Therefore, my eyes, be lowly.

p 4 Lowly, my hands, be lowly:
Christ's poor around us dwell;
Stoop down and kindly cherish
The flock He loves so well,
Not toiling to secure
In this world fame and glory.
Thy Saviour blest the poor:
Therefore, my hands, be lowly.

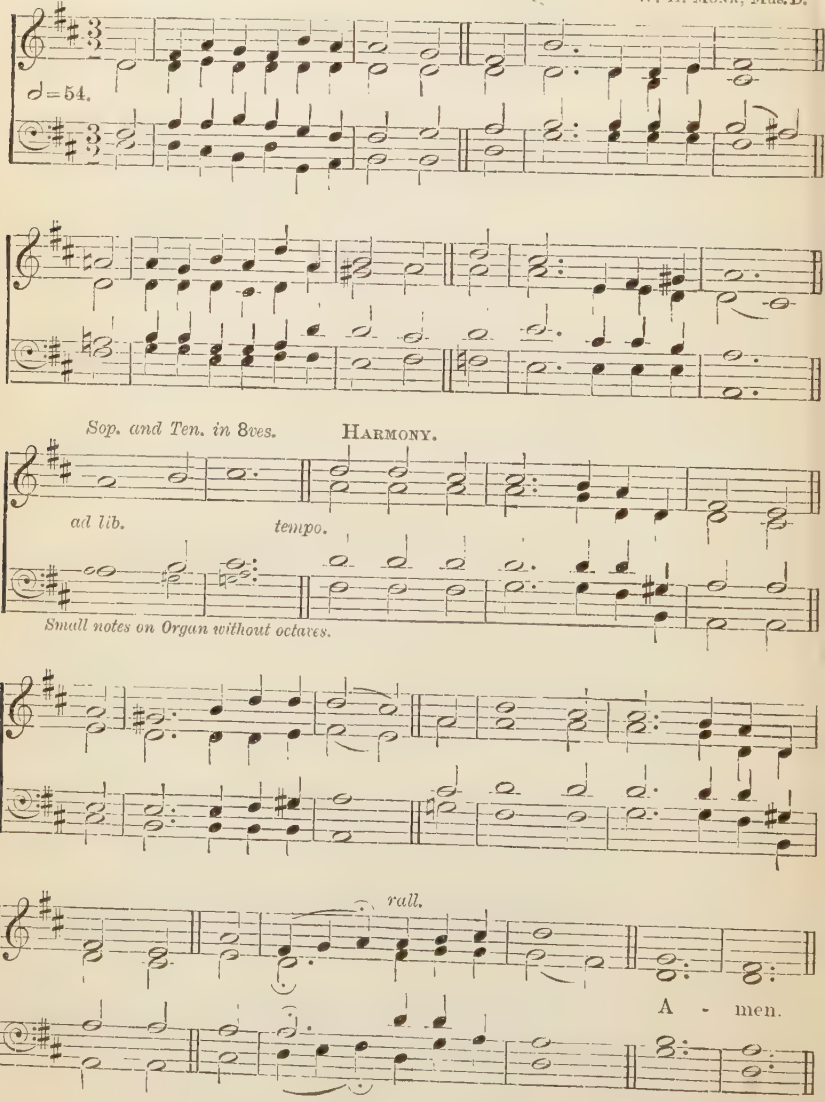
p 5 Lowly, my heart, be lowly:
cr So God shall dwell with thee.
It is the meek and patient
Who shall exalted be.
p Deep in the valley rest
The Spirit's gifts most holy,
And they who seek are blest:
Therefore, my heart, be lowly.

6 Lowly, I would be lowly—
This frame, to earth allied,
Must first to dust be humbled
Ere it be glorified.
My God, prepare me here
For all that lies before me;
cr I would in heaven appear,
dim And therefore would be lowly.

316

MELTON MOWBRAY. (9.6.9.6.8.9.6.9.6.)

W. H. MONK, Mus.D.



'The entrance of Thy word giveth light.'

f THE voice of God's Creation found me
dim Perplexed midst hope and fear,
f For though His sunshine flashed around me
dim His storms at times drew near:
And I said—
f O that I knew where He abideth!
For doubts beset our lot,
dim And lo, His glorious face He hideth
And men perceive it not.

f 2 The voice of God's Protection told me
He loveth all He made;
I seemed to feel His arms enfold me
p And yet was half afraid:
And I said—
f O that I knew where I might find Him!
His eye would guide me right;
He leaveth countless tracks behind Him,
p Yet passeth out of sight.

f 3 The voice of Conscience sounded nearer,
It stirred my inmost breast;
For though its tones were firmer, clearer,
dim 'Twas not the voice of rest:
And I said—
O that I knew if He forgiveth!
My soul is faint within,
Because in grievous fear it liveth
Of wages due to sin.

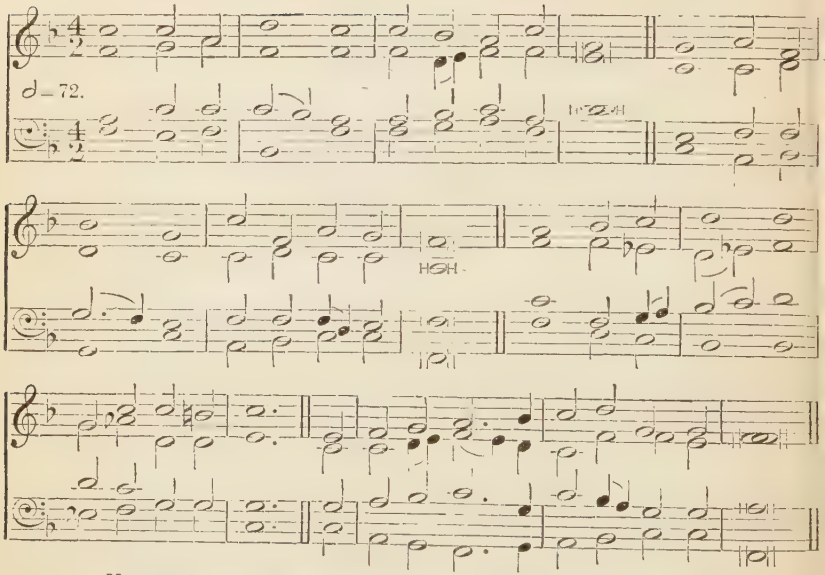
f 4 It was the voice of Revelation
That met my utmost need—
The wondrous message of salvation
cr Was joy and peace indeed:
And I said—
O how I love the sacred pages,
From which such tidings flow
As monarchs, patriarchs, poets, sages,
dim Have longed in vain to know.

f 5 For now is life a lucid story
And death a rest in Him,
cr And all is bathed in light and glory
That once was dark or dim:
And I said—
dim O Thou Who dost my soul deliver
And all its hopes uplift,
Give me a tongue to praise the Giver,
f A heart to prize the gift.

317

SONG 22. (10.10.10.10.) FIRST TUNE ORLANDO GIBBONS.

In moderate time.



NOTE.—*A setting of this tune in the key of G will be found on* p. 298.

'The Bread of God is He which cometh down from heaven.'

f IN love, from love, Thou camest forth, O LORD,
Sent from the FATHER, His incarnate WORD:
That in that perfect Name, by Thee confessed,
Our hearts with Thine might find (*dim*) their perfect rest.

2 Within the veil, Thy mortal travail o'er,
cr Thou livest unto GOD to die no more;
And now, made sons of GOD, with Thee we stand,
Girt with the grace of Thy confirming hand.

3 Thou art our Royal Priest before the throne;
Our priesthood is in Thee, from Thee alone;
dim In Thee we offer at our FATHER'S feet
The offering pure, with holy incense sweet.

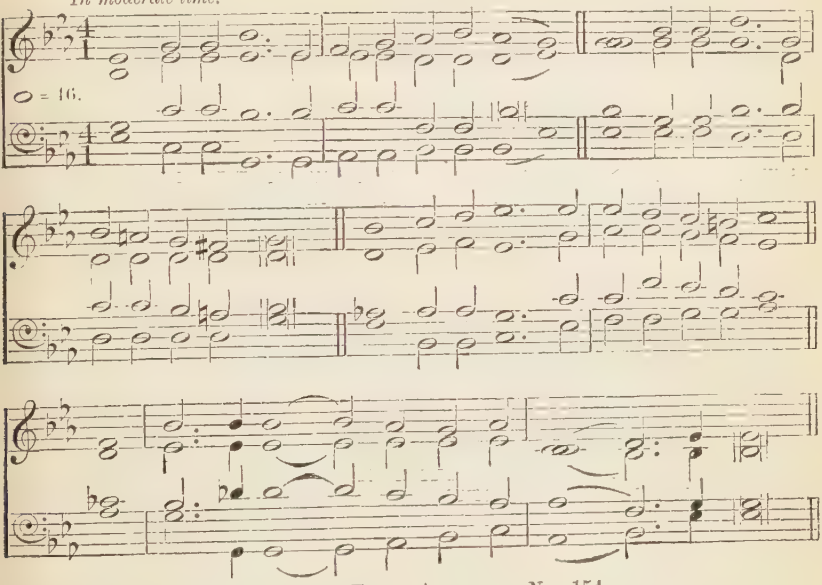
4 The sacred rite its ordered course hath run,
All that Thy Love ordained our love hath done,
Still showing forth before our FATHER'S eyes
The one, pure, perfect, Filial sacrifice.

5 And now, O LORD, from out Thy chosen place
Thy voice proclaims anew the feast of grace.
p Cleanse Thou us, LORD, in this most holy hour
cr By Thine own breath of resurrection power.

317

EUCHARISTICA. (10.10.10.10.) SECOND TUNE Sir ROBERT P. STEWART, Mus.D.

In moderate time.



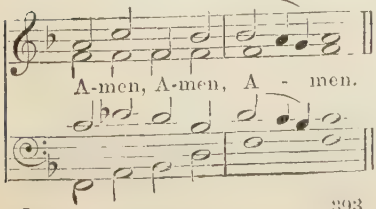
ALTERNATIVE TUNE, ADORO TE, No. 154.

6 LORD of the living and the tranquil dead,
Reveal Thyself, our one all-glorious Head;
And through these hallowed gifts of bread and wine
Feed Thy one Body with the Life divine.

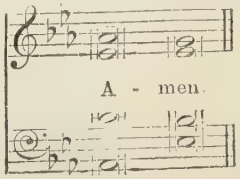
f 7 O perfect Brother, and true SON of GOD,
Impart to us Thy Body and Thy Blood,
That through communion of one mind, one heart,
We may advance to see Thee as Thou art.

8 JESUS, Immanuel, evermore adored,
p At Thy great Name we bow, we own Thee LORD:
ff Glory be Thine, O FATHER, Thine, O SON,
And Thine, O HOLY SPIRIT, ever One.

FIRST TUNE.



SECOND TUNE.



318

SOLEMNIS HAEC FESTIVITAS. (L.M.) FIRST TUNE

Angers Church Melody.

With vigour. To be sung in unison.

♩=152.
f 1. Light's glit - tering morn be - decks the sky, Heaven
p 6. With gen - tle voice the an - gel gave The
thun - ders forth its vic - tor - cry, The glad earth shouts her
wo - men ti - dings at the grave: 'Fear not, the LORD ye
tri - umph high, And groan - ing hell makes wild re - ply;
soon shall see; He goes be - fore to Ga - li - lee.'
2. While He, the King, the migh - ty King, De - spoil - ing
cr 7. Then, hasten - ing on their ea - ger way The joy - ful

death of all its sting And tramp - ling down the
tid - ings to con - vey, Their LORD they met, their
powers of night, Brings forth His ran - somed saints to light.
liv - ing LORD, dim. And fall - ing at His feet a - dored.
dim. 3. His tomb of late the three - fold guard Of watch and
f 8. That Eas - ter - tide with joy was bright; The sun shone
stone and seal had barred; f But now in pomp of
out with fair - er light, When, to their long - ing
tri - umph high CHRIST comes from death to vic - to - ry.
eyes re - stored, Th' a - pos - tles saw their ri - sen LORD.

f 4. The days of mourn - ing now are past; The pains of
dim 9. He bade them see His hands, His side, Where yet the
hell are loosed at last; An an - gel robed in
glo - rious wounds a - bide. The to - kens true which
light hath said, ff 'The Lord is ri - sen from the dead.'
made it plain f Their Lord in - deed was risen a - gain.
p 5. Th' a - pos - tles' hearts were full of pain For their dear
dim 10. Je - sus, the King of gen - tle - ness, Do Thou our
Lord so late - ly slain, By re - bel ser - vants
hearts and souls pos - sess, That we may give Thee,

doomed to die A death of cru - el ag - o - ny.
all our days, The lov - ing tri - bute of our praise.
f 11. O LORD of all, with us a-bide In this our joy - ful
f 12. All praise be Thine, O ri - sen LORD, From death to end - less
Eas - ter-tide; From ev - ery wea - pon death can wield Thine
life re-stored: All praise to GOD the FA - THER be And
own re-deemed for ev - er shield.
Ho - LY GHOST e - ter - nal - ly. A - - - men.

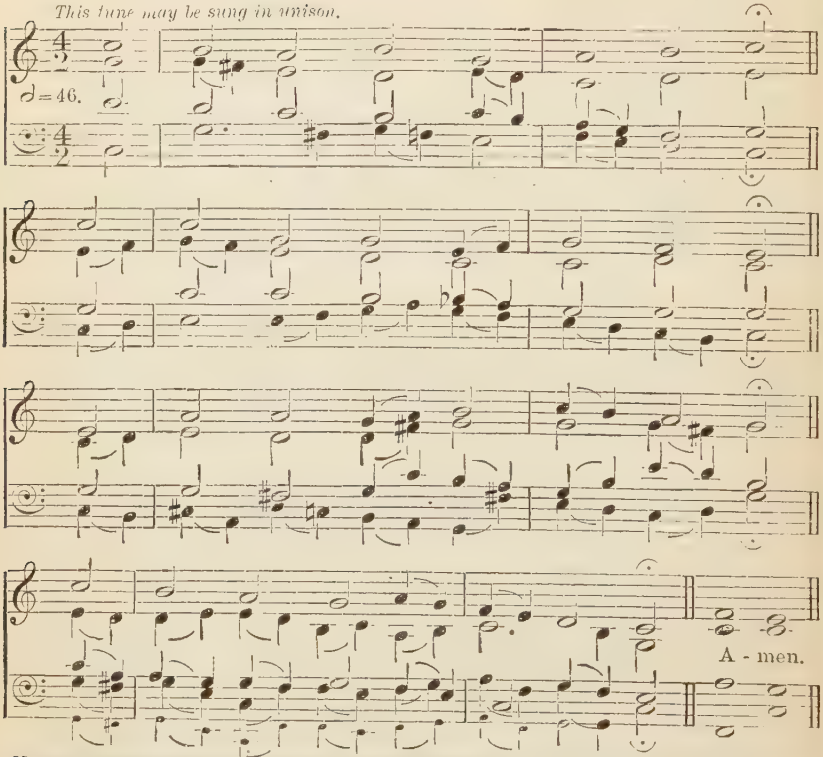
NOTE.—*The whole hymn may be sung to the melody of verses* 1, 4, *or* 5 *if preferred.*

318

VOM HIMMEL HOCH. (L.M.) SECOND TUNE (FOR PARTS I AND III)

Melody by MARTIN LUTHER.
Harmonized by J. S. BACH.

This tune may be sung in unison.



NOTE.—*Where possible the bass should be strengthened throughout by the addition of the lower octave on the instrument.*

'The Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel.'

PART 1.

f LIGHT'S glittering morn bedecks the sky,
Heaven thunders forth its victor-cry,
The glad earth shouts her triumph high,
And groaning hell makes wild reply;

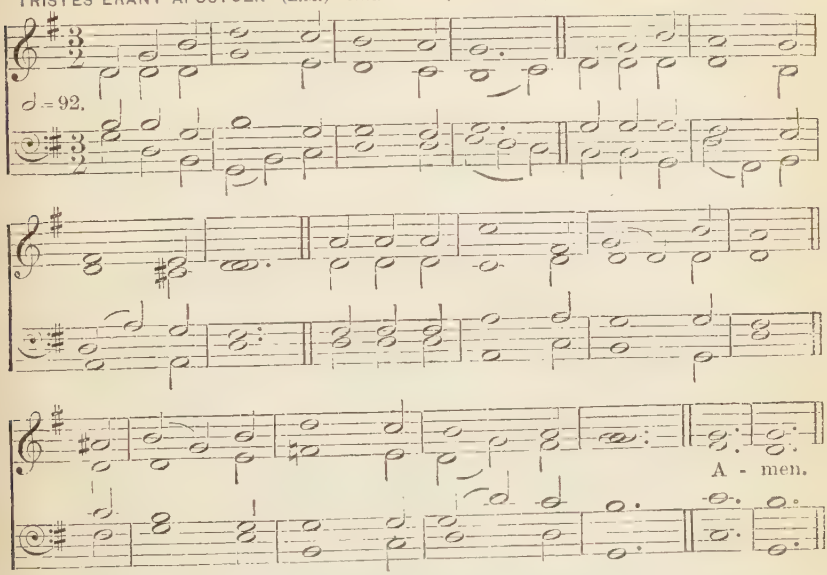
2 While He, the King, the mighty King,
Despoiling death of all its sting
And trampling down the powers of night,
Brings forth His ransomed saints to light.

dim 3 His tomb of late the threefold guard
Of watch and stone and seal had barred;
But now in pomp of triumph high
f CHRIST comes from death to victory.

4 The days of mourning now are past;
The pains of hell are loosed at last;
An angel robed in light hath said,
ff 'The LORD is risen from the dead.'

318

TRISTES ERANT APOSTOLI. (L.M.) THIRD TUNE (FOR PART II) JOHANN STIASTNY.



PART 2.

p 5 Th' apostles' hearts were full of pain
For their dear LORD so lately slain,
By rebel servants doomed to die
A death of cruel agony.

6 With gentle voice the angel gave
The women tidings at the grave:
'Fear not, the LORD ye soon shall see;
He goes before to Galilee.'

cr 7 Then, hastening on their eager way
The joyful tidings to convey,
Their LORD they met, their living LORD,
dim And falling at His feet adored.

PART 3.

f 8 That Easter-tide with joy was bright;
The sun shone out with fairer light,
When, to their longing eyes restored,
Th' apostles saw their risen LORD.

dim 9 He bade them see His hands, His side,
Where yet the glorious wounds abide,
The tokens true which made it plain
f That their LORD indeed was risen again.

dim 10 JESUS, the King of gentleness,
Do Thou our hearts and souls possess,
That we may give Thee, all our days,
The loving tribute of our praise.

11 O LORD of all, with us abide
In this our joyful Easter-tide;
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeemed for ever shield.

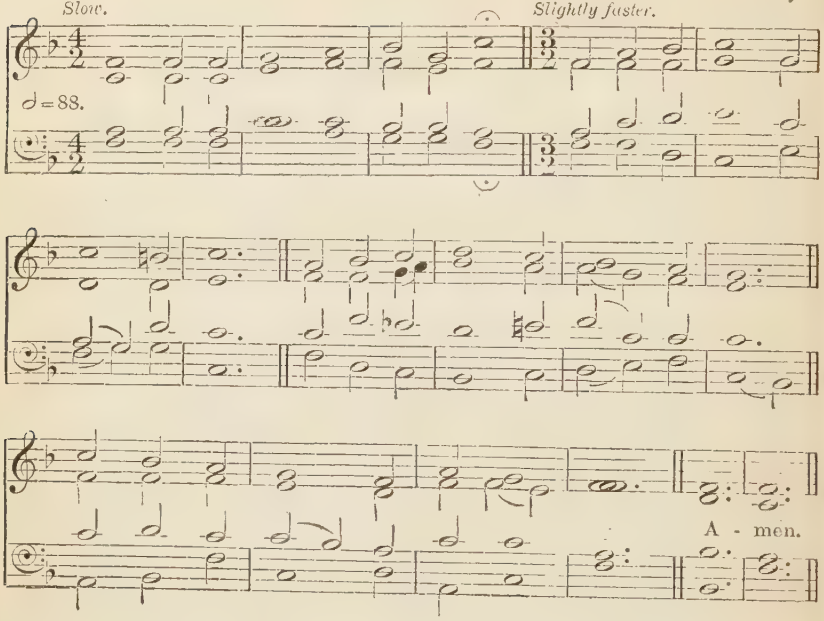
ff 12 All praise be Thine, O risen LORD,
From death to endless life restored:
All praise to GOD the FATHER be
And HOLY GHOST eternally.

NOTE.—*Part 3 may be sung to the third tune.*

319

ANGEL'S SONG (SONG 34). (L.M.) FIRST TUNE

ORLANDO GIBBONS.
Original version of melody.



'No man hath ascended up into heaven but He that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man which is in heaven.'

f *cr* WE sing triumphant hymns of praise,
Our anthems high to heaven we raise.
CHRIST, by a new and wondrous road,
Ascendeth to the throne of GOD.

2 The holy Apostolic band
Upon the Mount of Olives stand,
And there with eyes of worship see
JESUS' resplendent majesty.

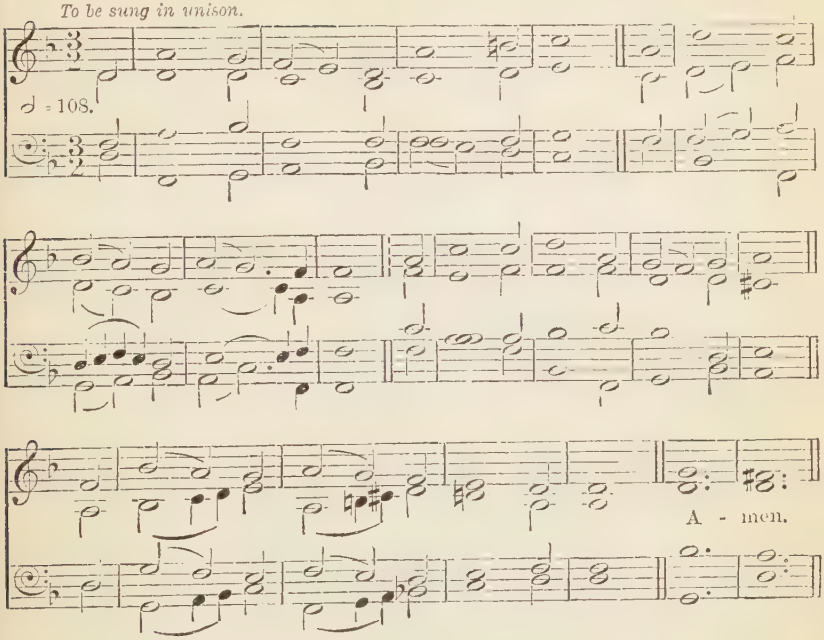
3 To whom the angels, drawing nigh,
'Why stand and gaze upon the sky?
This is the SAVIOUR,' thus they say,
'This is His noble triumph day.

4 'Again shall ye behold Him—so
As ye to-day have seen Him go,
In glory thus ascending high
Up to the portals of the sky.

319

REX GLORIOSE. (L.M.) SECOND TUNE French Church Melody.

To be sung in unison.



5 'He who from hence to heaven hath gone,
The kingdom taken for His own,
In time's last age shall come again,
The LORD, the righteous Judge of men.'

p 6 O in that hour of dread, we pray,
cr JESUS, Redeemer, be our stay;
With Thine who meet Thee in the air
Unite us by Thy gracious care.

p 7 O grant us thitherward to tend,
cr And with unwearied hearts ascend
Toward Thy kingdom's throne, where Thou,
As is our faith, art seated now.

f 8 Be Thou our joy, and Thou our guard,
Who art to be our great reward:
Our glory, and our boast, in Thee
For ever and for ever be.

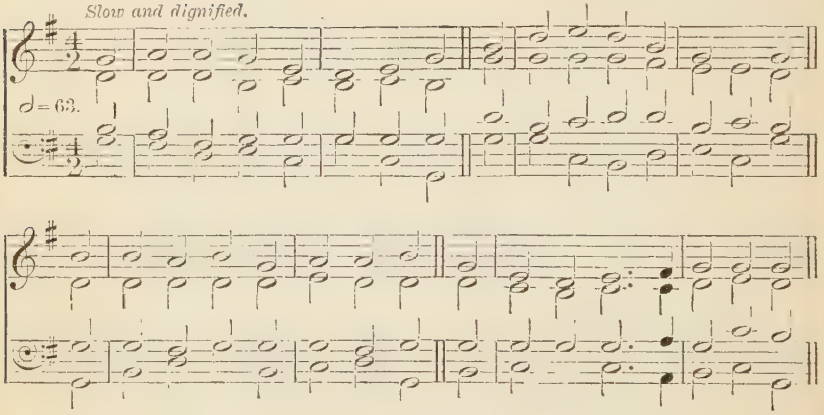
9 O risen CHRIST, ascended LORD,
All praise to Thee let earth accord,
Who art, while endless ages run,
With FATHER and with SPIRIT one.

320

SOLDAU. (L.M.)

Pentecost Hymn of the 13th century, from LUTHER.

Slow and dignified.



'*A place called Gethsemane.*'

p MY GOD! my GOD! and can it be
That I should sin so lightly now,
And think no more of evil thoughts
Than of the wind that waves the bough!

2 I sin, and heaven and earth go round
As if no dreadful deed were done,
As if Thy blood had never flowed
To hinder sin or to atone.

3 I walk the earth with lightsome step,
Smile at the sunshine, breathe the air,
Do my own will, nor ever heed
Gethsemane and Thy long prayer.

cr 4 Shall it be always thus, O LORD?
Wilt Thou not work this hour in me
The grace Thy passion merited,
Hatred of self and love of Thee?

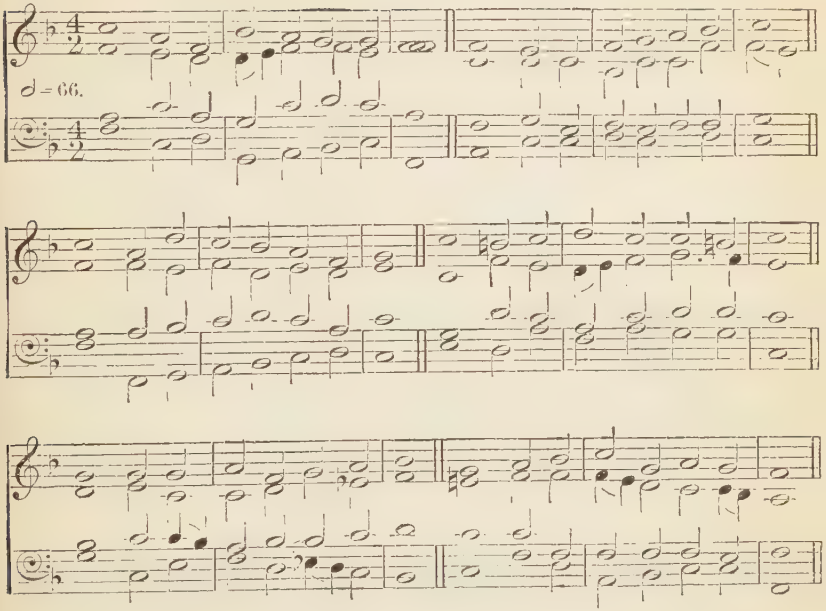
p 5 O by the pains of Thy pure love,
Grant me the gift of holy fear;
And by Thy woes and bloody sweat,
cr O wash my guilty conscience clear.

p 6 Ever when tempted make me see,
Beneath the olives' moon-pierced shade,
dim My GOD, alone, outstretched and bruised
And bleeding, on the earth He made.

p 7 And make me feel it was my sin,
As though no other sins there were,
That was to Him who bears the world
pp A load that He could scarcely bear.

321

FALKLAND. (8.8.8.8.8.8.) Melody by HENRY LAWES.

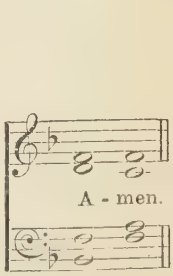


'The Word is very nigh thee.'

p VICTIM Divine, Thy grace we claim
While thus Thy precious death we show.
Once offered up, a spotless LAMB,
In Thy great temple here below,
cr Thou didst for all mankind atone,
And standest now before the throne.

p 2 Thou standest in the holiest place,
As now for guilty sinners slain;
Thy blood of sprinkling speaks and prays,
All-prevalent for helpless man:
cr Thy blood is still our ransom found,
And spreads salvation all around.

3 We need not now go up to heaven
To bring the long-sought SAVIOUR down;
Thou art to all already given,
Thou dost e'en now Thy banquet crown:
f To every faithful soul appear,
And show Thy real presence here.

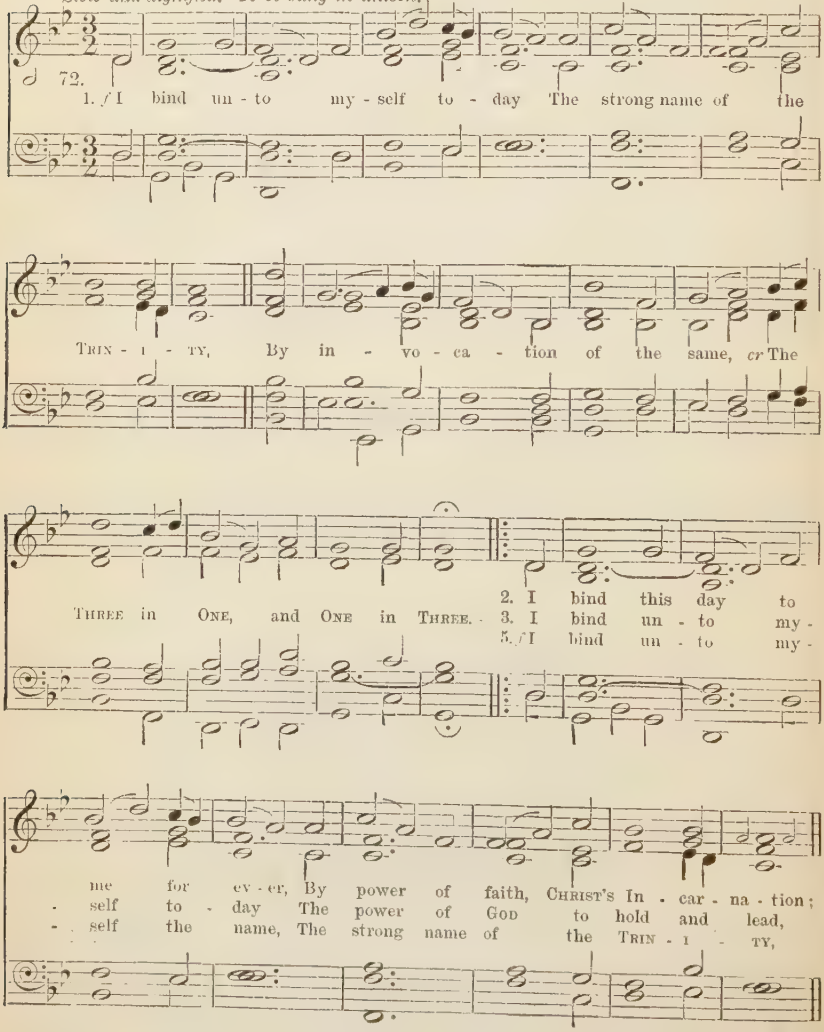


322

'With the mouth confession is made unto salvation.'

ST. PATRICK. (D.L.M.)* From an Ancient Irish Hymn Melody.

Slow and dignified. To be sung in unison.


72.
1. I bind un - to my - self to - day The strong name of the
TRIN - I - TY, By in - vo - ca - tion of the same, *or* The
THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE.
2. I bind this day to
3. I bind un - to my -
5. I bind un - to my -
me for ev - er, By power of faith, CHRIST'S In - car - na - tion;
self to - day The power of GOD to hold and lead,
self the name, The strong name of the TRIN - I - TY,

* *This refers to the complete tune only as given for verses* 2, 3, *and* 5.

His bap - - tism in Jor - dan riv - er; His death on
His eye to watch, His might to stay, His ear to
By in - vo - ca - tion of the same, The THREE in
cross for my sal - va - tion. His burst - ing from the spic - ed
heark - en to my need; The wis - dom of my GOD to
ONE, and ONE in THEEL, Of whom all na - ture hath cre -
tomb; His rid - ing up the heaven - ly way; His com - ing at the
teach, His hand to guide, His shield to ward, The word of GOD to
- a-tion, E - ter - nal FA - THER, SPI - RIT, WORD. Praise to the LORD of
day of doom: I bind un - to my - self to - day.
give me speech, His heaven - ly host to be my guard,
my sal - va-tion: Sal - va - tion is of CHRIST the LORD.

322 (*continued*)

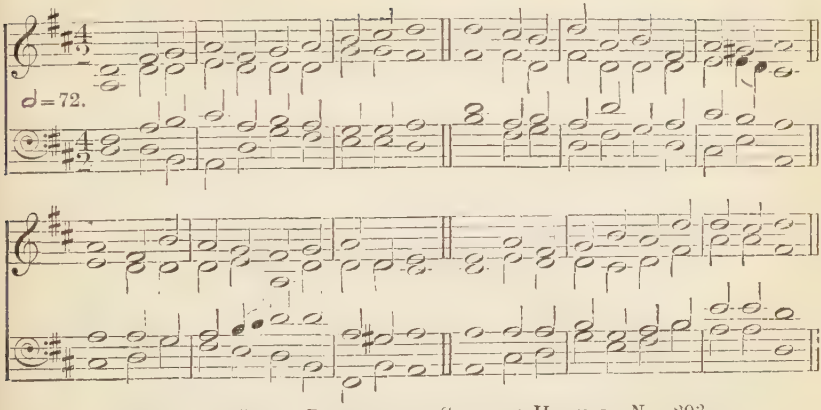
DEIRDRE. (8.8.8.8.) Adapted from an Ancient Irish Melody.

In Harmony.

4. *f* CHRIST be with me, CHRIST with - in me, CHRIST be - hind me, CHRIST be - fore me,
CHRIST be - side me, CHRIST to win me, CHRIST to com - fort and re - store me,
CHRIST be - neath me, CHRIST a - bove me, CHRIST in qui - et, CHRIST in dan - ger,
CHRIST in hearts of all that love me, CHRIST in mouth of friend and stran-ger.

323

FARLEY CASTLE. (10.10.10.10.) HENRY LAWES.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, BENEDICTION. SCOTTISH HYMNAL, No. 293, AND ELLERS, CHURCH HYMNARY, No. 617.

'I have quieted myself as a child that is weaned of his mother.'

f LORD, I had planned to do Thee service true,
To be more humbly watchful unto prayer,
More faithful in obedience to Thy word,
More bent to put away all earthly care.

2 I thought of sad hearts comforted and healed,
Of wanderers turned into the pleasant way,
Of little ones preserved from sinful snare,
Of dark homes lightened with a heavenly ray,

3 Of time all consecrated to Thy will,
Of strength spent gladly for Thee day by day—
When suddenly the heavenly mandate came:
dim That I should give it all, at once, away.

p 4 Thy blessèd hand came forth and laid me down,
Turned every beating pulse to throbs of pain,
Hushed all my prayers into one feeble cry—
Then bade me to believe that loss was gain.

5 And was it loss to have indulged such hopes?
cr Nay, they were gifts from out the inner shrine,
Garlands that I might hang about Thy cross,
Gems to surrender at the call Divine.

p 6 As chiselled image unresisting lies
In niche by its own sculptor's hand designed,
So to my unemployed and silent life
Let me in quiet meekness be resigned.

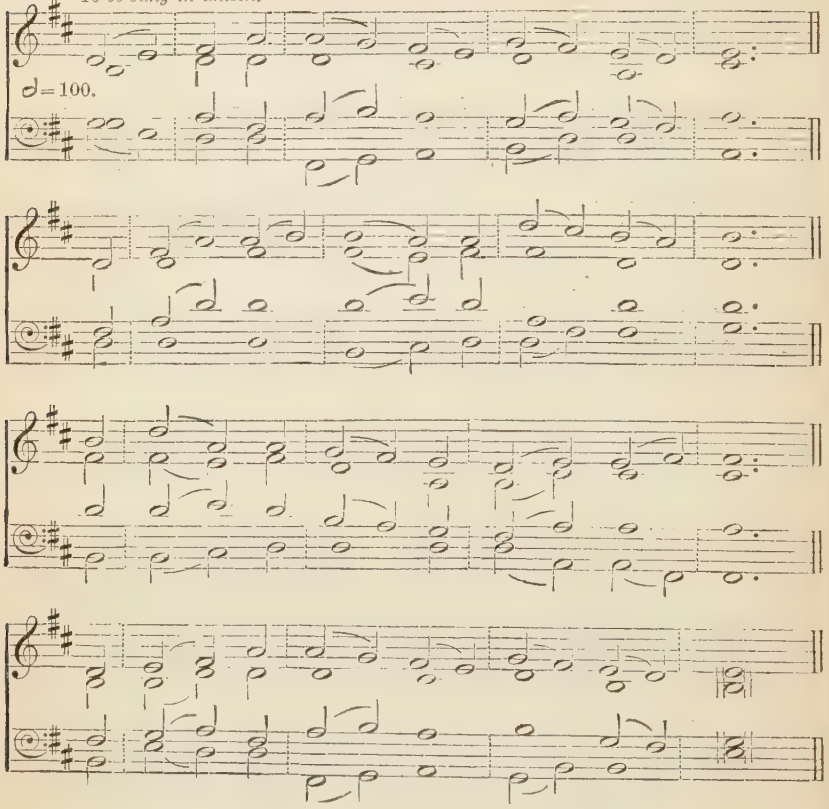
7 If works of faith and labour sweet of love
May not be mine, yet patient hope can be
cr Within my heart, like a bright incense fire,
With incense of thanksgiving mounting free.

f 8 Thou art our pattern to the end of time,
O Crucified! and perfect is Thy will:
The workers follow Thee in doing good,
dim The helpless think of Calvary and are still.

324

JESU DULCIS MEMORIA. (L.M.) FIRST TUNE FOR PART I Ancient Plainsong (Sarum form).

To be sung in unison.



'*I know that ye seek Jesus.*'

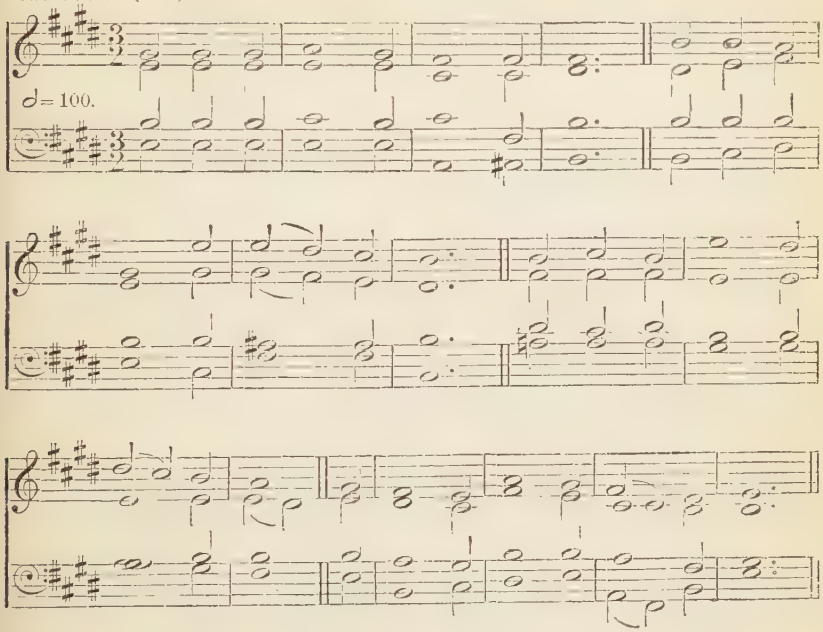
PART 1.

f JESUS! the very thought is sweet,
In that dear name all heart-joys meet;
dim But sweeter than the honey far
The glimpses of His presence are.

2 No word is sung more sweet than this,
No name is heard more full of bliss,
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh
Than JESUS, SON of GOD most high.

324

MARYTON. (L.M.) SECOND TUNE FOR PART I Canon H. PERCY SMITH.



[*Copyright of* Rev. W. GARRETT HORDER.]

3 JESUS, the hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn!
cr To them that seek Thee, O how kind!
But what art Thou to them that find!

f 4 We follow JESUS now, and raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise,
That He at last may make us meet
With Him to gain the heavenly seat.

324

GUIENNE. (L.M.D.)

FIRST TUNE FOR PART II

From a Sequence in the *Sarum Gradual.*

To be sung in unison.

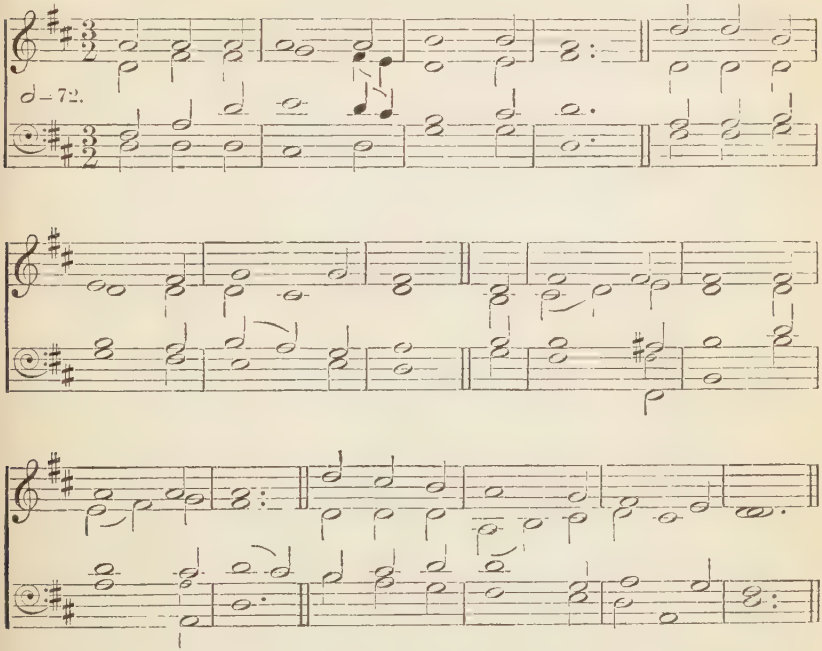
PART 2.

f 5 JESUS, Thou sweetness pure and blest,
Truth's fountain, Light of souls distressed,
Surpassing all that heart requires,
Exceeding all that soul desires!

6 No tongue of mortal can express,
No pen can write the blessedness,
He only who hath proved it knows
What bliss from love for JESUS flows.

324

RIVAULX. (L.M.) SECOND TUNE FOR PART II Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D.



Alternative Tune, St. Bernard, Scottish Hymnal, No. 179, and Church Hymnary, No. 282.

p 7 I seek for Jesus in repose,
When round my heart its chambers close;
Abroad, and when I shut the door,
I long for Jesus evermore.

8 With Mary in the morning gloom
I seek for Jesus at the tomb:
For Him, with love's most earnest cry,
I seek with heart and not with eye.

f *9 Jesus, to God the Father gone,
Is seated on the heavenly throne;
My heart hath also passed from me,
That, where He is, there it may be.

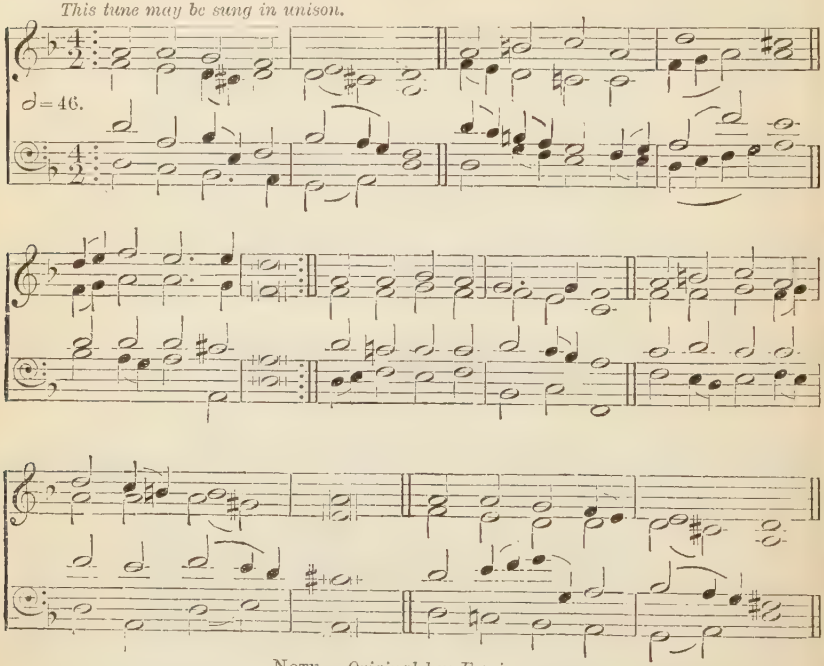
* Note. *-This verse is sung to the latter half of the tune* Guienne, *beginning at the mark* 𝄋.

325

JESU MEINE FREUDE. (6.6.5.6.6.5.7.8.6.)

JOHANN CRÜGER.
Harmonized by J. S. BACH.

This tune may be sung in unison.



NOTE.—*Original key E minor.*

'*Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom . . . ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.*'

f JESUS, all my gladness,
My repose in sadness,
JESUS, heaven to me:
p Ah, my heart long plaineth,
Ah, my spirit straineth,
Longeth after Thee.
cr Thine I am, O holy LAMB;
Only where Thou art is pleasure,
f Thee alone I treasure.

ff 2 Hence, thou prince of evil—
Hence, both Death and Devil—
Hence, Fear, from my breast;
Surge on, World, upspringing—
I stand here thus singing,
Safe in quiet rest. [tower;
GOD, His power, is my strong
Earth and hell fall dumb before
Prostrate must adore Him. [Him,

f 3 Hence with earthly treasure:
Thou art all my pleasure,
JESUS, my Desire.
cr Hence! For bribes I care not,
E'en as though they were not—
Rank and fortune's hire. [tomb—
dim Want and gloom, cross, death and
cr Naught that I may suffer ever
f Shall from JESUS sever.

f 4 Cease, dark fears that shiver,
For my great Joy-giver,
JESUS, enters in;
Joy from tribulation,
Hope from desolation
They who love GOD win.
cr Be it blame or scorn or shame,
Thou art with me in earth's sad-
ff JESUS, all my gladness. [ness,

325

ALTERNATIVE SETTING FOR VERSE 3

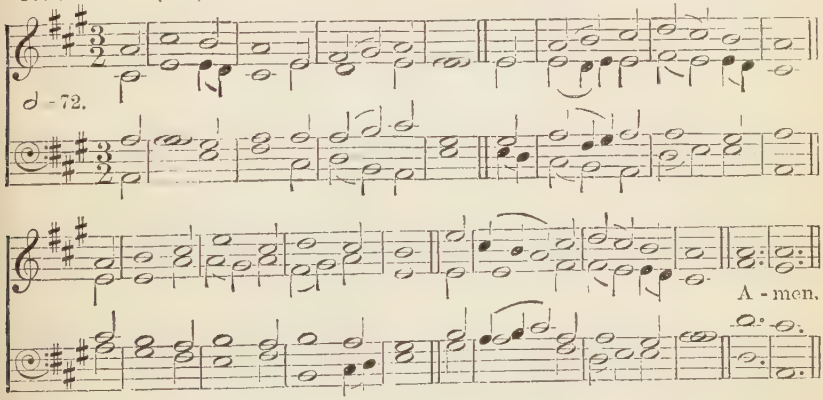
From J. S. BACH's *Motett*, 'Jesu, meine Freude.'

This tune may be sung in unison.

f Hence with earth - ly trea - - sure:
♩ = 46.
f Hence, hence with earth - ly trea - sure, hence with earth-ly
f Hence, hence, hence, hence with earth-ly trea - sure, hence with earth-ly
f Hence, hence, hence, hence with earth-ly trea - sure:
Thou art all my plea - - - sure,
trea-sure: Thou, Thou art all my plea - sure, Je
trea-sure: Thou, Thou art all my plea - sure,
Thou, Thou art all my plea - - - - - - sure, Je - sus,
Je - sus, my De - sire.
- - - - sus, my De - sire, my De - sire.
Je - - - - sus, my . . . De - sire.
Je - sus, my De - sire, my De - sire.
cr Hence! For bribes I care not,
cr Hence, hence, for bribes I care not, hence, for bribes
cr Hence, hence, hence, hence, For bribes I care not, hence, for bribes I
cr Hence, hence, hence, hence, For bribes I care not,

E'en as though they were not—
care not, E'en, e'en as though they were not— Rank
care not, E'en, e'en as though they were not—
E'en, e'en as though they were . . . . . not— Rank and
Rank and for - tune's hire. *dim* Want and gloom, cross,
and for - tune's hire, for - tune's hire. *dim* Want and gloom, cross,
Rank and for - - tune's hire. *dim* Want and gloom, cross,
for - tune's, for - tune's hire, for - tune's hire. *dim* Want and gloom, cross,
death and tomb— *cr* Naught that I may
death and tomb, cross, death, and tomb— *cr* Naught, naught that
death and tomb, cross, death, and tomb—*cr* Naught that I may suf - -
death and tomb— *cr* Naught that I may
suf - fer ev - er *f* Shall from
I may suf - fer ev - - - - er *f* Shall from JE - - - -
- - fer ev - - - - - - er *f* Shall from JE - -
suf - fer ev - - - - er, *f* Naught, naught, naught,

ST. THOMAS. (C.M.) **326** CHARLES ASHWORTH'S Collection, *c.* 1760.



'Fear thou not, for I am with thee.'

p AH fear not, though before thee lies
A dark and narrow way,
cr For at thy side thy SAVIOUR walks,
Thy comforter and stay.

2 Hold fast His hand, and lean in faith
Upon that mighty arm; [steps
His love and power will guide thy
And shelter thee from harm.

f 3 Thou, SON of GOD, eternal LORD
p Who wearest human flesh,
And didst Thy blood and body give
cr To cleanse us and refresh:

f 4 The resurrection and the life
Be Thou to us, O LORD;
Fulfil to us the gracious pledge
Of Thy most holy word—

5 'Who eats My flesh and drinks My
Dwells evermore in Me, [blood
And shall by Me at the last day
Upraised in glory be.'

6 Therefore we fear not, though we
A dark and narrow way, [tread
For Thou art walking at our side,
Our comforter and stay.

7 We clasp Thy hand and lean in faith
On Thy most mighty arm;
Thy love and power support our steps
And shelter us from harm.

p 8 O lead us through the gate of death
cr Forth to that blessèd place,
Where we may evermore behold
The brightness of Thy face;

f 9 And praise the FATHER and the SON,
By whom we ever live,
And praise to GOD the HOLY GHOST
Through endless ages give.

327

'And to the spirits of just men made perfect.'

GONE BEFORE. (Irregular.) ARTHUR H. MANN, M.A., Mus.D.

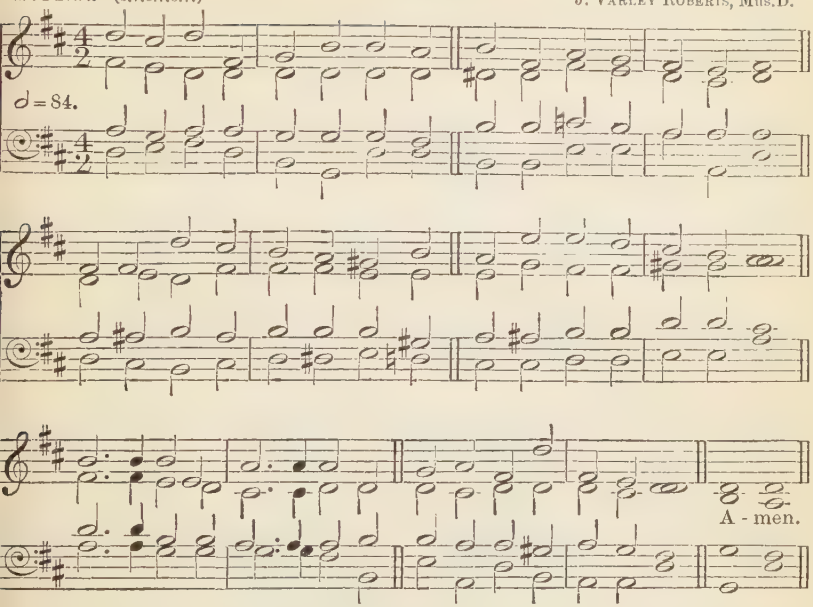
Slow.
♩ = 69.
1. p Bro-ther, thou art gone be-fore us, And thy saint-ly soul is flown Where
2. p The toil-some way thou'st tra-velled o'er, And borne the hea-vy load; But
3. p Sin can ne-ver faint thee now, Nor doubt thy faith as-sail, Nor
tears are wiped from ev-ery eye, And sor-row is un-known:
Christ hath taught thy lan-guid feet To reach His blest a-bode.
thy meek trust in Je-sus Christ And the Ho-ly Spi-rit fail.
mf
p Refrain.
From the bur-den of the flesh And from care and fears re-leased, Where the
Thou art sleep-ing now like Laz-ar-us Up-on His Fa-ther's breast—
May we like thee, de-part in peace A-mong the faith-ful blest—
wick-ed cease from trou-bling And the wea-ry are at rest. A-men.

[*By permission of the Composer.*]

328

MODENA. (8.7.8.7.8.7.)

J. Varley Roberts, Mus.D.



Alternative Tune, Confidence, No. 207.

'Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known.'

WHOSOE'ER hath skill to reckon
All the number of the blest,
He perchance can weigh the gladness
Of the everlasting rest,
Which, their earthly exile finished,
They through suffering have possessed.

2 Through the vale of lamentation
Happily and safely past,
Now the years of their affliction
In their memory they recast,
And the end of all perfection
They can contemplate at last.

3 In a glass through types and riddles
Now to us the truth is shown:
Then serenely, purely, clearly,
We shall know as we are known,
Fixing our enlightened vision
On the glory of the throne.

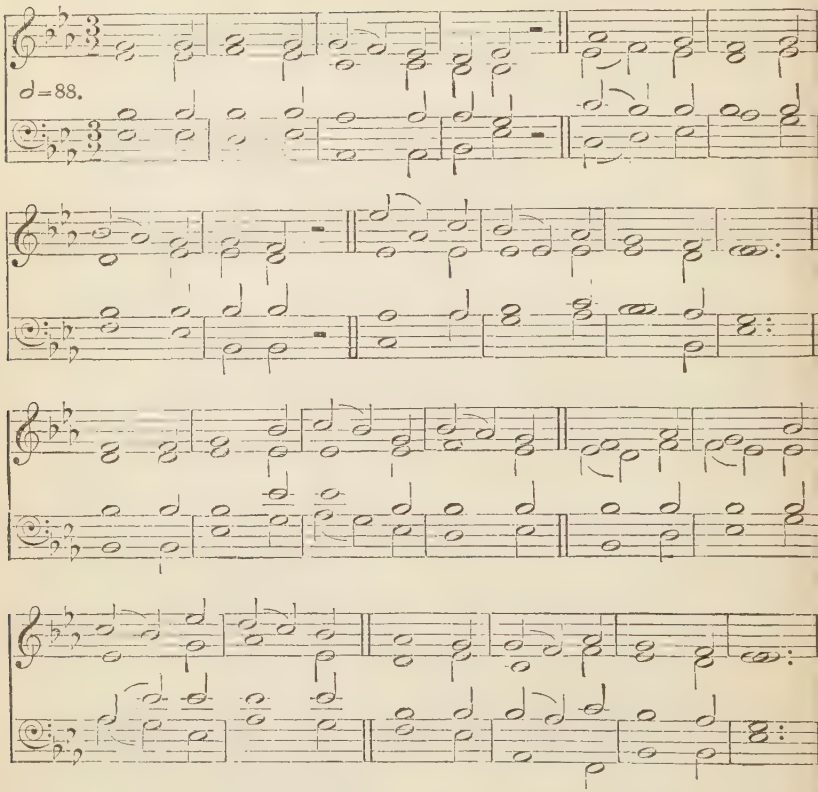
f 4 There the Trinity of Persons
Unbeclouded we shall see;
There the Unity of Essence
Shall revealed in glory be;
While we hail the Threefold Godhead
And the simple Unity.

5 Wherefore, man, take heart and courage,
p Whatsoe'er thy present pain;
Such untold reward through suffering
It is given thee to attain,
cr And for ever in His glory
With the Light of Light to reign.

ff 6 Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

329

BRADFORD. (S.S.T.D.) FIRST TUNE WILLIAM JACKSON (Masham).



'*He expounded . . . in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself.*'

f IN Thy glorious Resurrection,
LORD, we see a world's erection:
Man in Thee is glorified.
Bliss, for which the patriarchs panted,
Joys, by holy psalmists chanted,
Now in Thee are verified!

2 Oracles of former ages,
Veiled in dim prophetic pages,
Now lie open to the sight;
Now the types, which glimmered darkling
In the twilight gloom, are sparkling
In the blaze of noonday light.

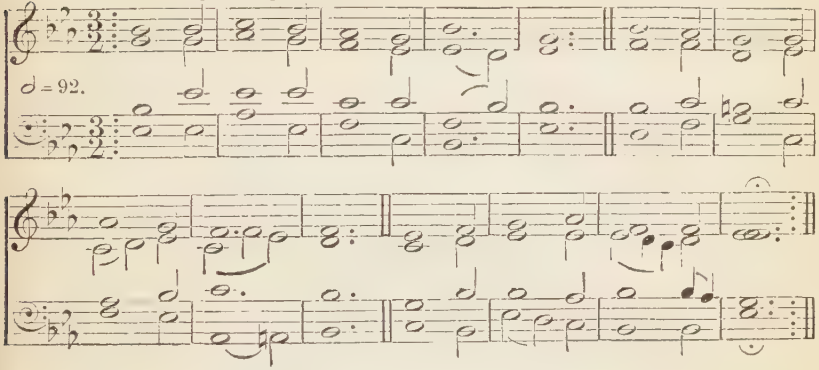
CHRISTI MUTTER STUND VOR SCHMERZEN. (8.8.7.D.)

329

SECOND TUNE

G. CORNER, *Gesangbuch*, 1025

This tune may be sung in unison.



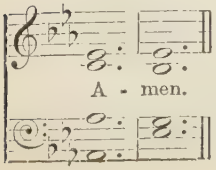
3 Isaac from the wood is risen;
Joseph issues from the prison;
See the Paschal LAMB which saves;
Israel through the sea is landed,
Pharaoh and his hosts are stranded,
And o'erwhelmèd in the waves.

4 See the cloudy pillar leading;
Rock refreshing; manna feeding;
Joshua fights, and Moses prays;
See the lifted wave-sheaf, cheering
Pledge of harvest-fruits appearing,
Joyful dawn of happy days.

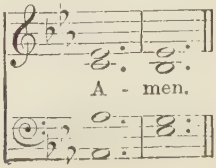
5 Samson see at night uptearing
Gaza's brazen gates, and bearing
To the top of Hebron's hill;
Jonah comes from stormy surges,
From his three-days' grave emerges,
Bids beware of coming ill.

6 So thy Resurrection's glory
Sheds a light on ancient story;
And it casts a forward ray,
p Beacon light of solemn warning,
To the dawn of that great morning
cr Ushering in the Judgment Day.

FIRST TUNE.



SECOND TUNE.



330

HOLY OFFERINGS. (7.7.7.7.8.8.8.8.) RICHARD REDHEAD.

[*Copyright of* METZLER & Co. (1909), Ltd.]

'Remember me, O my God, concerning this.'

f HOLY off'rings, rich and rare,
Offerings of praise and prayer,
Purer life and purpose high,
Claspèd hands, uplifted eye,
p Lowly acts of adoration
To the GOD of our salvation—
On His altar laid we leave them:
CHRIST, present them! GOD, receive them!

p 2 Promises in sorrow made,
Left, alas, too long unpaid—
Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
Never into action wrought—
Long withheld, we now restore them,
On Thy holy altar pour them—
There in trembling faith we leave them:
cr CHRIST, present them! GOD, receive [them!

p 3 Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
Dreams of what we yet might be
Could we cling more close to Thee,
Which, despite of faults and failings,
Help Thy grace in its prevailings—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
cr CHRIST, present them! GOD, receive them!

f 4 Pleasant food and garb of pride
Put for conscience' sake aside;
Lawful luxury foregone
To relieve some little one
Loved of CHRIST, by Him befriended,
And for His dear love attended—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
cr CHRIST, present them! GOD, receive them!

PART 2.

p 5 Sinful thoughts and wilful ways,
Love of self and human praise,
Pride of life and lust of eye,
Worldly pomp and vanity—
Faults that let and will not leave us,
Though their staying sorely grieve us,
Help, O help us to outlive them:
CHRIST atone for—GOD, forgive them!

p 6 Loveless life and joyless mood,
Chill of cold ingratitude,
When the world doth CHRIST betray
Following too far away—
Sins which in the daily trial
Lead too often to denial—
Help, O help us to outlive them:
CHRIST, atone for—GOD, forgive them!

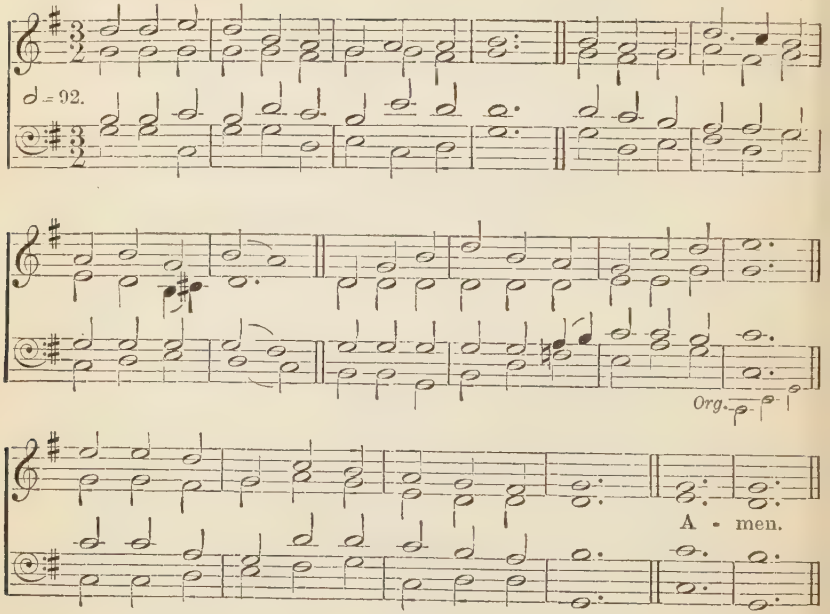
PART 3.

cr 7 Homage of each humble heart
Ere we from Thy house depart;
Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstasy—
All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender—
cr On Thine altar laid we leave them:
f CHRIST, present them! GOD, receive them!

f 8 To the FATHER, and the SON,
And the SPIRIT, Three in One,
dim Though our mortal weakness raise
Off'rings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!
cr On Thine altar laid we leave them:
f CHRIST, present them! GOD, receive them!

331

TRISAGION. (10.10.10.10.) HENRY SMART.



'When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.'

f STARS of the morning, so gloriously bright,
Filled with celestial virtue and light,
These that, where night never followeth day,
p Praise the Thrice-Holy One ever and aye:

cr 2 These are Thy ministers, these dost Thou own,
LORD GOD of Sabaoth, nearest Thy throne:
These are Thy messengers, these dost Thou send,
Help of the helpless ones, man to befriend.

3 These keep the guard amid Salem's dear bowers—
Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers—
Where, with the living ones, mystical four.
Cherubim, Seraphim bow and adore.

4 Then, when the earth was first poised in mid space,
Then, when the planets first sped on their race,
Then, when were ended the six days' employ—
Then all the sons of GOD shouted for joy.

5 Still let them succour us, still let them fight,
LORD of angelic hosts, battling for right;
f Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the angels may bow and adore.

332

'Who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises.'

AUCTOR HUMANI GENERIS. (Irregular.) NYLAND, *Piæ Cantiones*, 1582.

Unison.
♩= 112.
1. f The foe be - hind, the deep be-fore, Our hosts have dared and
2. cr Lift up, lift up your voi - ces now! The whole wide world re-
passed the sea; And Pha-raoh's war-riors strew the shore, And Is - rael's ran - somed
joi - ces now! The LORD hath tri-umphed glo - rious-ly! ff The LORD shall reign vic-
Harmony.
tribes are free. 3. p Hap - py mor row, turn - ing sor - row In - to peace and mirth!
to - rious-ly! 4. cr Seals as - sur - ing, guards se - cur - ing, Watch His earth - ly prison.
Bon - dage end - ing, love de - scend - ing O'er the earth!
Seals are shat tered, guards are scat - tered, CHRIST hath risen!

Unison.
5. No long - er must the mourn-ers weep, Nor call de - part - ed Christ-ians dead; pp For
death is hal - lowed in - to sleep, And ev - ery grave be - comes a bed.
Harmony.
6. f Now once more E - den's door O - pened stands to mor - tal eyes; cr For
7. dim. Now at last, old things past, Hope and joy and peace be - gin; f For
Unison.
Christ hath risen, and man shall rise!
Christ hath won, and man shall win!
8. p It is not ex - ile,
dim.
rest on high: It is not sad - ness, peace from strife. To fall a - sleep is

Harmony.
not to die: To dwell with CHRIST is bet - ter life.
9. Where our ban - ner
10. His right arm is
leads us, We may safe - ly go: Where our Chief pre - cedes us. We may
o'er us, He our guide will be: CHRIST hath gone be - fore us, Christ-ians,
Unison.
face the foe.
fol - low ye!
11. Lift up, lift up your voic - es now! The
whole wide world re - joi - ces now! The LORD hath tri - umphed
glo - rious-ly! The LORD shall reign vic - to - rious-ly!
A - - men.

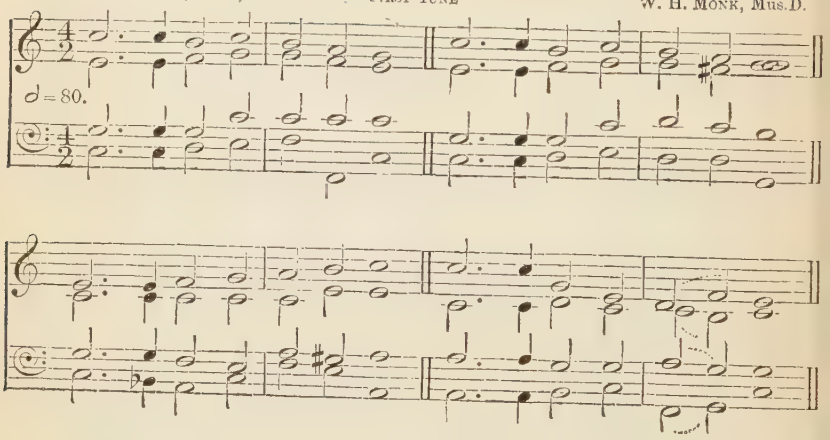
VIII. Litanies

333

LITANY OF THE FOUR LAST THINGS. (7.7.7.6.)

FIRST TUNE

W. H. Monk, Mus.D.



OF THE LAST THINGS.

'*Lord Jesus, receive my Spirit.*'

f God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy heavenly throne:
p Spare us, Holy Trinity.

f Jesus, life of those who die,
Advocate with God on high,
Hope of immortality,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

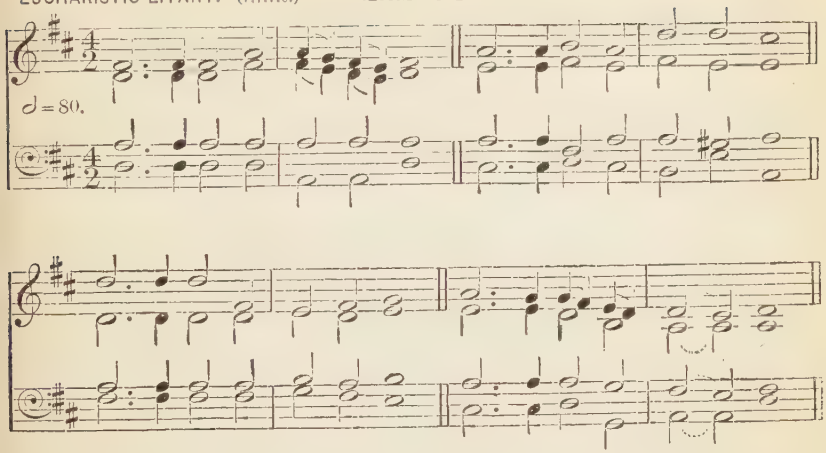
2 Thou, Whose death to mortals gave
Power to triumph o'er the grave,
Living now from death to save,
Save us, Holy Jesus.

Where the captives find release,
Where all foes from troubling cease,
Where the weary rest in peace,
Bring us, Holy Jesus.

p 3 Thou, before Whose great white throne
All our doings must be shown,
Pleading now for us Thine own,
Save us, Holy Jesus.

333

EUCHARISTIC LITANY. (7.7.7.6.) SECOND TUNE Anon.



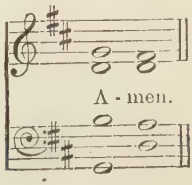
Thou, Whose death was borne that we,
From the power of Satan free,
Might not die eternally,
Save us, Holy JESUS.

cr Thou, Who dost a place prepare
That we may Thy glory share,
To those heavenly mansions fair
Bring us, Holy JESUS.

f Where with loved ones gone before
We may love Thee and adore,
Face to face for evermore,
Bring us, Holy JESUS.

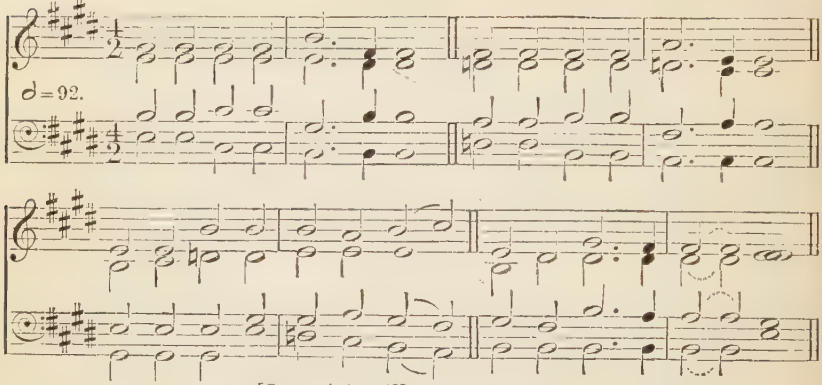
FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.



334

LITANY OF THE PASSION. (7.7.7.6.) Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D.



[*By permission of* Novello & Co., Ltd.]

OF THE PASSION.

'The Son of Man standing on the right hand of God.'

f GOD the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy heavenly throne:
p Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Jesus, Who for us didst bear
Scorn and sorrow, toil and care,
Hearken to our lowly prayer:
We beseech Thee, Jesus.

pp 3 By that hour of agony
Spent while Thine Apostles three
Slumbered in Gethsemane,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4 Jesus, by Thy friend betrayed,
Jesus, sport for sinners made,
Jesus, in mock-robes arrayed,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5 By the scourging meekly borne,
By the reed and crown of thorn,
By the malice and the scorn,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

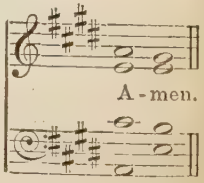
6 By the outcry of the Jews
When a murderer they would choose
And the Prince of life refuse,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

7 By the horror of that cry,
'Crucify Him, crucify,'
By Thy going forth to die,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

p 8 By Thy nailing to the tree,
By the title over Thee,
dim By the gloom of Calvary,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

9 By the seven words then said,
pp By the bowing of Thy head,
dim By Thy numbering with the dead,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

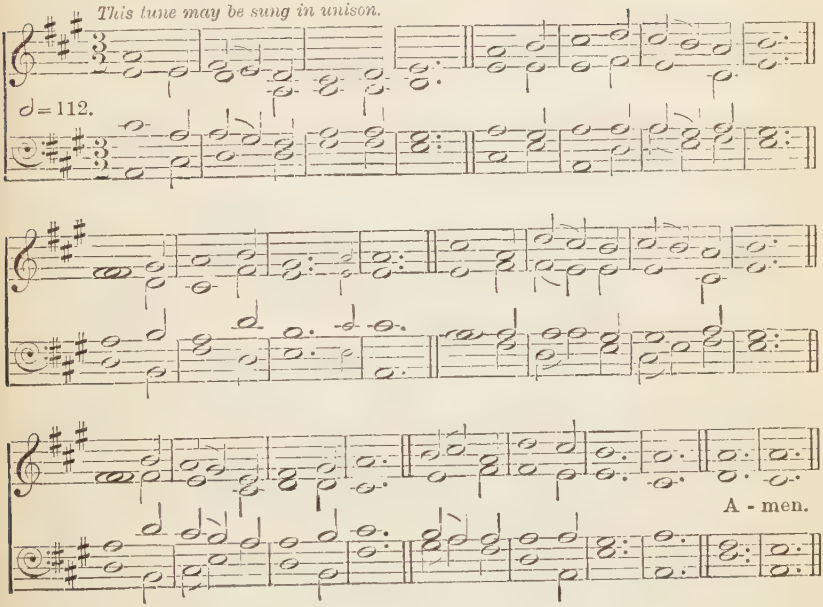
10 Jesus, Who for us hast died,
f And, for ever glorified,
Reignest at the Father's side,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.



335

PROMPTO GENTES ANIMO. (7.7.6.D.) Rouen Church Melody.

This tune may be sung in unison.



OF THE EUCHARIST.

'The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ.'

f GOD the FATHER, GOD the WORD,
GOD the HOLY GHOST adored,
p Spare us, Holy TRINITY.

f 2 GOD of GOD, and Light of Light,
King of glory, LORD of might,
Hear us, Holy JESUS.

cr 3 Thou, the LAMB of GOD most high,
Thou, our manna from the sky,
Hear us, Holy JESUS.

4 Shewbread in GOD's Holy Place,
Fount of all redeeming grace,
Hear us, Holy JESUS.

5 Offering of most perfect might,
Bond, Thy faithful to unite,
Hear us, Holy JESUS.

6 Stream to wash away offence,
Giver of all innocence,
Hear us, Holy JESUS.

p 7 From the tempting lures of sin,
From all pride and lusts within,
Save us, Holy JESUS.

8 From all unbelief in Thee
Veiled in this great mystery,
Save us, Holy JESUS.

9 That with humble contrite fear
cr We may joy to feel Thee near,
Grant us, Holy JESUS.

10 That we go from grace to grace,
Ever gaining higher place,
Grant us, Holy JESUS.

11 Help us, guide us, make us pure,
Give us blessings that endure:
Hear us, Holy JESUS.

12 Lead Thy pilgrims on their way;
f Shine on us, unending Day:
Save us, Holy JESUS.

336

FIRST TUNE

JESU LEIDEN, PEIN, UND TOD. (7.7.7.6.D.)

MELCHIOR VULPIUS.
Harmonized by J. S. BACH.

This tune may be sung in unison

ALTERNATIVE TUNE, ST. MEDAN, CHURCH HYMNARY, No. 149.

OF THE HOLY GHOST.

'Come from the four winds, O Breath.'

p SPIRIT blest, Who art adored
With the FATHER and the WORD,
One Eternal GOD and LORD,
Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

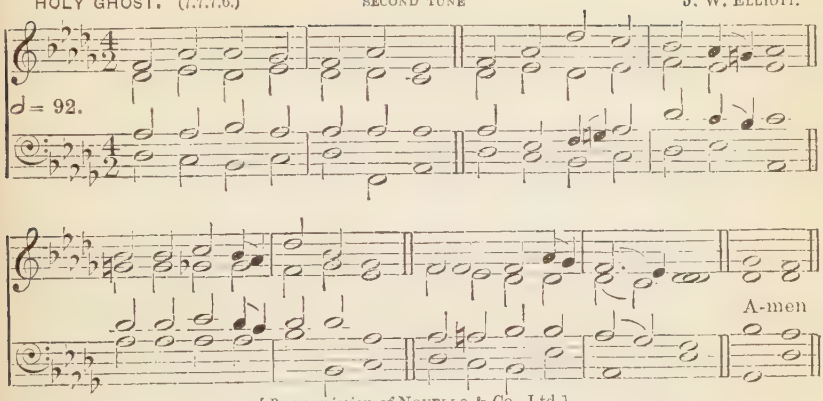
2 Thou, by Whom the Virgin bore
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
Sent our nature to restore,
Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

3 Thou Who camest like a dove
From the opened skies above,
With the FATHER's power and love,
Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

4 Thou Whom JESUS, from His throne,
Sent to dwell within His own,
That they might not strive alone,
Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

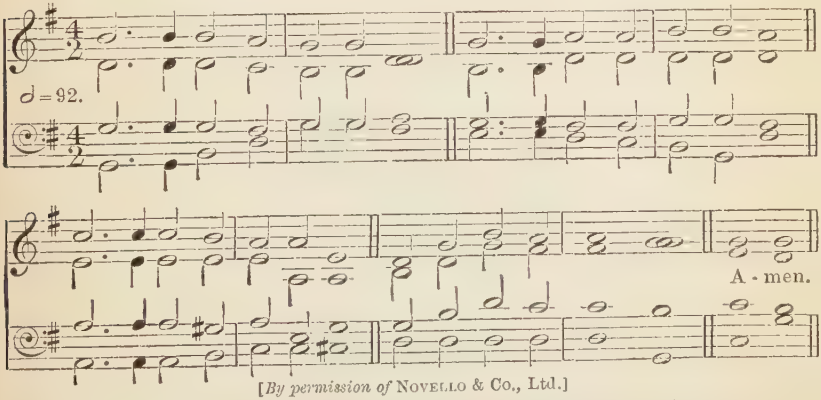
336

LITANY OF THE HOLY GHOST. (7.7.7.6.) SECOND TUNE J. W. ELLIOTT.



[*By permission of* NOVELLO & Co., Ltd.]

LEBBAEUS. (7.7.7.6.) THIRD TUNE Arranged by Sir ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, Mus.D.



[*By permission of* NOVELLO & Co., Ltd.]

5 Thou Who yet the Church dost fill,
Showing us GOD'S perfect will,
Making JESUS present still,
Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

6 Come, to raise us when we fall,
And, when snares our souls enthral,
Lead us back with gentle call:
Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

7 Come, to show us all Thy way,
Warn us when we go astray,
Plead within us when we pray:
Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

8 Come, to aid the souls that yearn
More of truth divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn:
Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

9 Come, Thou fount of love and joy,
Bringing peace without alloy,
Hope that nothing can destroy:
Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

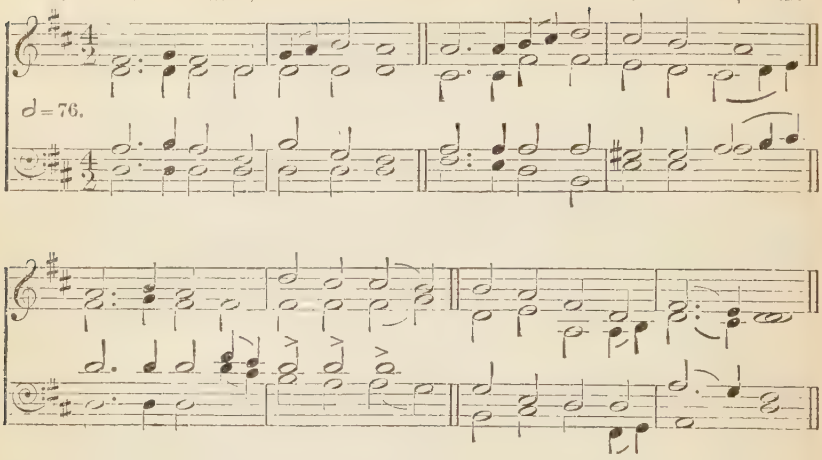
10 Holy, loving, as Thou art,
Come and dwell within our heart,
Never more from thence depart:
Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

LITANY OF THE RESURRECTION. (7.7.7 6.)

337

FIRST TUNE

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.



[*Copyright*, 1902, *by* NOVELLO & Co., Ltd.]

'*The renewing of the Holy Ghost.*'

p HOLY GHOST, great gift of grace,
Great restorer of our race,
Make my soul Thy dwelling-place:
Holy SPIRIT, hear me.

2 Be my guide from day to day,
Lest, when tempted, I should stray
From the holy narrow way:
Holy SPIRIT, hear me.

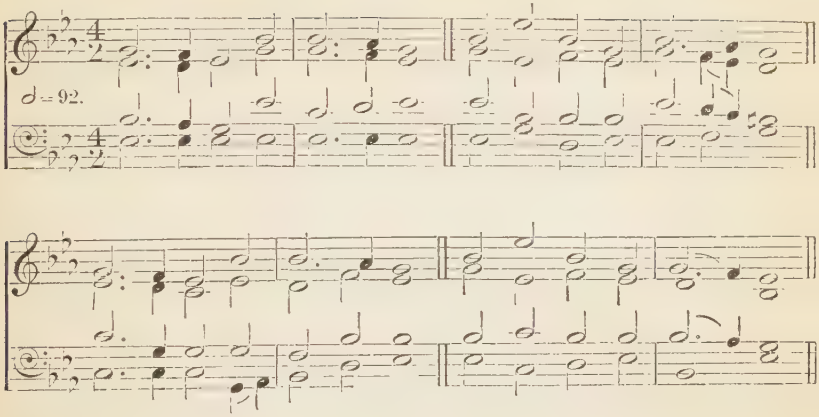
3 Light of heaven! softly shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
cr Make and keep me always Thine:
Holy SPIRIT, hear me.

p 4 When my frequent falls distress,
And I seem to love Thee less,
Raise me from my sinfulness:
Holy SPIRIT, hear me.

5 Quicken what the world would kill,
Bend aright my stubborn will,
And Thy purposes fulfil:
Holy SPIRIT, hear me.

337

ECCE DIES. (7.7.7.6.) SECOND TUNE French Air.



[*Melody from the* CHILDREN'S SERVICE BOOK, *by permission.*]

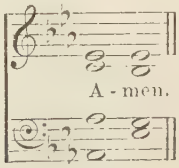
cr 6 Come, blest SPIRIT, heavenly Dove,
Dearest pledge of JESUS' love,
Fix my trust on Him above:
Holy SPIRIT, hear me.

p 7 Breathe Thy sweetness o'er my heart,
Bid each vexing care depart,
Make me tender as Thou art:
Holy SPIRIT, hear me.

8 Keep me humble, that in me
Thou my guide and strength mayst be;
cr Give me light and purity:
p Holy SPIRIT, hear me.

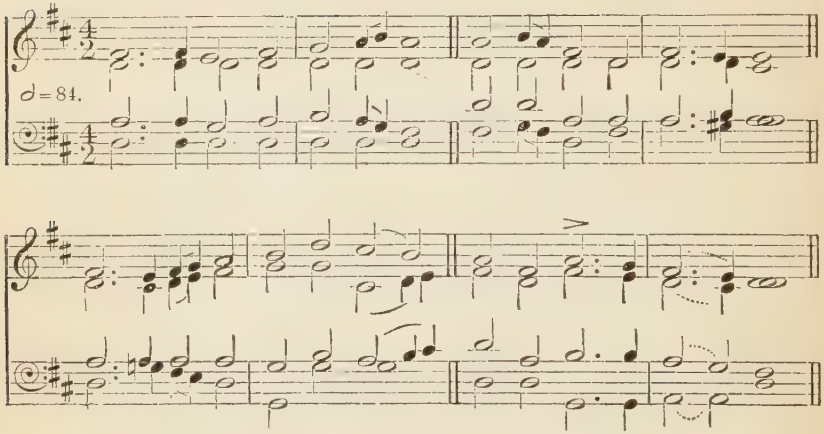
FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.



338

LITANY OF SUPPLICATION. (7.7.7.6.) FIRST TUNE Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.



OF PENITENCE.

'Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee.'

f GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
GOD the SPIRIT, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy heavenly throne:
p Spare us, Holy TRINITY.

2 CHRIST, assembled in Thy name,
Here Thy promised grace we claim,
For Thou ever art the same:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Life's brief day is fading fast,
Any hour may be the last:
Now in love, ere grace be past,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 While the day of grace remains,
Wash us from our guilty stains;
Spare us death's eternal pains:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 For the past neglect of years
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Give us penitential tears:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

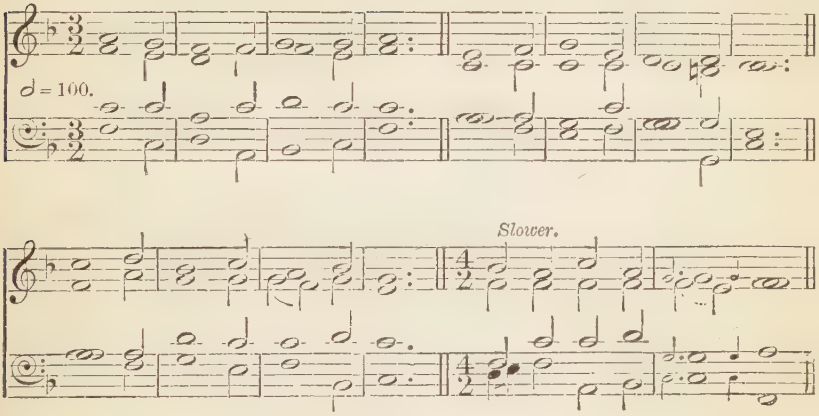
6 Some have fallen from Thy grace,
Wearied in their heavenward race—
May they now their steps retrace:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

338

HELFER MEINER ARMEN SEELE. (7.7.7.6.)

SECOND TUNE

Melody from SCHEFFLER'S *Heilige Seelenlust*, 1657 (slightly adapted).



7 Some are sunk in deadly sin,
With no spark of love within—
In their souls Thy work begin:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Some are lonely, some are sad,
Some have lost what joy they had—
With true comfort make them glad:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

9 Grant us all our sins to see,
Help us, LORD, to come to Thee,
And for ever Thine to be:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

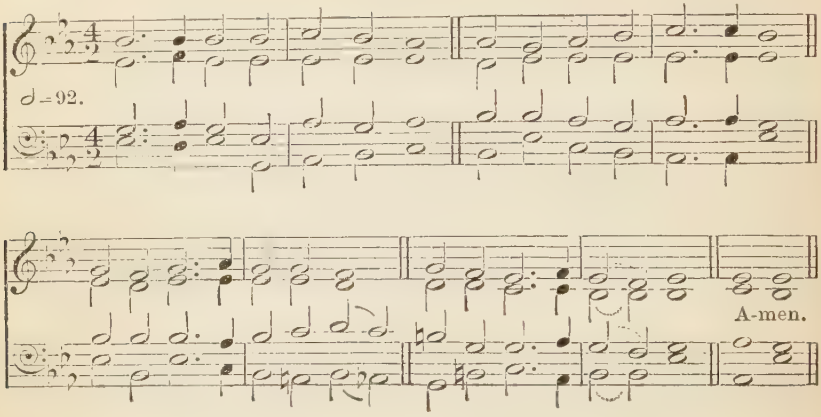
10 When our struggle here is o'er,
May we reach the heavenly shore,
Finding peace for evermore:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.

339

LITANY OF PENITENCE. (7.7.7.6.) FIRST TUNE Harmonized by C. BUCKNALL.



'Repent ye, and believe the gospel.'

f GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
GOD the SPIRIT, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy heavenly throne:
p Spare us, Holy TRINITY.

2 CHRIST, Whose mercy guideth still
Sinners from the paths of ill,
Rule our hearts, our spirits fill:
Hear us, Holy JESUS.

cr 3 Thou, with sinners wont to eat,
Who with loving words didst greet
Mary weeping at Thy feet,
Hear us, Holy JESUS.

4 Thou, Whose saddened look did chide
Peter when he thrice denied,
Till in grief he wept and sighed,
Hear us, Holy JESUS.

5 Thou Who, hanging on the tree,
To the thief saidst, 'Thou shalt be
To-day in Paradise with Me,'
Hear us, Holy JESUS.

6 Thou Who on the cross didst reign,
Dying there in bitter pain,
Cleansing with Thy blood our stain,
Hear us, Holy JESUS.

7 Shepherd of the straying sheep,
Comforter of them that weep,
Hear us crying from the deep:
Hear us, Holy JESUS.

8 That in Thy pure innocence
We may wash our soul's offence,
And find truest penitence,
We beseech Thee, JESUS.

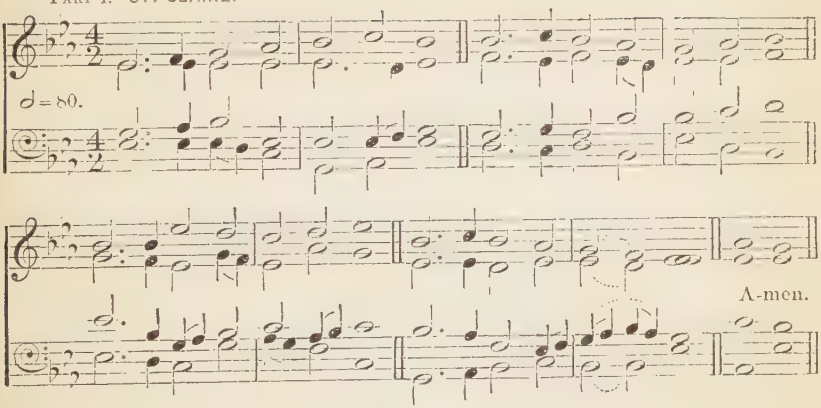
9 That we give to sin no place,
That we never quench Thy grace,
That we ever seek Thy face,
We beseech Thee, JESUS.

10 That denying evil lust,
Living godly, meek, and just,
In Thee only we may trust,
We beseech Thee, JESUS

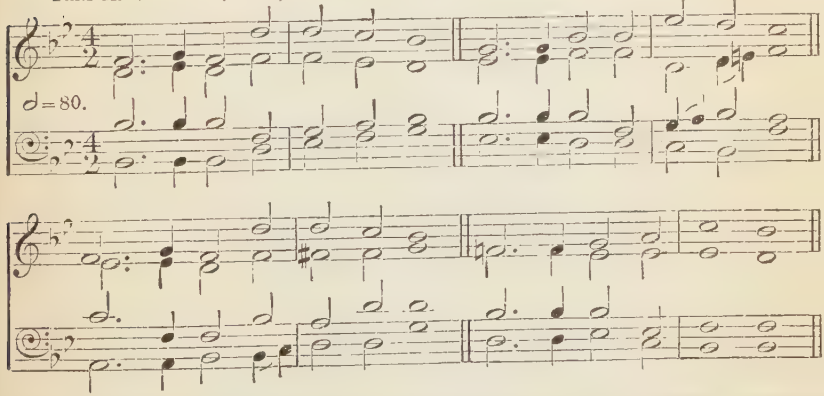
339

ANTIPHONAL LITANY. (7.7.7.6.) SECOND TUNE French Melody.

PART I. ST. CLAIRE.



PART II. AGAPE. (7.7.7.6.) GEORGE HERBERT.



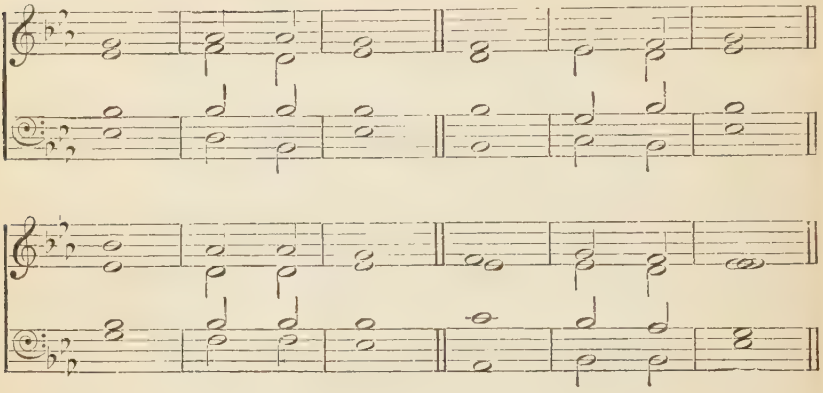
NOTE.—*It is suggested that the two parts of the tune be sung (antiphonally if possible) to alternate verses, and the first verse repeated, to the first part of the tune, after the twelfth verse of the hymn, so as to form the close.*

11 That, to sin for ever dead,
We may live to Thee instead,
And the narrow pathway tread,
We beseech Thee, JESUS.

f 12 When shall end the battle sore,
When our pilgrimage is o'er,
p Grant Thy peace for evermore:
We beseech Thee, JESUS

340

METRICAL CHANT. Rev. E. W. BULLINGER, D.D.



'With Thee there is forgiveness.'

p ALL our sínful | words and | ways,‖
All our wásted | hours and | days,‖
All our príde and | love of | praise,‖
Forgive, O LÓRD, for | JE-SUS' | sake.‖

2 Every time from | truth we've | erred,‖
Every bád or | i-dle | word‖
Which Thy hóly | ears have | heard,‖
Forgive, O LÓRD, for | JE-SUS' | sake.‖

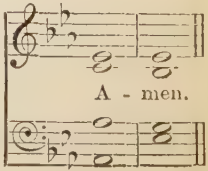
3 All the míschief | we have | wrought,‖
All forbídden | things we've | sought,‖
All the sins to | o-thers | taught,‖
Forgive, O LÓRD, for | JE-SUS' | sake.‖

4 All our slóth and | van-i | ty,‖
All our sínful | lev-i | ty,‖
All forgétful | ness of | Thee,‖
Forgive, O LÓRD, for | JE-SUS' | sake.‖

cr 5 All the hélp we | need each | day,‖
That we máy not | fall a | way,‖
Or from JÉSUS | go a | stray,‖
O give us, LÓRD, for | JE-SUS' | sake.‖

6 Faith, to sée Thee | e-ver | near,‖
Hope, to chéck each | fool-ish | fear,‖
Constant strength to | per-se | vere,‖
O give us, LÓRD, for | JE-SUS' | sake.‖

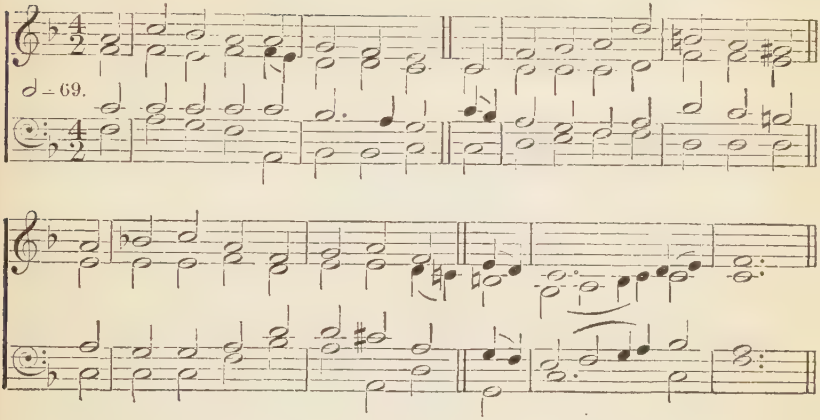
7 Every néedful | gift of | grace,‖
Till we réach the | ho-ly | place,‖
Where we shall be | hold Thy | face,‖
O give us, LÓRD, for | JE-SUS' | sake.‖



341

CREPUSCULUM. (8.8.8.4.)

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.



AT EVENING.

'Stand in awe and sin not.'

p GOD of all grace, Thy mercy send,
Let Thy protecting arm defend,
Save us, and keep us to the end:
Have mercy, LORD.

2 And through the coming hours of night
Fill us, we pray, with heavenly light;
Keep us all sinless in Thy sight:
Grant this, O LORD.

3 May some bright messenger abide
For ever by Thy servant's side,
A faithful guardian and our guide:
Grant this, O LORD.

4 From every sin in mercy free,
Let heart and conscience stainless be,
That we may live henceforth in Thee:
Grant this, O LORD.

5 We would not be by care oppressed
But in Thy love and wisdom rest;
Give what Thou seest to be best:
Grant this, O LORD.

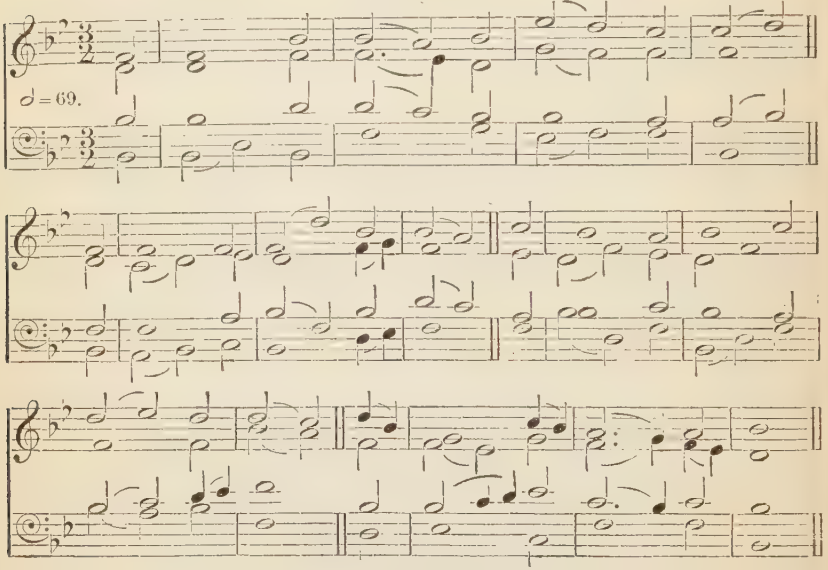
6 While we of every sin repent,
Let our remaining years be spent
In holiness and sweet content:
Grant this, O LORD.

cr 7 And when the end of life is near,
May we, unshamed and void of fear,
Wait for the Judgment to appear:
p Grant this, O LORD.

WILTSHIRE. (C.M.)

342

Sir George T. Smart.



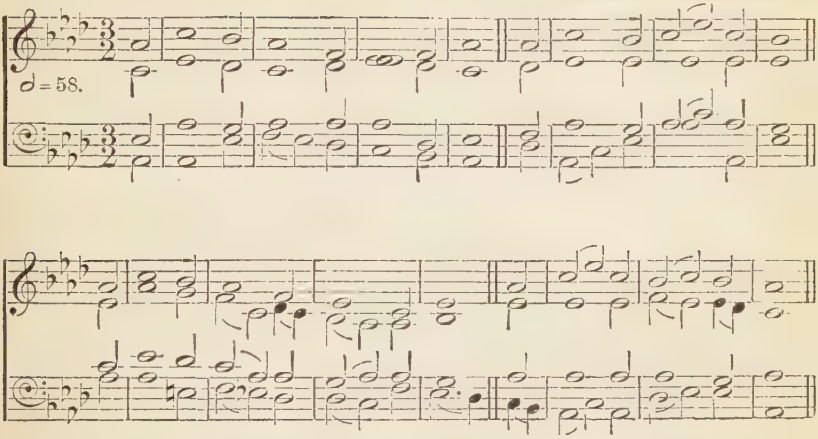
Psalm XXIII.

THE Lord 's my shepherd, I'll not want.
2 He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: He leadeth me
the quiet waters by.
cr 3 My soul He doth restore again;
and me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
even for His own name's sake.
dim 4 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
yet will I fear none ill:
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
and staff me comfort still.
cr 5 My table Thou hast furnished
in presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.
6 Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
my dwelling-place shall be.

343

BALLERMA. (C.M.)

Old Melody (Spanish?).
Adapted by ROBERT SIMPSON.



PSALM XL, vv. 1-4.

p I WAITED for the LORD my GOD,
and patiently did bear;
At length to me He did incline
my voice and cry to hear.
2 He took me from a fearful pit,
and from the miry clay,
cr And on a rock He set my feet,
establishing my way.

3 He put a new song in my mouth,
our GOD to magnify:
Many shall see it, and shall fear,
and on the LORD rely.
f 4 O blessèd is the man whose trust
upon the LORD relies,
Respecting not the proud, nor such
as turn aside to lies.

344

INVOCATION. (D.C.M.)

PSALM XLIII. vv. 3-5.

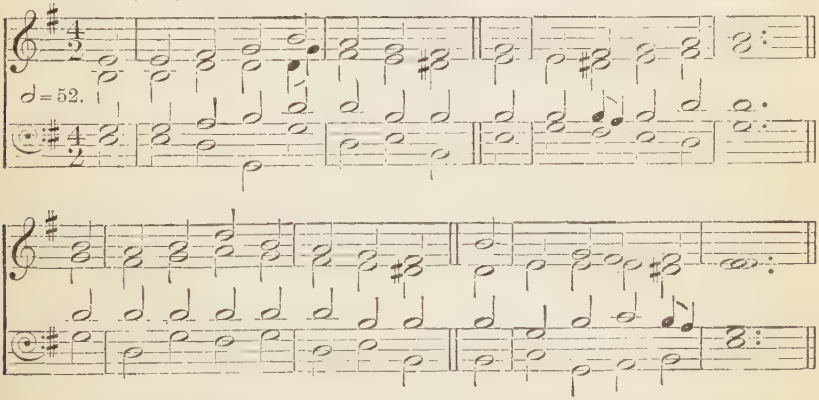
ROBERT ARCHIBALD SMITH.

♩=50.
3. f O send Thy light forth and Thy truth; let them be guides to me,
5. p Why art thou then cast down, my soul? what should dis - cour - age thee?
And bring me to Thine ho - ly hill, even where Thy dwell-ings be.
And why with vex-ing thoughts art thou dis - qui - et - ed in me?
4. cr Then will I to God's al - tar go, to God my chief-est joy:
ff Still trust in God; for Him to praise good cause I yet shall have:
Yea, God, my God, Thy name to praise my harp, my harp, my
He of my coun-tenance is the health, my God, my God, my

345

ST. KILDA. (C.M.)

WILLIAM R. BROOMFIELD.



ALTERNATIVE TUNES, ST. MARY, No. 55, AND FARRANT, SCOTTISH HYMNAL, No. 99, AND PSALTER IN METRE, No. 63.

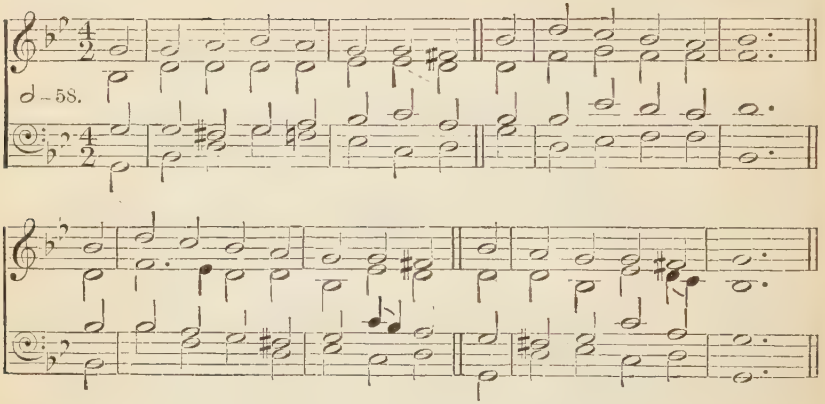
PSALM LI, vv. 1–3, 9–12.

p AFTER Thy loving-kindness, LORD,
have mercy upon me:
For Thy compassions great, blot out
all mine iniquity.
2 Me cleanse from sin, and throughly wash
from mine iniquity;
3 For my transgressions I confess:
my sin I ever see.

9 All mine iniquities blot out,
Thy face hide from my sin.
10 Create a clean heart, LORD, renew
a right spirit me within.
11 Cast me not from Thy sight, nor take
Thy HOLY SPIRIT away.
cr 12 Restore me Thy salvation's joy;
with Thy free SPIRIT me stay.

346

DUNDEE. (C.M.) DAMON'S *Psalter*, 1591.



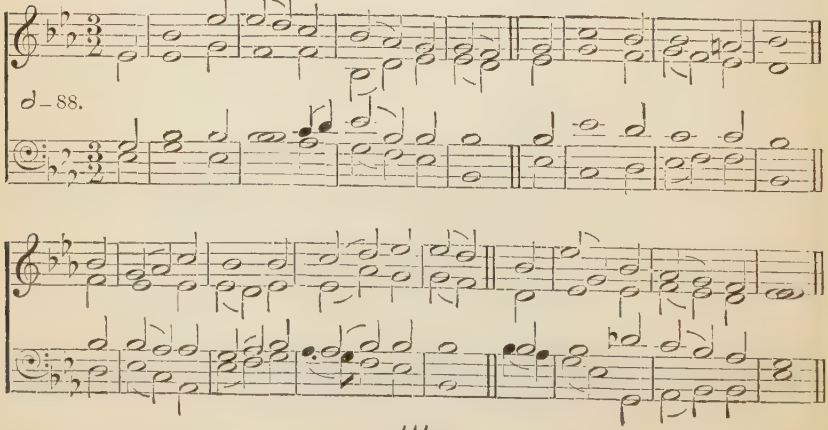
PSALM LXI, vv. 1–4.

p O GOD, give ear unto my cry :
unto my prayer attend.
2 From the utmost corner of the land
my cry to Thee I'll send.
What time my heart is overwhelmed,
and in perplexity,
cr Do Thou me lead unto the Rock
that higher is than I.

3 For Thou hast for my refuge been
a shelter by Thy power ;
And for defence against my foes
Thou hast been a strong tower.
f 4 Within Thy tabernacle I
for ever will abide ;
And under covert of Thy wings
with confidence me hide.

347

ST. STEPHEN. (C.M.) ISAAC SMITH.

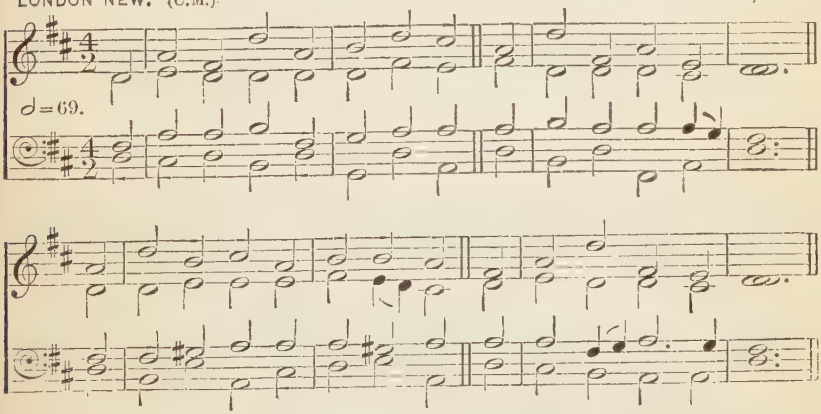


PSALM LXV, vv. 1-4.

f PRAISE waits for Thee in Sion, LORD:
to Thee vows paid shall be.
2 O Thou that hearer art of prayer,
all flesh shall come to Thee.
p 3 Iniquities, I must confess,
prevail against me do;
But as for our transgressions,
them purge away shalt Thou.
cr 4 Blessed is the man whom Thou dost choose,
and mak'st approach to Thee,
That he within Thy courts, O LORD,
may still a dweller be.
f We surely shall be satisfied
with Thy abundant grace,
And with the goodness of Thy house,
even of Thy holy place.

348

LONDON NEW. (C.M.) *Scottish Psalter*, 1635.



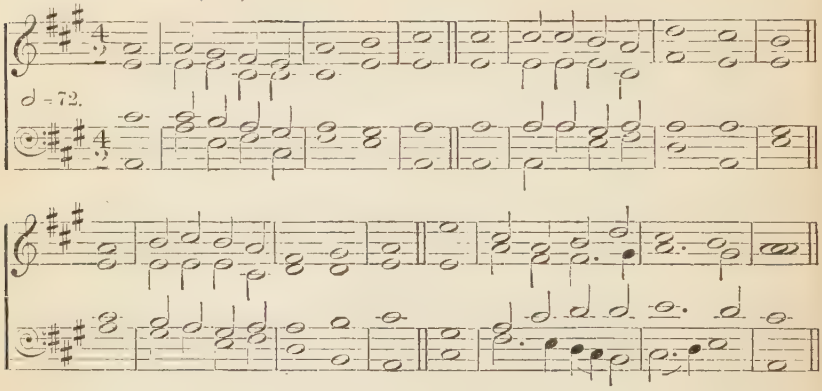
ALTERNATIVE TUNE, WESTMINSTER, BOOK OF PSALMS AND PARAPHRASES, No. 161, AND CHURCH HYMNARY, No. 24.

PSALM LXXIII, vv. 24-26, 28.

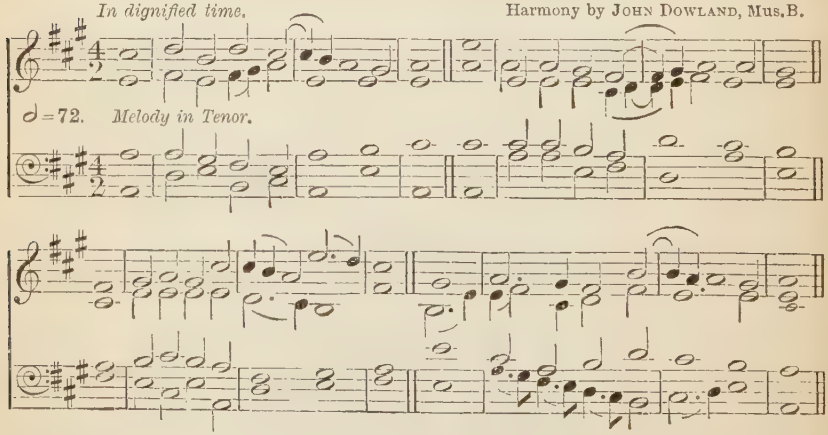
f 24 THOU, with Thy counsel, while I live,
wilt me conduct and guide;
And to Thy glory afterward
receive me to abide.
25 Whom have I in the heavens high
but Thee, O LORD, alone?
And in the earth whom I desire
besides Thee there is none.
p 26 My flesh and heart doth faint and fail,
but GOD doth fail me never:
cr For of my heart GOD is the strength
and portion for ever.
f 28 But surely it is good for me
that I draw near to GOD:
In GOD I trust, that all Thy works
I may declare abroad.

349

OLD HUNDREDTH. (L.M.) GUILLAUME FRANC.



ALTERNATIVE SETTING



PSALM C.

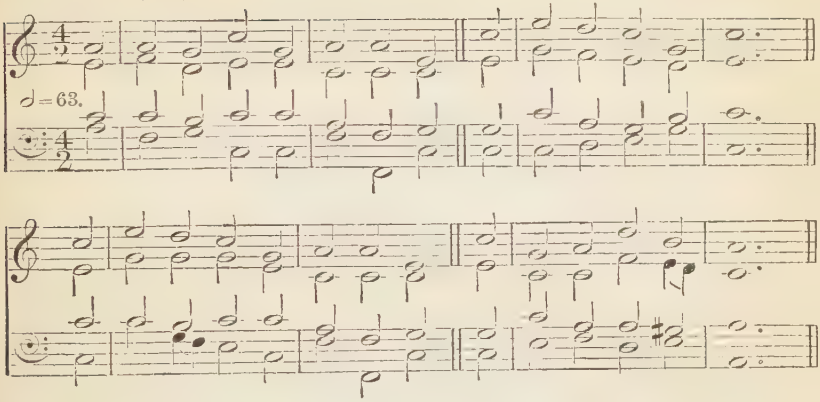
f ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the LORD with cheerful voice.
2 Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.
3 Know that the LORD is GOD indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.
4 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
5 For why? the LORD our GOD is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

NOTE.—*Verses* 1, 2, *and* 4 *may be sung in unison, when the first setting is chosen.*

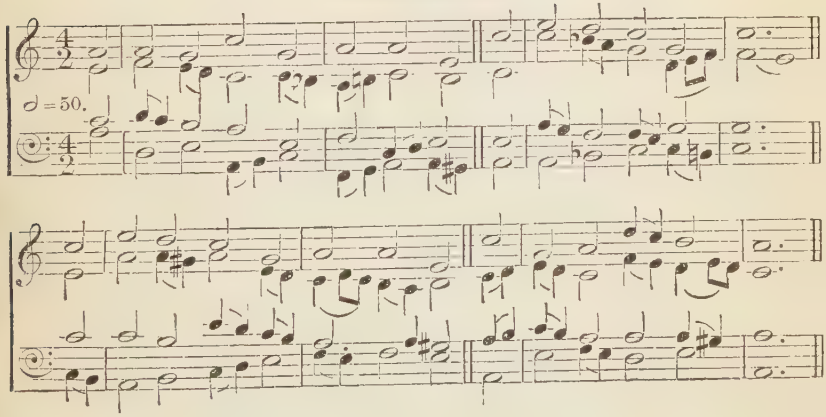
350

COLESHILL. (C.M.)

WILLIAM BARTON'S *Psalms*, 1706.



ALTERNATIVE SETTING



PSALM CIII, vv. 1–5.

f O THOU my soul, bless GOD the and all that in me is [LORD;
Be stirrèd up His holy name to magnify and bless.

2 Bless, O my soul, the LORD thy GOD, and not forgetful be
Of all His gracious benefits He hath bestowed on thee.

p 3 All thine iniquities Who doth most graciously forgive:
Who thy diseases all and pains doth heal and thee relieve;

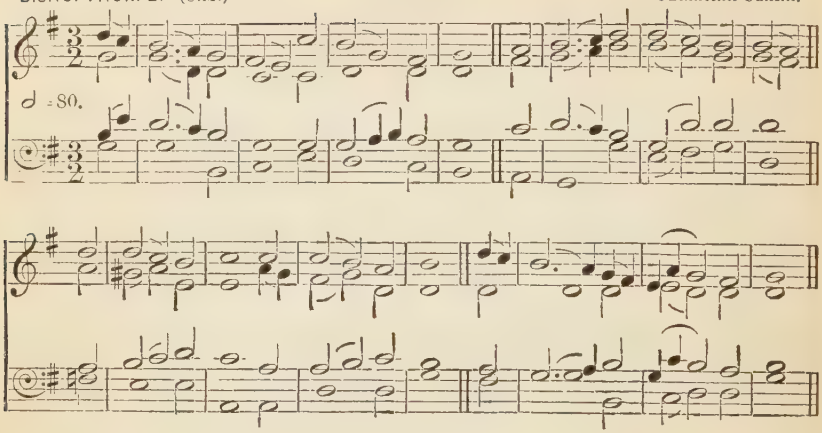
4 Who doth redeem thy life, that thou to death mayst not go down;

cr Who thee with loving-kindness doth and tender mercies crown:

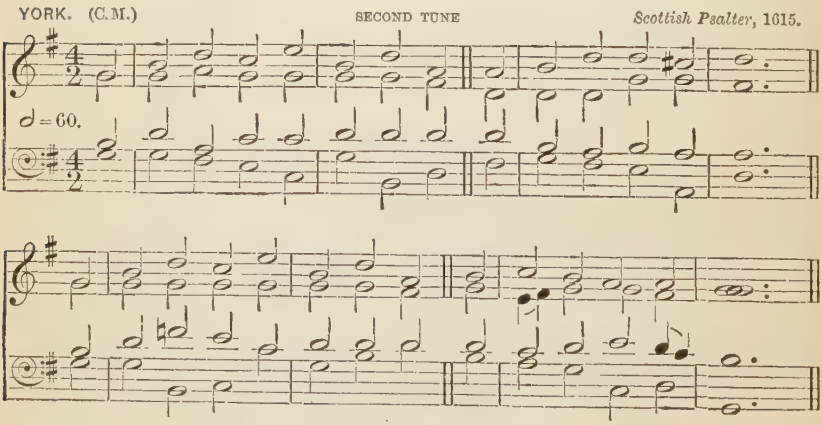
f 5 Who with abundance of good things doth satisfy thy mouth;
So that, even as the eagle's age, renewed is thy youth.

351

BISHOPTHORPE. (C.M.) FIRST TUNE JEREMIAH CLARK.



YORK. (C.M.) SECOND TUNE *Scottish Psalter*, 1615.



PSALM CXIX, vv. 33–38.

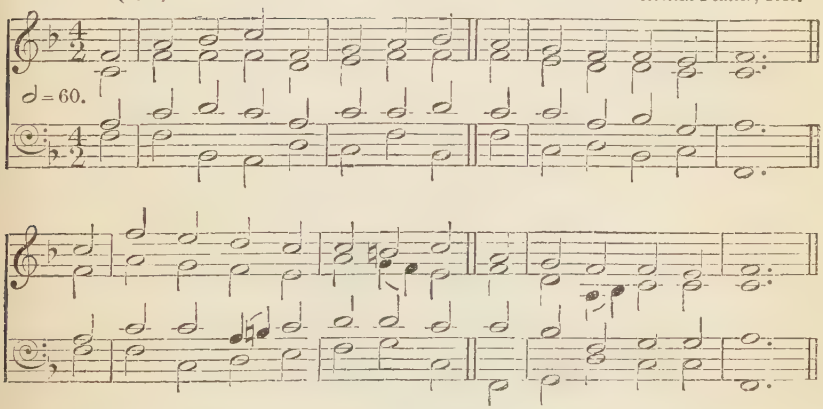
p 33 TEACH me, O LORD, the perfect way
of Thy precepts divine,
And to observe it to the end
I shall my heart incline.
34 Give understanding unto me,
so keep Thy law shall I:
Yea, even with my whole heart I shall
observe it carefully.

35 In Thy law's path make me to go;
for I delight therein.
36 My heart unto Thy testimonies,
and not to greed, incline.
37 Turn Thou away my sight and eyes
from viewing vanity;
And in Thy good and holy way
be pleased to quicken me.

cr 38 Confirm to me Thy gracious word,
which I did gladly hear,
Even to Thy servant, LORD, who is
devoted to Thy fear.

352

FRENCH. (C.M.) *Scottish Psalter*, 1615.



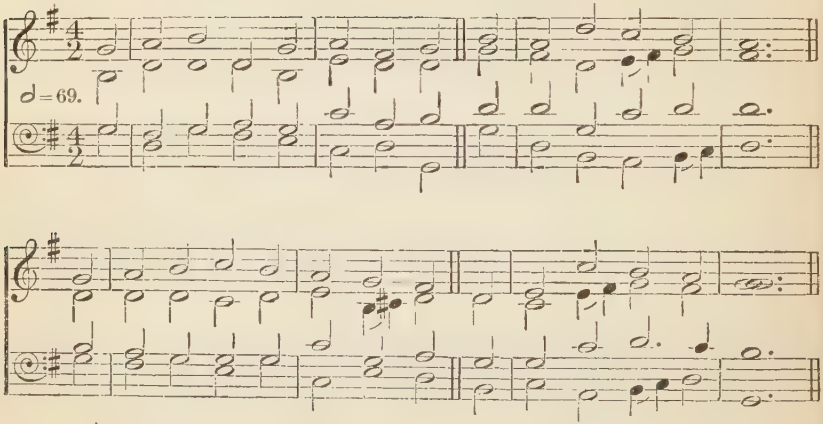
PSALM CXXI.

f I TO the hills will lift mine eyes,
from whence doth come mine aid.
2 My safety cometh from the LORD,
Who heaven and earth hath made.
3 Thy foot He'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps.
4 Behold, He that keeps Israel,
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.

p 5 The LORD thee keeps, the LORD thy shade
on thy right hand doth stay:
6 The moon by night thee shall not smite,
nor yet the sun by day.
f 7 The LORD shall keep thy soul; He shall
preserve thee from all ill.
8 Henceforth thy going out and in
GOD keep for ever will.

353

ST. PAUL. (C.M.) JAMES CHALMERS'S *Collection*, 1749.



ALTERNATIVE TUNES, KILMARNOCK, No. 354, AND SALZBURG, No. 359.

PAR. II. Gen. xxviii. 20-22.

f O GOD of Bethel! by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
hast all our fathers led:

p 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
before Thy throne of grace:
f GOD of our fathers! be the GOD
of their succeeding race.

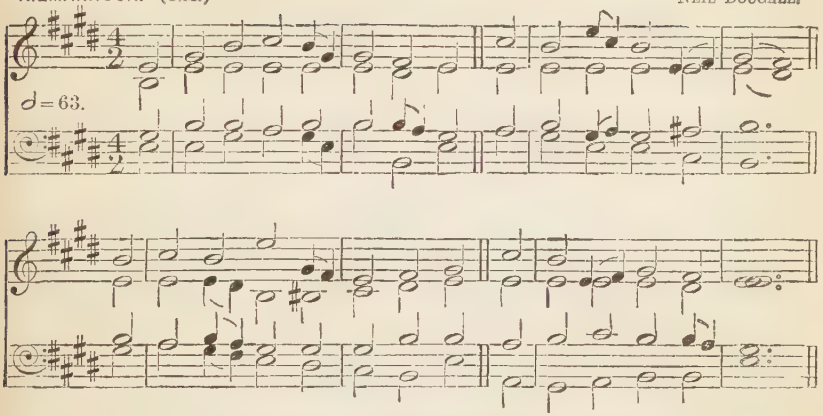
p 3 Through each perplexing path of life
our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
and raiment fit provide.

cr 4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
till all our wanderings cease,
And at our FATHER'S loved abode
dim our souls arrive in peace.

cr 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen GOD,
and portion evermore.

354

KILMARNOCK. (C.M.) NEIL DOUGALL.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, WILTSHIRE, No. 342.

PAR. XXX. Hosea vi. 1-4.

f COME, let us to the LORD our GOD
with contrite hearts return;
Our GOD is gracious, nor will leave
the desolate to mourn.

2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
and stills the stormy wave;
And though His arm be strong to smite,
'tis also strong to save.

p 3 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;
the dawn shall bring us light:
cr GOD shall appear, and we shall rise
with gladness in His sight.
p 4 Our hearts, if GOD we seek to know,
shall know Him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
like morning songs His voice.

5 As dew upon the tender herb,
diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
and cheer the thirsty ground:
f 6 So shall His presence bless our souls,
and shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
the sorrows of the night.

355

AUBURN. (C.M. with repeats.)
Rev. J. Lawson.
My soul and spir - it, filled with joy, my God and Sa-viour praise,
♩=96.
Org.
my God and Sa - viour praise, Whose good - ness did . . . . from
poor . . . es - tate His hum - ble hand - maid raise,
His hum - ble hand-maid raise, His hum - - ble hand - maid raise.
Org.

Alternative Tunes, Crediton, No. 357, and Liverpool, Book of Psalms and Paraphrases, No. 106, and Psalter in Metre, No. 78.

Par. XXXVI. Luke i. 46–56.

f MY soul and spirit, filled with joy,
my God and Saviour praise,
Whose goodness did from poor estate
His humble handmaid raise.

2 Me blessed of God, the God of might,
all ages shall proclaim.
From age to age His mercy lasts,
p and holy is His name.

f 3 Strength with His arm the Almighty shewed;
the proud his looks abased;
He cast the mighty to the ground,
the meek to honour raised.

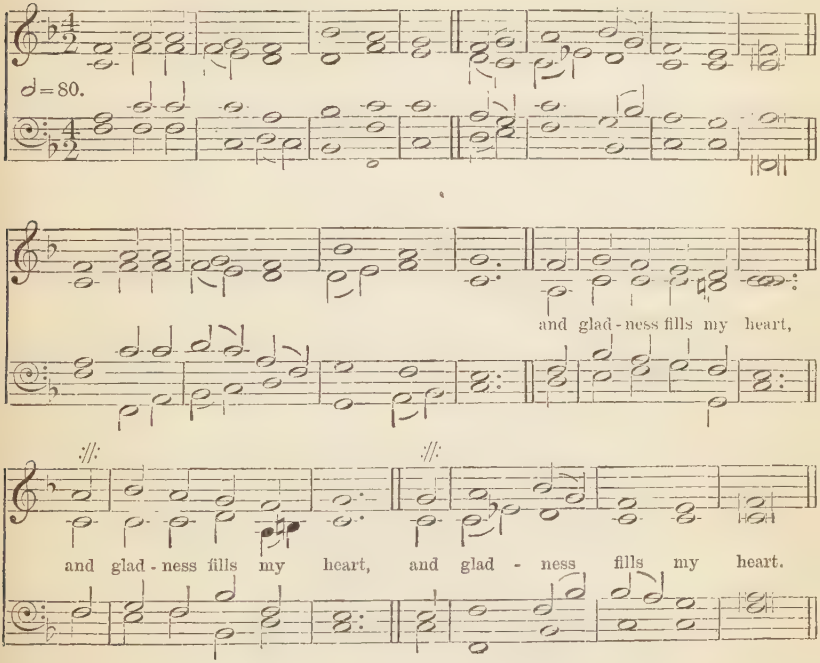
4 The hungry with good things were filled,
the rich with hunger pined.
He sent His servant Israel help,
and called His love to mind:

5 Which to our fathers' ancient race
His promise did ensure,
To Abraham and His chosen seed,
for ever to endure.

356

CAMBRIDGE NEW. (C.M. with repeat.) JOHN RANDALL, Mus.D.

Slow.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, JACKSON, No. 358.

PAR. XXXVIII, vv. 8, 10, 11. Luke ii. 29-33.

p 8 NOW, LORD, according to Thy word,
let me in peace depart;
Mine eyes have Thy Salvation seen,
and gladness fills my heart.

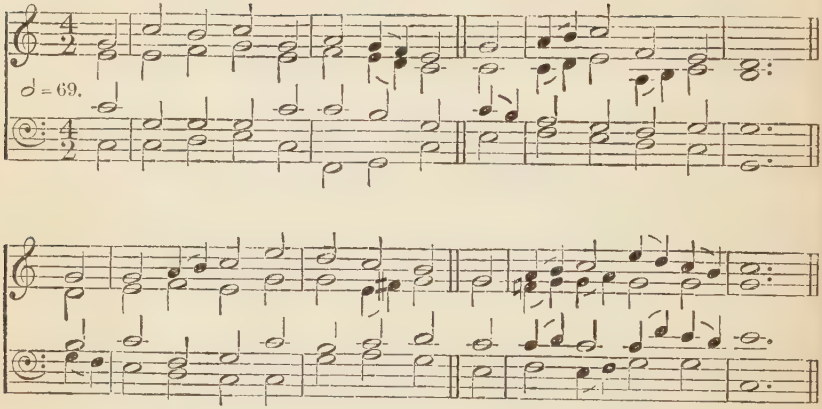
cr 10 This great Salvation, long prepared,
and now disclosed to view,
Hath proved Thy love was constant still,
and promises were true.

11 That Sun I now behold, whose light
shall heathen darkness chase,
f And rays of brightest glory pour
around Thy chosen race.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, and is,
And shall be evermore.

357

CREDITON. (C.M.) THOMAS CLARK.



PAR. XXXIX, vv. 1, 3-5, 7. Luke iv. 18, 19.

f HARK, the glad sound, the SAVIOUR comes!
the SAVIOUR promised long;
Let every heart exult with joy,
and every voice be song!

3 He comes! the prisoners to relieve,
in Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
the iron fetters yield.

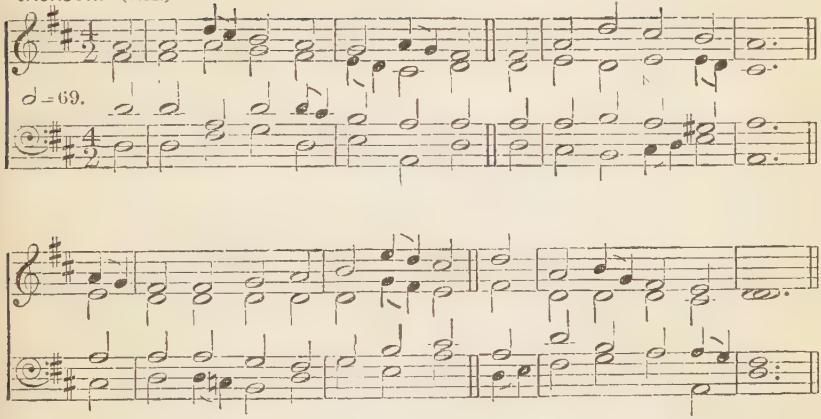
p 4 He comes! from darkening scales of vice
to clear the inward sight,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
to pour celestial light.

5 He comes! the broken hearts to bind,
the bleeding souls to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
to enrich the humble poor.

f 7 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's exalted arches ring
with Thy most honoured name.

358

JACKSON. (C.M.) THOMAS JACKSON.



PAR. LIV. 2 Tim. i. 12.

f I'M not ashamed to own my LORD,
or to defend His cause,
Maintain the glory of His cross,
and honour all His laws.

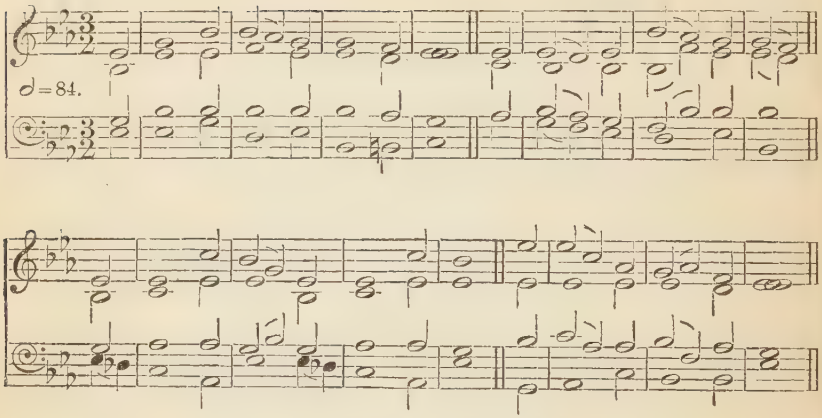
2 JESUS, my LORD! I know His name,
His name is all my boast;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
nor let my hope be lost.

3 I know that safe with Him remains,
protected by His power,
What I've committed to His trust
till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own His servant's name
before His FATHER's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
appoint my soul a place.

359

SALZBURG. (C.M.) Adapted from JOHANN MICHAEL HAYDN.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, PALESTRINA, PSALTER IN METRE, No. 87.

PAR. LX. Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

p FATHER of peace, and GOD of love!
we own Thy power to save,
That power by which our Shepherd rose
victorious o'er the grave.

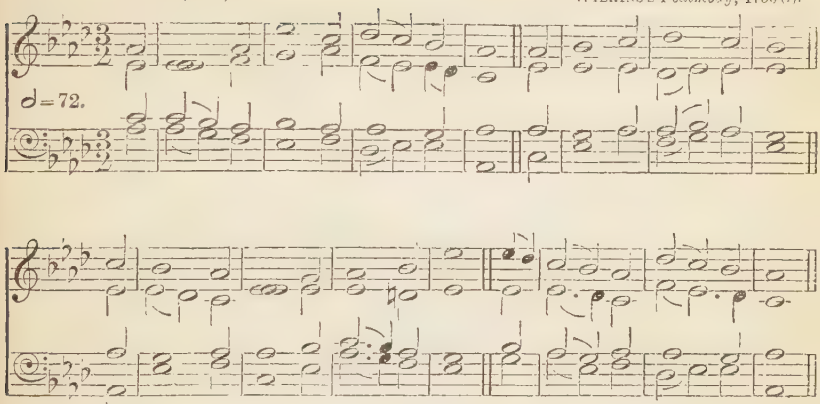
cr 2 Him from the dead Thou brought'st again,
when, by His sacred blood,
Confirmed and sealed for evermore
the eternal covenant stood.

p 3 O may Thy SPIRIT seal our souls,
and mould them to Thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
but keep Thy precepts still:

cr 4 That to perfection's sacred height
we nearer still may rise,
And all we think, and all we do,
be pleasing in Thine eyes.

360

STROUDWATER. (C.M.) WILKINS's *Psalmody*, 1730 (c.).



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HUDDERSFIELD, BOOK OF PSALMS AND PARAPHRASES, No. 93, AND PSALTER IN METRE, No. 71.

PAR. LXI. 1 Pet. i. 3–5.

f BLESSED be the everlasting GOD,
the FATHER of our LORD;
Be His abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

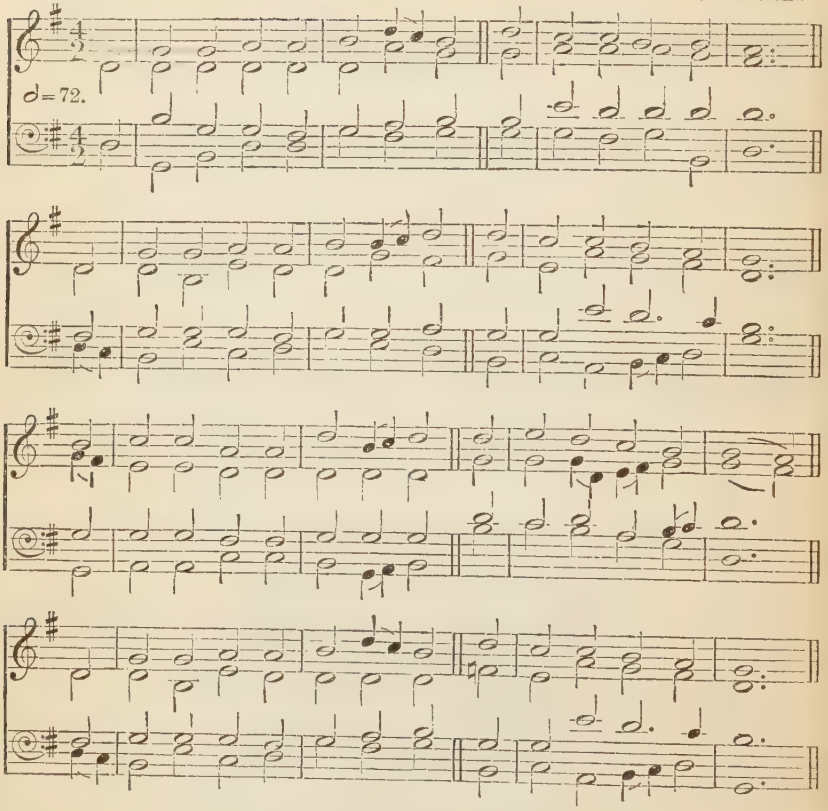
p 2 When from the dead He raised His SON,
and called Him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
that they should never die.

cr 3 To an inheritance divine
He taught our hearts to rise:
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
unfading in the skies.

f 4 Saints by the power of GOD are kept
till the salvation come:
We walk by faith as strangers here;
but CHRIST shall call us home.

361

ST. ASAPH. (D.C.M.) FIRST TUNE GIOVANNI MARIE GIORNOVICHI.



PAR. LXVI. Rev. vii. 13–17.

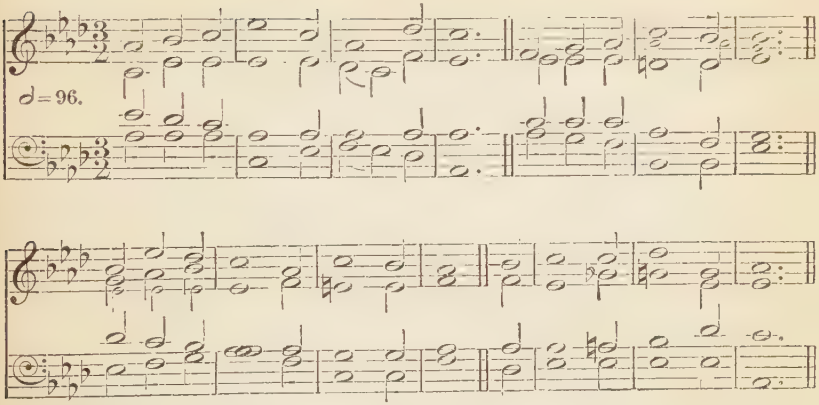
f HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
whence all their bright array?
How came they to the blissful seats
of everlasting day?

p 2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great
who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of CHRIST have washed
those robes which shine so bright.

cr 3 Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
before the throne on high,
And serve the GOD they love, amidst
the glories of the sky.

361

BEATITUDO. (C.M.) SECOND TUNE Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.



f 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
tunes every mouth to sing:
By day, by night, the sacred courts
with glad hosannas ring.

p 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
nor suns with scorching ray;
cr GOD is their sun, whose cheering beams
diffuse eternal day.

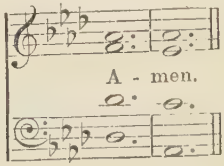
6 The LAMB which dwells amidst the throne
shall o'er them still preside:
Feed them with nourishment divine,
and all their footsteps guide.

7 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
where living streams appear;
And GOD the LORD from every eye
shall wipe off every tear.

f To Him Who sits upon the throne,
the GOD Whom we adore,
And to the LAMB Who once was slain
be glory evermore.

FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.



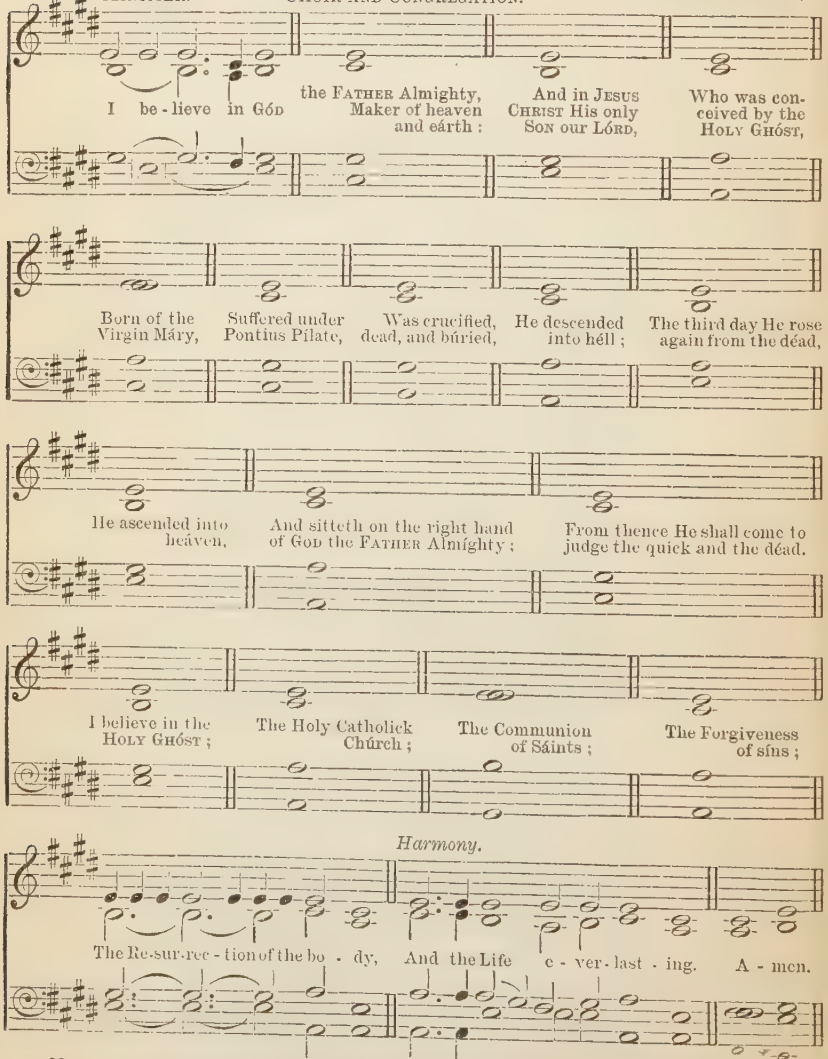
362

THE APOSTLES' CREED

To be sung in unison.

MINISTER. CHOIR AND CONGREGATION.

Rev. GEORGE BELL, M.A., Mus.D.
(Partly from ancient sources.)


I be-lieve in GÓD the FATHER Almighty, Maker of heaven and eárth ;
And in JESUS CHRIST His only SON our LÓRD,
Who was conceived by the HOLY GHÓST,
Born of the Virgin Máry,
Suffered under Pontius Pílate,
Was crucified, dead, and búried,
He descended into héll ;
The third day He rose again from the déad,
He ascended into heáven,
And sitteth on the right hand of GOD the FATHER Almíghty ;
From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the déad.
I believe in the HOLY GHÓST ;
The Holy Catholick Chúrch ;
The Communion of Sáints ;
The Forgiveness of sins ;
Harmony.
The Re-sur-rec-tion of the bo-dy,
And the Life e-ver-last-ing.
A-men.

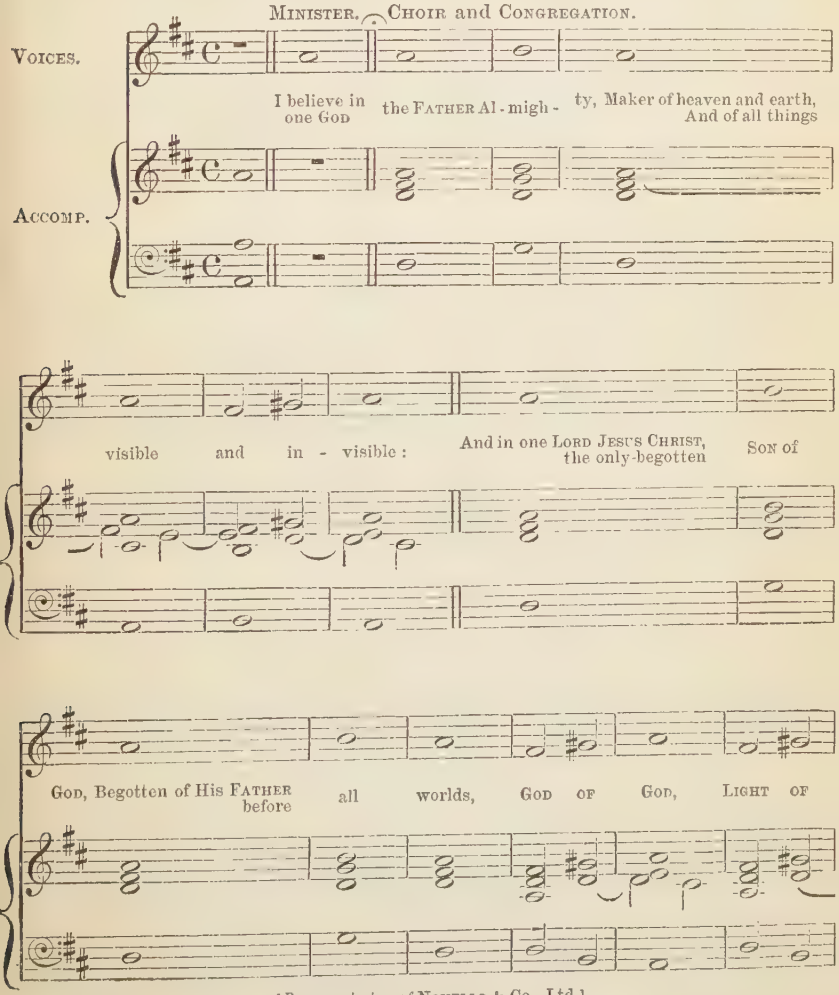
NOTE.—*A slight pause should be made on the last syllable sung to each reciting note.*

363

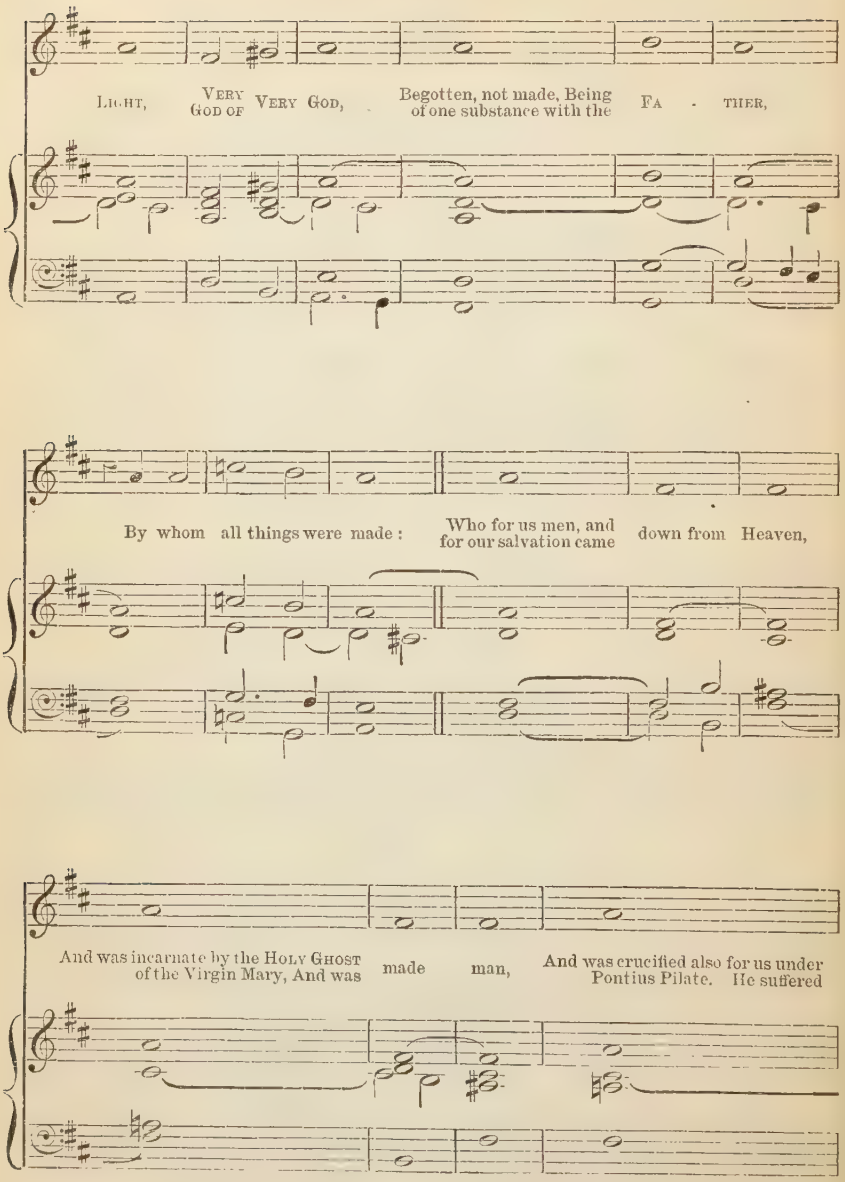
THE NICENE CREED

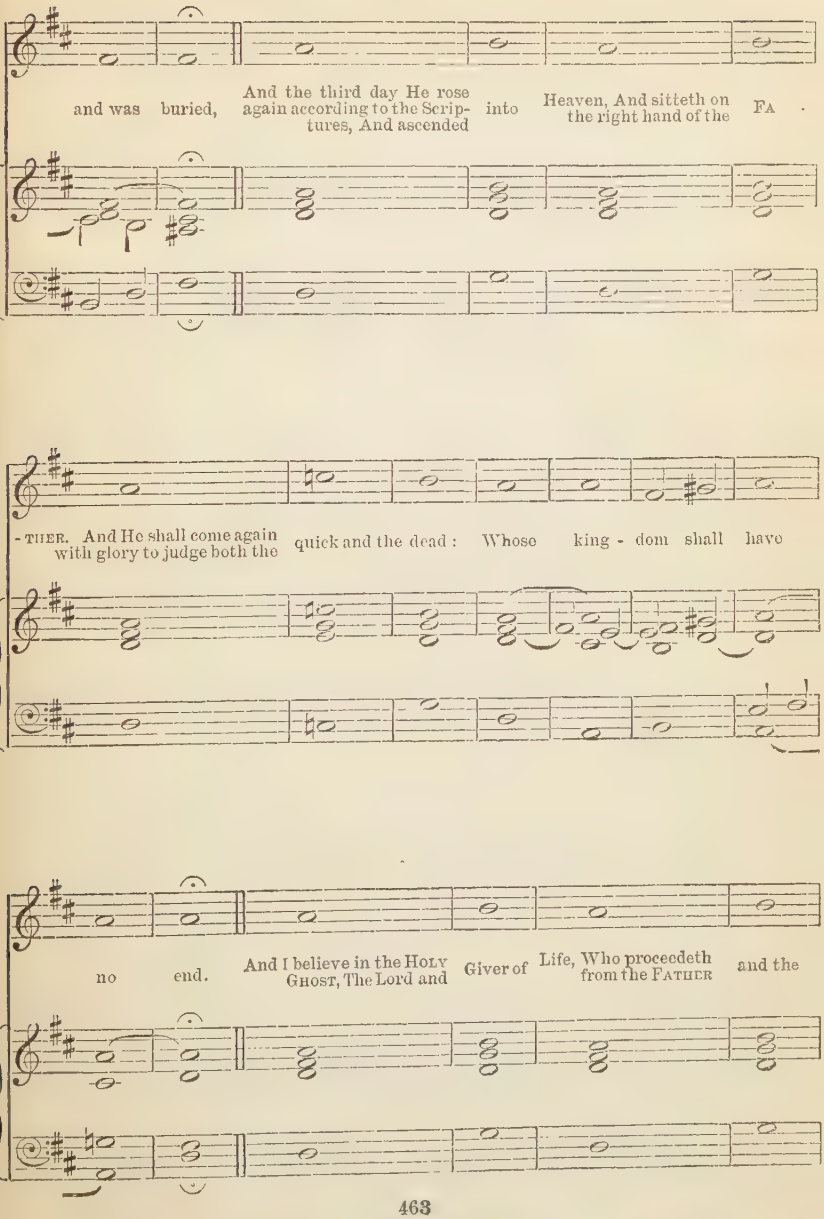
This Creed is not to be sung in strict time, but (as in good chanting) in such a manner as will best convey the meaning of the words, without either hurry or drawl. Some little pause should be made on the word 'LORD' in page 463. The amount of Organ to be employed must of course be left to the judgment of the Organist; but it is recommended that it be occasionally varied according to the words.

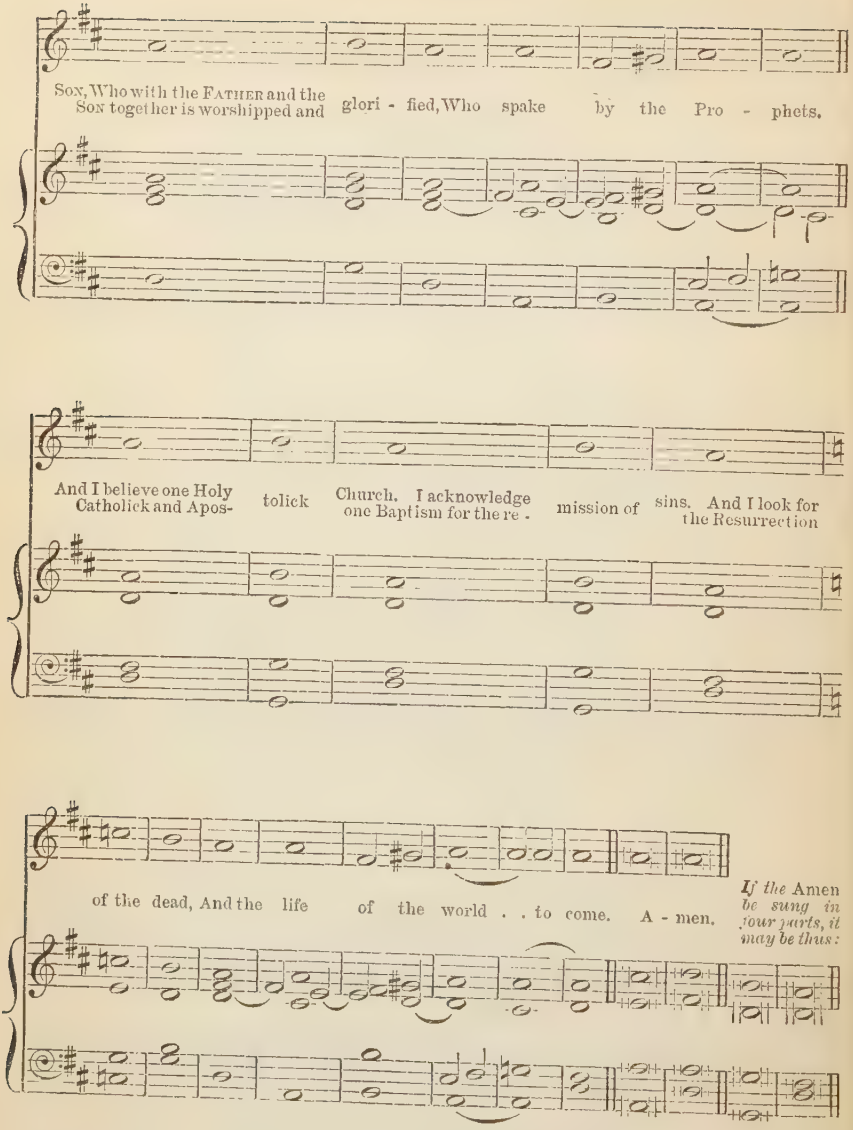
Sir JOHN GOSS, Mus.D.


MINISTER. CHOIR and CONGREGATION.
VOICES.
I believe in one GOD the FATHER Al - migh - ty, Maker of heaven and earth, And of all things
ACCOMP.
visible and in - visible: And in one LORD JESUS CHRIST, the only-begotten SON of
GOD, Begotten of His FATHER before all worlds, GOD OF GOD, LIGHT OF

[*By permission of* NOVELLO & Co., Ltd.]


Light, Very God of Very God, Begotten, not made, Being of one substance with the Fa - ther,
By whom all things were made: Who for us men, and for our salvation came down from Heaven,
And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, And was made man, And was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate. He suffered

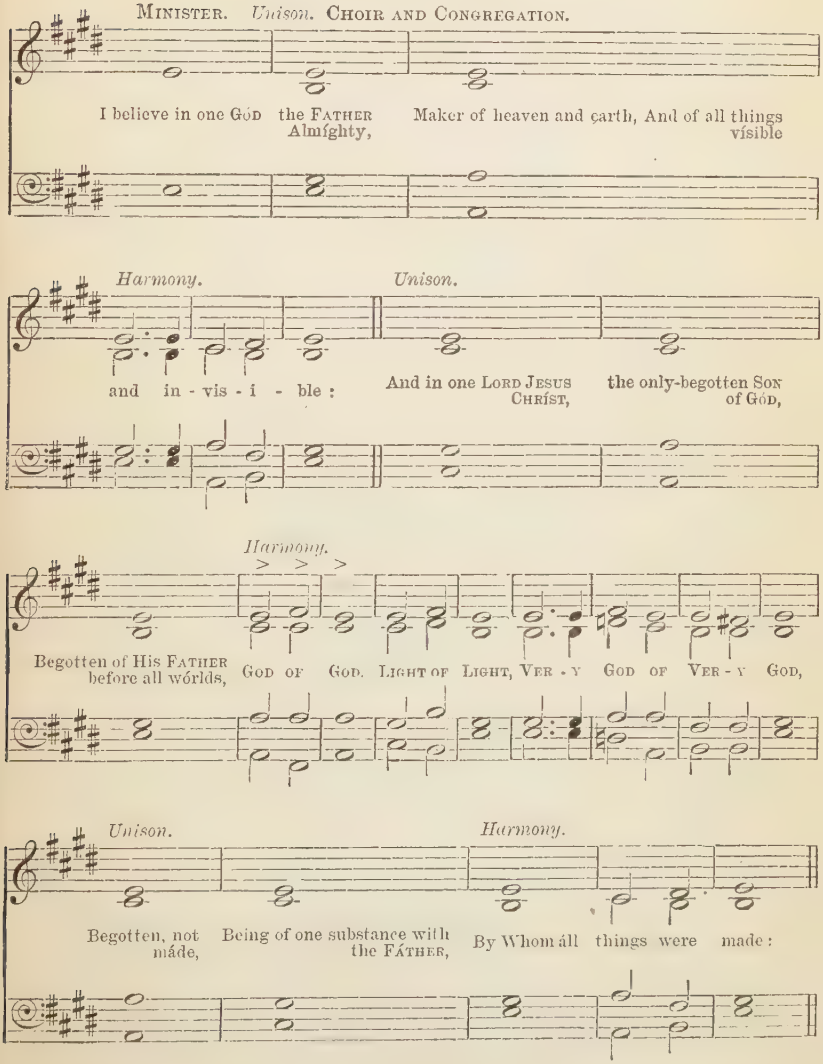

and was buried, And the third day He rose again according to the Scriptures, And ascended into Heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of the Fa-
-ther. And He shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead: Whose king-dom shall have
no end. And I believe in the Holy Ghost, The Lord and Giver of Life, Who proceedeth from the Father and the

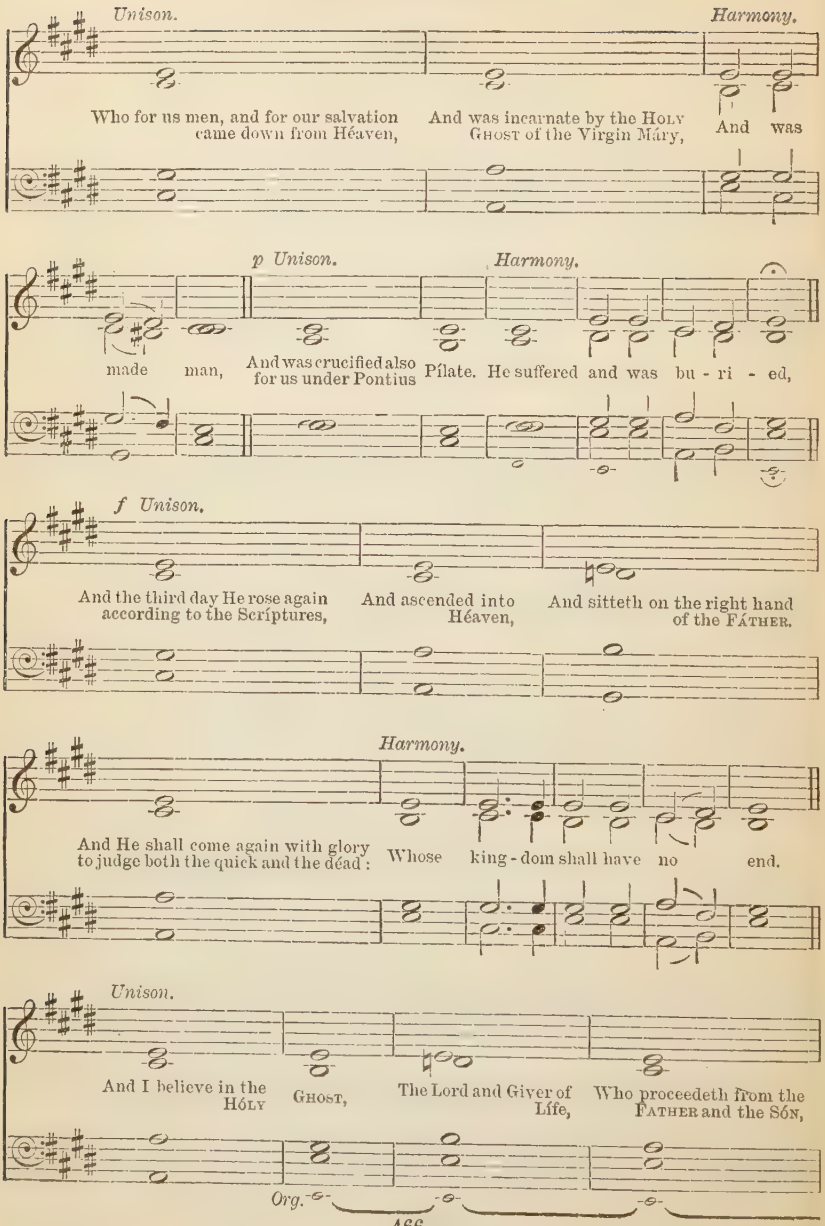

Son, Who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glori - fied, Who spake by the Pro - phets.
And I believe one Holy Catholick and Apos- tolick Church. I acknowledge one Baptism for the re - mission of sins. And I look for the Resurrection
of the dead, And the life of the world . . to come. A - men.
If the Amen be sung in four parts, it may be thus:

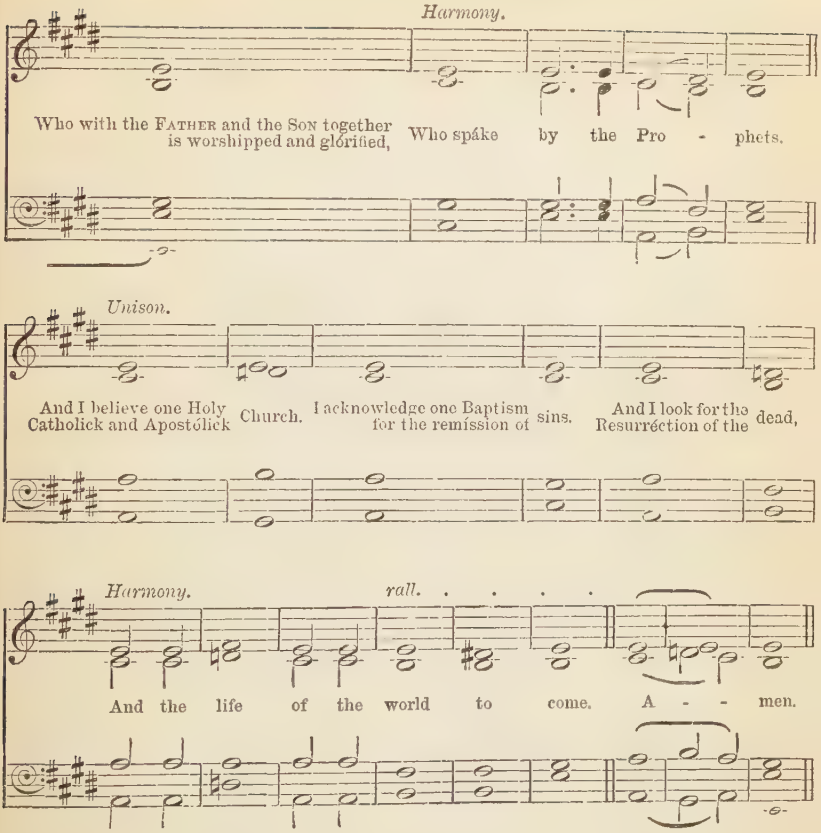
363

THE NICENE CREED

ALTERNATIVE SETTING Rev. GEORGE BELL, M.A., Mus.D.


MINISTER. Unison. CHOIR AND CONGREGATION.
I believe in one GÓD the FATHER Almíghty, Maker of heaven and çarth, And of all things vísible
Harmony.
and in - vis - i - ble :
Unison.
And in one LORD JESUS CHRÍST, the only-begotten SON of GÓD,
Harmony.
Begotten of His FATHER before all wórlds, GOD OF GOD. LIGHT OF LIGHT, VER - Y GOD OF VER - Y GOD,
Unison.
Begotten, not máde, Being of one substance with the FÁTHER,
Harmony.
By Whom áll things were made :


Unison.
Harmony.
Who for us men, and for our salvation came down from Héaven,
And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Máry,
And was
p Unison.
Harmony.
made man,
And was crucified also for us under Pontius Pílate. He suffered and was bu - ri - ed,
f Unison.
And the third day He rose again according to the Scríptures,
And ascended into Héaven,
And sitteth on the right hand of the Fáther.
Harmony.
And He shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the déad:
Whose king - dom shall have no end.
Unison.
And I believe in the Hóly Ghost,
The Lord and Giver of Life,
Who proceedeth from the Father and the Són,
Org.


Harmony.
Who with the FATHER and the SON together is worshipped and glorified, Who spake by the Pro - phets.
Unison.
And I believe one Holy Catholick and Apostolick Church. I acknowledge one Baptism for the remission of sins. And I look for the Resurrection of the dead,
Harmony.
rall. . . . .
And the life of the world to come. A - - men.

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216	All my heart this night rejoices . . .	Paul Gerhardt, *tr.* Catherine Winkworth
340	All our sinful words and ways (Litany) .	L. F.
349	*All people that on earth do dwell*	Psalm C
159	All unseen the Master walketh	Thomas Mackellar
202	Alleluia! alleluia! Hearts to heaven . .	Christopher Wordsworth
137	Am I a soldier of the cross	Isaac Watts
171	Amidst the thick darkness that mantled	J. C. R.
168	And now, O Father, mindful of the love,	William Bright
144	Art thou weary, art thou languid . . .	John Mason Neale
280	As now the sun's declining rays . . .	Charles Coffin, *tr.* John Chandler
277	Ascended Lord, accept our praise . . .	William Walsham How
297	At the Lamb's high feast we sing . . .	From the Latin, *tr.* R. Campbell
183	At the name of Jesus	Caroline Maria Noël
270	Be present, Holy Father	Prudentius, *tr.* John Mason Neale
163	Be still, my soul! for God is near (Part 1)	William Dalrymple Maclagan
95	Behold the Bridegroom cometh	From the Greek, *tr.* John Brownlie
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184	Believing fathers oft have told	Archibald Hamilton Charteris
52	Beneath the cross of Jesus	Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane
360	*Blessed be the everlasting God*	Paraphrase LXI. 1 Peter i. 3–5
210	Blessèd city, heavenly Salem	From the Latin, *tr.* J. M. Neale
92	Breast the wave, Christian	Joseph Stammers
110	Brother, Christ is bending o'er thee . .	Frances Jane van Alstyne
327	Brother, thou art gone before us . . .	Henry Hart Milman
229	By Jesus' grave on either hand	Isaac Gregory Smith
103	'Call them in'—the poor, the wretched .	Anna Shipton
179	Christ is calling! hear His message . .	F. M. Walker
315	Christ's path was sad and lowly . . .	Andreas Ingolstätter, *tr.* Sarah Findlater
94	Christian, dost thou see them	From the Greek, *tr.* J. M. Neale
102	Christian, seek not yet repose	Charlotte Elliott
93	Christian, work for Jesus	Mary Hasloch
285	Christians, awake, salute the happy morn	John Byrom
214	Come, children, join to sing	Christian Henry Bateman
167	Come, Holy Ghost! our souls inspire . .	From the Latin, *tr.* John Cosin
265	Come, Holy Ghost, who ever one . . .	St. Ambrose, *tr.* J. H. Newman
126	Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove . . .	Simon Browne
27	Come, Holy Spirit, like a dove descending	Robert Bruce
269	Come, let us all with one accord . . .	*Tr.* Henrietta Mary Chester
354	*Come, let us to the Lord our God*	Paraphrase XXX. Hosea vi. 1–4

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34	Come, O come with thy broken heart . .	Frances Jane van Alstyne
91	Come unto Me! it is the Saviour's voice .	Nathaniel Norton
39	Come unto Me, ye weary	William Chatterton Dix
131	Come, ye disconsolate	Thomas Moore
12	Come, ye that love the Lord	Isaac Watts
158	Come ye yourselves apart and rest . . .	Edward Henry Bickersteth
178	Coming, coming, yes, they are	Jacob Wakefield MacGill
314	Could I recall the years that now are flown	John Macleod
188	Courage, brother! do not stumble . . .	Norman Macleod
222	Cradled all lowly	Henry Brougham Farnie
32	Depth of mercy! can there be	Charles Wesley
235	Every morning the red sun	Cecil Frances Alexander
299	Eye hath not seen Thy glory	Edward Wilton Eddis
195	Faith of our fathers! living still . . .	Frederick William Faber
13	Faithful warriors, bearing	Thomas Benson Pollock
31	Far from Thy heavenly care	From the Greek, *tr.* John Brownlie
359	*Father of peace, and God of love*	Paraphrase LX. Heb. xiii. 20-21
136	Fight the good fight with all thy might .	John Samuel Bewley Monsell
141	'For ever with the Lord'	James Montgomery
121	For Jesus' sake all sin forgiven	Gertrude Taylor
74	Forsaken once, and thrice denied . . .	Cecil Frances Alexander
14	From Egypt's bondage come	Thomas Kelly
176	From Greenland's icy mountains . . .	Reginald Heber
40	Give me the wings of faith to rise . . .	Isaac Watts
132	Glorious things of thee are spoken . . .	John Newton
46	Glory be to Jesus	From the Italian, *tr.* E. Caswall
217	Glory to God in the highest is ringing .	Anonymous
100	Go bury thy sorrow	Philip Paul Bliss
247	God be with you till we meet again . .	Jeremiah Eames Rankin
282	God ended all the world's array . . .	From the Latin, *tr.* J. M. Neale
7	God loved the world of sinners lost . .	Martha Matilda Stockton
341	God of all grace (Litany at Evening) . .	From the Greek Service Books, *tr.* John Brownlie
333	God the Father (Litany of the Last Things)	Compilers, *Hymns A. and M.*
334	God the Father (Litany of the Passion) .	Richard Frederick Littledale
335	God the Father (Litany of the Eucharist)	Anonymous, 1867
338	God the Father (Litany of Penitence) .	Vernon Wollaston Hutton and John Henry Lester
339	God the Father (Litany of Penitence) .	Richard Frederick Littledale
58	God the Father's only Son	Samuel John Stone
233	Golden harps are sounding	Frances Ridley Havergal
220	Good Christian men, rejoice	From the Latin, *tr.* J. M. Neale
238	Great God! and wilt Thou condescend .	Ann Gilbert
256	Great God, what do I see and hear? . .	Bartholomew Ringwaldt and William Bengo Collyer
230	Hail to Thee, our risen King!	S. A.
283	Hark, a thrilling voice is sounding . .	From the Latin, *tr.* E. Caswall
191	Hark, my soul, the sound of voices . .	John Henry Lester
357	*Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes!* . .	Paraphrase XXXIX. Luke iv. 18, 19
139	Hark the sound of holy voices	Christopher Wordsworth

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96	Hark, 'tis the watchman's cry	The Revival, 1859
149	He that hath led will lead	Henry Alford
47	He Who once in righteous vengeance . .	From the Latin, *tr.* E. Caswall
128	Hold Thou my hand: so weak I am . .	Frances Jane van Alstyne
249	Holy Father, in Thy mercy	Isabella S. Stephenson
28	Holy Ghost, come down upon Thy children	Frederick William Faber
337	Holy Ghost, great gift (Litany of the Spirit)	John Henry Lester
330	Holy offerings, rich and rare	John Samuel Bewley Monsell
227	Hosanna, loud hosanna	Jeannette Threlfall
361	*How bright these glorious spirits shine!* . . .	Paraphrase LXVI. Rev. vii. 13-17
211	How happy he, or born or taught . . .	H. Wooton
255	How large the promise, how Divine . .	Isaac Watts
75	How oft, O Lord, Thy face hath shone .	William Bright
252	Hush, blessèd are the dead	Edward Henry Bickersteth
37	Hush, my soul: what voice is pleading? .	John Henry Lester
67	I am coming to the cross	William Macdonald
62	I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard . . .	Frances Jane van Alstyne
362	I believe in God the Father Almighty .	(Apostles' Creed)
363	I believe in one God	(Nicene Creed)
322	I bind unto myself to-day	St. Patrick, *tr.* C. F Alexander
60	I hear Thy welcome voice	Lewis Hartsough
70	I heard the voice of Jesus say	Horatius Bonar
153	I hunger and I thirst	John Samuel Bewley Monsell
152	I need Thee every hour	Annie Sherwood Hawks
113	I once was a stranger to grace and to God	Robert Murray McCheyne
225	I think when I read that sweet story .	Jemima Luke
352	*I to the hills will lift mine eyes*	Psalm CXXI
343	*I waited for the Lord my God*	Psalm XL. 1-4
120	I was a wandering sheep	Horatius Bonar
117	I was wandering and weary	Frederick William Faber
30	I will arise, and go to my Father . . .	Luke xv. 18
4	I will sing of my Redeemer	Philip Paul Bliss
142	I'm but a stranger here	Thomas Rawson Taylor
358	*I'm not ashamed to own my Lord*	Paraphrase LIV. 2 Timothy i. 12
118	I've found a Friend, O such a Friend . .	James Grindlay Small
198	In birth our brother Christ became . .	St. Thomas Aquinas, *tr.* John Mason Neale
291	In His own raiment (Story of the Cross)	Edward Monro
317	In love, from love, Thou camest forth .	John Macleod
129	In the hour of trial	James Montgomery
329	In Thy glorious Resurrection	Christopher Wordsworth
325	Jesus, all my gladness	Johann Franck, *tr.* A.W. Wotherspoon
298	Jesus Christ is risen to-day	Carol: from the Latin
155	Jesus, engrave it on my heart	Samuel Medley
306	Jesus, Eternal Shepherd, by Thy rod . .	Edward Wilton Eddis
61	Jesus, I will trust Thee	Mary Jane Walker
194	Jesus is God! the solid earth	Frederick William Faber
226	Jesus is our Shepherd	Hugh Stowell
53	Jesus, keep me near the cross	Frances Jane van Alstyne
207	Jesus, Lord of Life eternal	St. Joseph of the Studium, *tr.* John Mason Neale
82	Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All . . .	Henry Augustine Collins

HYMN	FIRST WORDS	AUTHOR OR SOURCE
84	Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry	Eliza H. Hamilton
201	Jesus, my Redeemer, lives	Louisa Henrietta, Electress of Brandenburg, *tr.* C. Winkworth
301	Jesus, our Prince and Saviour	Edward Wilton Eddis
79	Jesus, Saviour, may I hear Thee	Thomas Young
181	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	Isaac Watts
125	Jesus, stand among us	William Pennefather
151	Jesus, Star of morning	S. A.
241	Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me	Mary Lundie Duncan
324	Jesus! the very thought is sweet (Part 1)	St. Bernard, *tr.* John Mason Neale
26	Jesus, the very thought of Thee	St. Bernard, *tr.* Edward Caswall
150	Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts	St. Bernard, *tr.* Ray Palmer
292	Jesus, Word of God incarnate	Adam of St. Victor
64	Just as I am, without one plea	Charlotte Elliott
88	Knocking, knocking, who is there?	Harriet Beecher Stowe
197	Lead, kindly Light	John Henry Newman
155	Let me be with Thee where Thou art	Charlotte Elliott
180	Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass	James Montgomery
209	'Lift up your hearts:'	John Macleod
271	Light of the soul! O Saviour blest	St. Bernard, *tr.* Edward Caswall
318	Light's glittering morn bedecks the sky	From the Latin, *tr.* J. M. Neale
112	Long did I toil and knew no earthly rest	John Quarles and H. F. Lyte
323	Lord, I had planned to do Thee service	Caroline Maria Noël
33	Lord, I hear of showers of blessing	Elizabeth Codner
57	Lord, in this Thy mercy's day	Isaac Williams
250	Lord Jesus, God and man	Henry Williams Baker
275	Lord of eternal purity	St. Ambrose, *tr.* Edward Caswall
127	Lord, Thy word abideth	Henry Williams Baker
133	Love Divine, all loves excelling	Charles Wesley
3	'Man of Sorrows!' wondrous name	Philip Paul Bliss
248	March, march onward, soldiers true	Edward Hayes Plumptre
243	March on, march on, O ye soldiers true	Ella Sophia Armitage
54	My faith looks up to Thee	Ray Palmer
80	My God, accept my heart this day	Matthew Bridges
240	My God, I believe in Thee	From *Church Music* (M. F. Bell)
320	My God! my God! and can it be	Frederick William Faber
65	My hope is built on nothing less	Edward Mote
49	My Lord, my Master, at Thy feet adoring	From the French, *tr.* T. B. Pollock
36	My sins, my sins, my Saviour!	John Samuel Bewley Monsell
119	My song shall be of Jesus	Frances Jane van Alstyne
355	*My soul and spirit, filled with joy*	Paraphrase XXXVI. Luke i. 46–56
313	Not now, but in the coming years	M. N. Cornelius
264	Now doth the sun ascend the sky	St. Ambrose, *tr.* Edward Caswall
356	*Now, Lord, according to Thy word*	Paraphrase XXXVIII. Luke ii. 29–32
203	Now sound ye forth with trumpet tone	Anonymous
268	Now that the daylight dies away	St. Ambrose, *tr.* W. J. Blew
262	Now to Him Who loved us, gave us	Samuel Millar Waring
254	O blessèd childhood! Jesus' hand	Mary Batten Martin
163	O Body broken for my sake (Part 2)	William Dalrymple Maclagan

HYMN	FIRST WORDS	AUTHOR OR SOURCE
272	O brightness of the Immortal Father's face	From the Greek, *tr.* Edward Wilton Eddis
44	O brother, for a little space	From the Latin, *tr.* J. M. Neale
78	O Christ, in Thee my soul hath found .	B. E.
185	O Christ the Lord, Who died for me . .	James Elder Cumming
48	O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head	Anne Ross Cousin
170	O Christ, Who sinless art alone . . .	Arthur W. Wotherspoon
284	O come, O come, Immanuel	From the Latin, *tr.* J. M. Neale
20	O come to the merciful Saviour	Frederick William Faber
1	O come, ye redeemèd	John Henry Lester
186	O daughters blest of Galilee	From the Latin, *tr.* W. W. How
43	O do not let the Word depart	Eliza Reed
312	O for the peace that floweth as a river .	Jane Crewdson
346	*O God, give ear unto my cry*	Psalm LXI. 1–4
353	*O God of Bethel! by Whose hand*	Paraphrase II. Gen. xxviii. 20-22
259	O God, our help in ages past	Isaac Watts
85	O happy day that fixed my choice . . .	Philip Doddridge
73	O hear my cry, be gracious now to me .	Francis Jane van Alstyne
274	O Holy Father, 'mid the calm	William Henry Burleigh
303	O Holy Spirit, Lord of grace	Charles Coffin, *tr.* John Chandler
279	O Jesus, crucified for man	William Walsham How
50	O Lamb of God, once wounded	J.W. Alexander, after P. Gerhardt
146	O Light, Whose beams illumine all . .	Edward Hayes Plumptre
221	O little town of Bethlehem	Phillips Brooks
81	O Love, Who formedst me to wear . . .	Johann Scheffler, *tr.* Catherine Winkworth
124	O may my soul, uncrushed by care . .	From the Greek, *tr.* J. Brownlie
69	O my Saviour, lifted.	William Walsham How
192	O quickly come, dread Judge of all . .	Lawrence Tuttiett
116	O Rock of Ages! since on Thee	Ray Palmer
114	O safe to the Rock that is higher than I .	William Orcott Cushing
261	O Saviour, bless us ere we go	Frederick William Faber
25	O Saviour, gracious Saviour	Frances Ridley Havergal
76	O Saviour, in Thy pitying grace. . . .	Theoctistus, *tr.* R. M. Moorson
187	O Saviour, listen to the song.	Andrew Charles Murphy
344	*O send Thy light forth and Thy truth* . . .	Psalm XLIII. 3–5
196	O Son of God most blessèd.	James Smith (Aberdeen)
296	O sons and daughters, let us sing . . .	From the Latin, *tr.* J. M. Neale
267	O Strength and Stay upholding all creation	St. Ambrose, *tr.* John Ellerton and F. J. A. Hort
148	O Thou, before the world began. . . .	Charles Wesley
174	O Thou before Whose presence	Samuel John Stone
300	O Thou Eternal King most High . . .	From the Latin, *tr.* E. Caswall
350	*O thou my soul, bless God the Lord*	Psalm CIII. 1–5
162	O Thou Who makest souls to shine. . .	John Armstrong
276	O Trinity of blessèd light	St. Ambrose, *tr.* J. M. Neale
310	O trust thyself to Jesus.	Anonymous
164	O what the joy and the glory must be. .	Peter Abelard, *tr.* J. M. Neale
99	O where are the reapers that garner in .	Eben Eugene Rexford
286	Of the Father's love begotten.	Prudentius, *tr.* J. M. Neale and H. W. Baker
224	On the birthday of the Lord	Source unknown
206	On the Resurrection morning	Sabine Baring Gould
293	Once, only once, and once for all . . .	William Bright
105	One there is Who loves thee	H. C. Ayres

HYMN	FIRST WORDS	AUTHOR OR SOURCE
21	Only Jesus feels and knows	Frances Jane van Alstyne
242	Onward, Christian soldiers	Sabine Baring Gould
273	Our Father, for another night	Source unknown
304	Our hearts to heaven upraising	From the Greek, *tr.* J. Brownlie
234	Our lives to Christ we dedicate	John Pollock
90	Our Lord is now rejected	Daniel W. Whittle (El Nathan)
294	Our sins, our sorrows, Lord	Edward Wilton Eddis
109	Out on the mountain, sad and forsaken	Frances Jane van Alstyne
83	Pass me not, O gentle Saviour	Frances Jane van Alstyne
244	Pass the word along the line	H. O. Knowlton
23	Praise Him! praise Him!	Frances Jane van Alstyne
165	Praise, my soul, the King of heaven	Henry Francis Lyte
17	Praise, praise ye the name of Jehovah	Source unknown
18	Praise to the Holiest in the height	John Henry Newman
347	*Praise waits for Thee in Sion, Lord*	Psalm LXV. 1-4
122	Praise ye Jehovah! praise the Lord	Margaret Cockburn-Campbell
258	Pray, brethren, pray: the sands are falling	Horatius Bonar
123	Redeemed, restored, forgiven	Henry Williams Baker
9	Rejoice and be glad	Horatius Bonar
89	Rescue the perishing, care for the dying	Frances Jane van Alstyne
29	Revive Thy work, O Lord	Albert Midlane
68	Rock of Ages, cleft for me	Augustus Montague Toplady
281	Sabbath of the saints of old	Thomas Whytehead
251	Safe home, safe home in port!	St. Joseph of the Studium, *tr.* J. M. Neale
15	Saviour, blessèd Saviour, listen	Godfrey Thring
104	Seek ye first, not earthly pleasure	Source unknown
35	She only touched the hem of His garment	George Frederick Root
219	Shepherds, watching o'er your flocks	Traditional
182	Shew mercy, Christ, shew mercy	St. Columba, *tr.* Duncan MacGregor
173	Shine Thou upon us, Lord	John Ellerton
63	Sinful, sighing to be blest	John Samuel Bewley Monsell
290	Sing, my tongue, how glorious battle	Fortunatus, *tr.* Wm. Mair, A. W. Wotherspoon (v. 4, J. M. Neale)
10	Sing them over again to me	Philip Paul Bliss
295	So rest—my Rest—Thou ever blest!	Salomo Franck, *tr.* Richard Massie
97	Soldiers of Christ, arise	Charles Wesley
175	Soldiers of the cross, arise!	William Walsham How
115	Sometimes I catch brief glimpses	Horatius Bonar
189	Sons of labour, dear to Jesus	Samuel Reynolds Hole
204	Souls of men, why will ye scatter	Frederick William Faber
336	Spirit blest (Litany of the Holy Ghost)	Thomas Benson Pollock
16	Stand up and bless the Lord	James Montgomery
213	Stand up, stand up for Jesus	George Duffield
245	Star of peace to wanderers weary	Jane Cross Simpson
331	Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright	St. Joseph of the Studium, *tr.* J. M. Neale
260	Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear	John Keble
56	Sweet the moments, rich in blessing	James Allen and Walter Shirley
34	Take up thy cross, the Saviour said	Charles William Everest
309	Teach me, my God and King	George Herbert

HYMN	FIRST WORDS	AUTHOR OR SOURCE
351	*Teach me, O Lord, the perfect way*	Psalm CXIX. 33–38
42	Tell me the old, old story	Katherine Hankey
140	The Body with the Blood : of Jesus Christ	Book of Deer, *tr.* James Cooper
172	The call to arms is sounding	Claudia Frances Hernaman
278	The day, O Lord, is spent	John Mason Neale
263	The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended . .	John Ellerton
160	The doors are shut	Edward Wilton Eddis
223	The first Nowell the angel did say . . .	Traditional
332	The foe behind, the deep before . . .	John Mason Neale
147	The King of Love my Shepherd is . . .	Henry Williams Baker
342	*The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want* . . .	Psalm XXIII
190	The man who would be truly free . . .	Hester Periam Hawkins
200	The Royal banners forward go	Fortunatus, *tr.* John Mason Neale
305	The saints of God ! their conflict past .	William Dalrymple Maclagan
199	The Son of God goes forth to war . . .	Reginald Heber
257	The tide of time is rolling on	Isaac Gregory Smith
212	The toil of brain, or heart, or hand . .	Thomas Wesley Freckelton
316	The voice of God's Creation found me .	Henry Twells
169	Thee we adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee .	St. Thomas Aquinas, *tr.* James Russell Woodford
218	There came a little Child to earth . . .	Emily Elizabeth Steele Elliott
157	There is a blessèd home	Henry Williams Baker
236	There is a city bright	Mary Jane Walker
66	There is a fountain filled with blood . .	William Cowper
228	There is a green hill far away	Cecil Frances Alexander
302	There is an ancient River	Samuel John Stone
45	There is life for a look at the Crucified One	Amelia Matilda Hull
22	There is no name so sweet on earth . .	George Washington Bethune
231	There stood three Marys by the tomb .	John Mason Neale
87	There were ninety and nine that safely lay	Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane
108	They are waiting for our coming . . .	Anonymous
154	Thine was the night of sorrows . . .	Edward Wilton Eddis
208	Those eternal bowers	From the Greek, *tr.* J. M. Neale
308	Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness . .	Jane Laurie Borthwick
266	Thou mighty Ruler, God of Truth . . .	St. Ambrose, *tr.* J. D. Chambers
59	Thou Who didst on Calvary bleed . . .	James Drummond Burns
348	*Thou, with Thy counsel, while I live*	Psalm LXXIII. 24–26, 28
86	Though your sins be as scarlet	Frances Jane van Alstyne
145	Through the night of doubt and sorrow .	Sabine Baring Gould
135	Thy life was given for me	Frances Ridley Havergal
253	Thy living saints on earth, Thy saints .	E. S.
106	Time is earnest, passing by	Sidney Dyer's American *Southwestern Psalmist*, 1851
8	To God be the glory ! great things He hath	Frances Jane van Alstyne
98	To the work ! to the work ! we are servants	Frances Jane van Alstyne
72	To-day the Saviour calls	Samuel Francis Smith and Thomas Hastings
19	To-day Thy mercy calls us	Oswald Allen
177	Uplift the banner ! let it float	George Washington Doane
321	Victim Divine, Thy grace we claim . .	Charles Wesley
77	We come to Thee, sweet Saviour . . .	Frederick William Faber
130	We have not known Thee as we ought .	Thomas Benson Pollock

HYMN	FIRST WORDS	AUTHOR OR SOURCE
205	We love the place, O God	William Bullock and H. W. Baker
319	We sing triumphant hymns of praise	The Venerable Bede, *tr.* J. D. Chambers
307	We would see Jesus—for the shadows	Anna Warner
11	We're bound for the land of the pure	Source unknown
38	Weary of earth and laden with my sin	Samuel John Stone
41	Weary of wandering from my God	Charles Wesley
289	Weep not for Him Who onward bears	Thomas Benson Pollock
232	Welcome, happy morning—age to age	Fortunatus, *tr.* John Ellerton
24	What a Friend we have in Jesus	Joseph Scriven
138	What was Thy holy joy, O Lord	Mary Bradford Whiting
288	When glory crowned the mountain top	From the Greek, *tr.* John Brownlie
215	When He cometh, when He cometh	William Orcott Cushing
71	When I survey the wondrous cross	Isaac Watts
311	When morning gilds the skies	From the German, *tr.* E. Caswall
239	When mothers of Salem their children	William Medlen Hutchings
246	When through the torn sail the wild	Reginald Heber
193	When wilt Thou save the people	Ebenezer Elliott
55	When wounded sore the stricken heart	Cecil Frances Alexander
111	Where will you spend Eternity?	Elisha Albright Hoffmann
237	Whither, pilgrims, are you going	Source unknown
143	Who are these, like stars appearing	Henry Theobald Schenck, *tr.* Frances Elizabeth Cox
101	Who is on the Lord's side?	Frances Ridley Havergal
328	Whosoe'er hath skill to reckon	Thomas à Kempis, *tr.* J. M. Neale
2	Whosoever heareth, shout, shout	Philip Paul Bliss
287	Why, impious Herod, should'st thou fear	Sedulius, *tr.* J. M. Neale and others
6	Will your anchor hold in the storms	Priscilla Jane Owens
161	With weary feet and saddened heart	William Walsham How
5	'Yet there is room!'	Horatius Bonar
107	Yield not to temptation, for yielding	Horatio Richmond Palmer

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